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## VILLA SURROUNDED; HIS CAPTURE IS EXPECTED.

MUNITIONS SHIP  
ANCHORED OFF GOTHAM  
HAS FIRE IN HER HOLD.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—The Norwegian steamship Sygna, which sailed from New York for Archangel, Russia, returned to this port this morning and anchored off Quarantine, signaling that she had a fire in her hold and needed assistance. The Sygna is believed to be loaded with munitions of war.

## KING NICHOLAS EXPLAINS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) (30)

PARIS, Jan. 21.—"My situation has become untenable," said King Nicholas to the Journal's correspondent at Cetinje on January 21, "I am fighting against an enemy ten times superior in numbers and troops, who are brave beyond all descriptions, but they have been fighting for five days. What can I do under such conditions."

"If the allies do not come to our rescue, if their fleets do not attack the Austrian army from behind, I do not know what is to be done."

"But Your Majesty is getting provisions?"  
"Yes, the French fleet, while it has the direction of operations, is not so admirably, but for some time, we have been getting everything. San Giovanni di Medua is not sufficiently provided. The Austrians sink ships bringing the indispensable food. Yesterday the steamer Brindisi, bringing 400 recruits and 300 tons of wheat, was sunk."

"What is to be done? What is to be done? Tell your people that I am not sent at once I will not be able to hold out."

This dispatch was filed at Cetinje by the Journal's correspondent on January 6, but did not reach Paris until yesterday.

## HEAVY RAINS IN MESOPOTAMIA.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) (30)

LONDON, Jan. 22.—The chief difficulty of the British Mesopotamian force marching to the relief of Kut-el-Amara has been the heavy rain, says a dispatch from the representative of the British press on the expedition.

"The hurricane of the past few days," says the correspondent, "has made navigation and other operations most difficult. The Tigris is down four feet. A large share of the annual rainfall of three inches has fallen within a week, aggravating the hardships of the campaign."

"Nevertheless, active fighting continues with heavy enemy losses. The British killed including the Turkish general, Bekirsany Bey, for Governor of Tripoli."

"Attacks on the enemy are made difficult by the nature of the country, which affords no protection, being unbroken by hedges, trees or water courses. The British losses, therefore, have been heavy."

## VON BISSING FINES BRUSSELS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) (30)

AMSTERDAM (via London) Jan. 22.—Gen. Von Bissing, German General of Belgium, has fined the city of Brussels, 500,000 francs, says the Echo Belge, because the inhabitants of the city refused to reveal the name of the assassin of Oels Derode, the English spy whose testimony convicted Miss Edith Cavell, the English nurse, who was executed at Brussels some time ago.

The town of Schaerbeek, near Brussels, where the body of the assassin was found, was fined 50,000 francs, according to the news.

## AUTO TRIO ROBS JAPANESE.

(30)

Operating with the help of a stolen automobile, three young men this morning held up and robbed R. Horii of No. 113 San Pedro street and E. Ougi of the same address as they passed near the outskirts of Alhambra in a light delivery automobile. The bandits relieved the two Japanese of their watches and \$10 as well as taking their overcoats and their automobile. After a short distance down the road the robbers left the first victim, who was owned by B. C. Blackburn of No. 1336 Exposition boulevard, and made their escape in the other machine.

While Deputy Sheriffs Moodie and Anderson were investigating the first case the three bandits help up and robbed two women at a mile from the first robbery. The Sheriffs failed to learn the names of the women, or how much they lost.

## POCKETS PICKED IN ALLEY.

(30)

Lured into an alley-way near Fifth street and Central avenue last night two negro women early this morning, W. Allik of No. 613 Beaumont, San Pedro, Gus Strickman and William Wells, both of 736 Sixth street, San Pedro, were robbed of all the money they had in their pockets. According to their report to the police, the men picked their pockets of \$50 and then made their escape when they noticed their losses.

## DR. WEBSTER MERRIFIELD DIES.

(30)

Dr. Webster Merrifield, one of the best known educators in the United States and former president of the State University of California, died early this morning at the family residence on 10th street, San Francisco, following an illness of several weeks. Dr. Merrifield was born July 27, 1852, in Williamsville, Vt., and was educated at the Bushman Academy, Wilbraham, Mass., and at Yale. He spent many years in educational work in various parts of this country and was at one time a member of the Yale class.

He was a member of the American Economic Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Science and National Academy of State University Presidents. He leaves a widow and two daughters by a former marriage.

DOLORES  
HIDALGO.  
New Capital City  
of Mexico.

Federal District to be Abolished  
and Fine Old Buildings  
Sold at Auction.

Model Government Quarters  
Like Those of Washington  
Plan of Carranza.

Shrine of Independence from  
Spain to be Made into a  
Wonder Spot.

PEARSON (Chihuahua) Jan. 21.—Francisco Villa, according to military reports, was at El Rucio, thirteen miles from here, and surrounded by Carranza troops. His capture was expected at any moment, military officials declared.

QUERETARO (Mex.) via Laredo (Tex.) Jan. 21.—Mexico will have a new capital, Dolores Hidalgo, in the State of Guanajuato, has been chosen. Dolores Hidalgo is a small town in the north central part of Guanajuato. This town is in almost

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

ANOTHER AMERICAN SLAIN  
IN FIGHT WITH MEXICANS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

EL PASO (Tex.) Jan. 21.—An American whose name has not been learned here was shot and killed late today in a battle with two Mexicans at San Lorenzo ranch, a short distance from Juarez, according to an announcement tonight by Gen. Gabriel Gavira, commander at Juarez. The Mexicans involved, Federico and Bernardo Duran, are in jail. Gen. Gavira sent a detail of policemen to get the body. There were two Americans involved in the duel.

They were in Mexico searching for stolen cattle. The second American was not hurt, according to the reports given by Gen. Gavira. He has not appeared, however, on the American side. Bernardo Duran, Gen. Gavira said, was the man who killed the American. He set up the claim of self-defense. The fight occurred at the ranch when the Americans, accompanied by

Investigation.

BLACKMAILERS USE CHURCH  
TO PLOT THEIR CRIMES.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.—Inquiry into the operations of an international organization of alleged blackmailers, which was begun here yesterday by the Federal grand jury, will be resumed Monday, when, according to Federal officers, a mass of startling evidence will be laid before the Federal grand jury.

Posing as a group belonging to the Mafia Society, these persons, Federal officers said today, have been working on fear-stricken Italians in San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose and other Pacific Coast cities and are said to have collected more than \$200,000 through threatening letters.

Evidence of meetings held by them in this city, San Jose and Milwaukee was said to be ready for presentation to the grand jury.

Federal agents, it was said, had succeeded in winning the confidence of the group to the extent of being admitted to membership in the directing society.

Information about the alleged ritual used in initiating new members of the oaths conferred upon them, and the tribunals held to pass death sentences upon intended victims who had refused to be frightened by alleged threatening letters, will be included, it was announced, in the evidence to be presented to the grand jury on Monday.

WOULD WIDEN MARKET  
FOR CALIFORNIA OLIVES.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.—Plans to widen the market for California olives and rice are being prepared by Harris Weinstein, director of the State Market Commission, it was announced here tonight.

Letters have been sent to about 1700 olive growers whose crops total more than \$1,000,000 annually seeking their co-operation and advice on the formation of a close marketing organization.

The plan to include the rice industry had its inception in a request by the Pacific Rice Growers' Association for the commission's aid in financing the rice crop. The association stated that the inability of the

TWENTY-FOUR SHIPS  
SUNK IN DECEMBER.

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.) (30)

BERLIN, Jan. 21 (via Bayville).—The Overseas News Agency today gave out the following for publication: "Competent German authorities state that during the month of December twenty-four ships, among which were one British auxiliary cruiser and two British transports with a total tonnage of 104,744, were destroyed by the allies' fleets. Reliable reports about ships destroyed by mines and collisions are still lacking and the real losses therefore are superior. The total will not be less than 130,000 tons."

As the Overseas News Agency, in its dispatches, usually refers to the Entente allies merely as the "allies," it is presumed that German authorities are making the claim that fleets of the Entente allies are sinking their own vessels.

HANNA TO LEAVE  
THE FORD PARTY.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) (30)

COPENHAGEN (via London) Jan. 21.—Gov. L. B. Hanna of North Dakota, who came to Copenhagen with the Ford peace party, leaves tonight for England and later plans to go to the south of France, where his physicians have advised him to remain for a month before returning to America. Gov. Hanna is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

BELGIANS ARE FED;  
FOOD STILL SHORT.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) (30)

ROTTERDAM (via London) Jan. 21.—Robinson Smith of Hartford, Ct., has arrived here after an extensive stay in Belgium. Mr. Smith reports everything quiet in the occupied zone and that the work of feeding the civilian population is proceeding smoothly, except for a shortage of food in several provinces, which is due to lack of shipping facilities and internal transport.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

MIDDLE WEST A SWAMP;  
WORST FLOOD IN DECADE.  
Thousands of Acres Under Water and  
Hundreds of Homes Marooned.

Southern Illinois a Veritable Lake—Gigantic Ice Field  
Rushing Down the Kansas River Carries Away Part of a  
Viaduct and Endangers Important Bridges—Five Persons  
Lose Their Lives by Drowning in Oklahoma.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—Northern Illinois today faced flood conditions such as have not been experienced for a decade. Small streams were swollen into torrents and larger rivers overflowed their banks and inundated thousands of acres, marooned hundreds of homes, threatened pollution of water supplies and did damage estimated at many hundred thousand dollars.

Joliet and near-by towns suffered from the overflow of the Desplaines River and its tributaries, which submerged the village of Rockdale beneath six feet of water, swept a bridge at Channahon and threatened the lower section of Joliet.

In the valley of the Fox River from Elgin to Ottawa there was flood damage, the greatest danger being at Aurora, where whole sections of the city were submerged, and for a time the water was so high that it threatened the destruction of the city with drinking water was threatened with pollution.

Further north the Rock River and its confederates, the Peoria and Mazon rivers, went on a rampage and threatened the destruction of interior.

urban and steam railroad bridges. In Rockford a schoolhouse was surrounded by the flood and the children were prevented from attending. Boats and rafts took the place of wagons and automobiles in many towns and cities.

No loss of life was reported, but many persons were assisted from their homes.

In Chicago a warning to hold the water was issued by the health authorities because of possible sewage pollution, and all day firemen were kept busy pumping out flooded basements.

KANSAS RIVER FLOOD.  
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
KANSAS CITY (Mo.) Jan. 21.—Released by last night's warm rain, a gigantic ice field poured down the Kansas River today. It struck the new Twenty-third street viaduct that carries the river at Kansas City, carried away 150 feet of false work and threw the weight of an entire cantilever on two small groups of piles.

This afternoon the west end of the structure had fallen ten feet. It was feared the bridge would be carried out. The bridge is intended to join

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

COLORADO RIVER RISES;  
YUMA LEVEES PROTECTED.

Large Force of Men is Hurriedly Put to Work to Keep the  
City from Being Flooded—No Further Danger to Imperial  
Valley is Feared for the Time Being—Heavy Snow at  
Bisbee Causes Damage.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

YUMA (Ariz.) Jan. 21.—The Colorado River began to rise steadily here tonight at 8 o'clock, after remaining stationary for a short time late today, and in two hours touched the thirty-one foot stage. The river was still rising at a late hour.

A large force of men was hurriedly put to work reinforcing the levee at a point near the electric light plant to prevent the river from flooding Yuma.

Both the Salt and Gila rivers were falling tonight, according to advices received here from Tempe, Phoenix, Florence, Gila Bend and Antelope. It was believed the worst dangers from the floods in Arizona had passed.

All of the levees held here and it was only necessary to strengthen a few places, which showed signs of breaking.

The break in the Imperial Valley irrigation dam at Hanlon heading last night was repaired before any material damage was done to the system, advices stated. It was thought here tonight that there was no further danger to Imperial Valley from the flood waters.

The Colorado River was falling fast at Laguna dam, near here, but was reported rising at Needles, 300 miles north of here. This did not cause apprehension, however, as it was believed the other rivers would have subsided sufficiently by the time this rise reached Yuma to prevent further danger.

Ten passenger trains of the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe were routed west through Yuma over the Southern Pacific track today, owing to washouts on the Santa Fe line through Arizona.

The approaches to the bridge across the Gila River at Antelope have been completely washed out, but the bridge was still standing. The Antelope Valley was reported completely flooded. Great damage to the Deep Wells irrigation system was reported.

DAMAGE AT BISBEE.  
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
BISBEE (Ariz.) Jan. 21.—Damage amounting to several thousand dollars was done by the worst snowstorm in the history of this section. The storm ended today and conditions were improving.

CAMPAIGN  
IN EGYPT.  
Mines in Syria Abandoned by  
Romans Ten Centuries Ago  
are Reopened.

Heavy Losses Force Russians to  
Cease Offensive Against  
the Austrians.

Italians Compel the Foe to  
Retire in Mountainous  
Tofara Zone.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Jan. 21, 6 p.m.—Germany's campaign in Egypt is meeting with unexpected obstacles, it is announced here, due to the lack of coal to operate the railroad which the Germans have constructed southward through Syria to the edge of the desert approaching the Suez Canal. The construction of the railroad has been largely facilitated by French rails and material for a similar line which was partly constructed, but the absence of coal prevents the actual opening of the road to transportation.

This lack of coal has led the Germans to reopen the old Turkish mines in Syria, used by the Romans, but abandoned by them a thousand years ago. The capacity of these mines is limited to 500,000 tons annually. A large force of Turkish laborers is engaged in developing the mines, which are now the chief reliance in getting the railroad to Egypt in operation.

RUSSIAN RELAX.  
(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)  
BERLIN, Jan. 21 (via Bayville).—The Austro-Hungarian headquarters communication of today, as received here, says:

"Under the influence of their large losses of January 19 in the battles near Toporovsk and Boyan, the Russians yesterday ceased their attack. On the remainder of the northeast front also there is a general calm."

"In addition to intermittent artillery fire, the Austro-Hungarian division has dropped bombs on the district southeast of Bressany. No damage was done."

"The Italians have directed their gunfire on Austro-Hungarian positions on the Tyrol and the slope of Col di Lana. Likewise they have actively shelled some passes north of Fiume. On the remainder of the front the artillery has been normally active."

THE ITALIAN REPORT.  
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
ROME (via London) Jan. 21, 5:59 p.m.—The following official communication was issued today:

"There have been artillery actions in the mountain regions in the Tofara zone. One of our detachments compelled enemy groups to retire after inflicting on them heavy losses."

"On the lower and middle Isonzo, fog interfered with the operations yesterday, but it did not prevent active artillery firing, directed especially toward hindering the reinforcement of hostile lines."

ENGLISH OFFICIAL STATEMENT.  
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
LONDON, Jan. 21, 10:31 p.m.—The following British statement issued tonight says:

"The enemy this morning exploded three mines west of Pricourt but no damage was done. We exploded a mine east of Festubert. During the day our artillery disposed of four hostile working parties. There has been reciprocal shelling north of Albert, north of Loos and near Givenchy. South of Fieubert, we successfully bombarded the enemy gun positions and trenches."

A British official statement issued tonight on the operations in the Kamerun, on the west coast of Africa, follows:

"After the occupation of Yaunde, on January 1, the Entente allies' columns which were dispatched in an endeavor to cut off the enemy's retreat, reached Koloma on the Nyong River. On January 3 they released a number of allied prisoners, both military and civilians."

"By the 15th, reports received from Cola, Mayer and Hayward, state the Germans evacuated Ebolowa and Akono-Linga; and that the German Governor, Ebemaler, and a German commandant, Zimmerman, escaped into Spanish Muni."

Fighting is also reported close to the German-Spanish border where two small French columns advancing from the coast and from the French Congo, are trying to prevent the escape of the Germans into Muni."

THE FRENCH COMMUNIQUE.  
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
PARIS, Jan. 21, 3:25 p.m.—The official communication issued by the French War Office today, says:

"There is nothing to report concerning the operations of last night, except in Artois, where we exploded with success a mine under a German trench in the direction of Hill No. 119 (south of Thelus)."

RILEY IS REMOVED.  
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
ALBANY (N. Y.) Jan. 31.—Gov. Whitman today removed John B. Riley, State Superintendent of Prisons, from office. Gov. Whitman issued an opinion, sustaining charges of misconduct in office, preferred by himself.











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PERSONS CONTEMPLATING VISITING LOS ANGELES ARE PRIVILEGED TO HAVE THEIR MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE BUREAU.

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Back East \$2  
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SNOW  
ON  
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PLENTY OF IT!  
Will Undoubtedly Last Over Sunday!

LET THE YOUNGSTERS HAVE A TREAT  
No Discomforts Going or While There.  
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200 Beautiful Venetians—200  
ADDED ATTRACTION  
Los Angeles Scottish Troupe  
National Dancers, Pipers and Drummers  
Dance Pavilion—Following Football Game  
TAKE PACIFIC ELECTRIC CARS—HILL STREET

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LIGHT AND AIR—HEADQUARTERS FOR  
TOURISTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE  
WORLD. PRIVATE LAVATORIES IN CON-  
NECTION WITH ALL ROOMS. IDEAL CLIM-  
ATE THE YEAR ROUND. AUTOMOBILE ROAD IS NOW PER-  
FECT. 24 HOURS' RUN LOS ANGELES TO SANTA BARBARA.  
UNUSUAL FACILITIES FOR CARE OF AUTOMOBILES IN HO-  
TEL GROUNDS.

THREE KINDS OF GOLF—4 HOLE COURSE ON HOPE RANCH;  
12 HOLE COURSE ON HOTEL GROUNDS; INDOOR GOLF INSIDE HOTEL.

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Winter Sunshine  
Catch the 11 o'clock train from Arcata  
Station tonight. Wake up in the magic  
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the fascinating and historical novel by  
Harold Bell Wright.

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Rates: 1 person, \$1.00 up; 2 persons, \$1.50  
up; with bath, 1 person, \$1.50 up; 2 persons,  
\$2.00 up; with bath, 1 person, \$2.00 up; 2 persons,  
\$2.50 up. Make reservations at  
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Sails Saturday, January 22,  
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All fares include Berth and Meals  
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Sailing Jan. 15,  
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Drink and bathe in the most radio-active natural curative mineral water. It purifies  
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Sciatica, Diabetes, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, Blood, Bright's, Nervous and  
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S.S. GREAT NORTHERN  
S.S. NORTHERN PACIFIC  
SAILINGS  
Jan. 25, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.  
ONE-WAY FAIR  
\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$12.50, \$13.00, \$13.50, \$14.00, \$14.50, \$15.00, \$15.50, \$16.00, \$16.50, \$17.00, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$18.50, \$19.00, \$19.50, \$20.00, \$20.50, \$21.00, \$21.50, \$22.00, \$22.50, \$23.00, \$23.50, \$24.00, \$24.50, \$25.00, \$25.50, \$26.00, \$26.50, \$27.00, \$27.50, \$28.00, \$28.50, \$29.00, \$29.50, \$30.00, \$30.50, \$31.00, \$31.50, \$32.00, \$32.50, \$33.00, \$33.50, \$34.00, \$34.50, \$35.00, \$35.50, \$36.00, \$36.50, \$37.00, \$37.50, \$38.00, \$38.50, \$39.00, \$39.50, \$40.00, \$40.50, \$41.00, \$41.50, \$42.00, \$42.50, \$43.00, \$43.50, \$44.00, \$44.50, \$45.00, \$45.50, \$46.00, \$46.50, \$47.00, \$47.50, \$48.00, \$48.50, \$49.00, \$49.50, \$50.00, \$50.50, \$51.00, \$51.50, \$52.00, \$52.50, \$53.00, \$53.50, \$54.00, \$54.50, \$55.00, \$55.50, \$56.00, \$56.50, \$57.00, \$57.50, \$58.00, 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**Slope.**  
**CLAIMS**  
**RE DISPUTED.**

**Letters Read into the**  
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**Fraud is Charged in**  
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## Dolores Hidalgo.

(Continued from First Page.)

the center of the republic and is on the National Railway line from Laredo to Mexico City. The town has about 6000 inhabitants. Lying in a small fertile valley near the Laja River, it is the center of a small farming district.

The town's chief claim to fame rests upon its being the birthplace of the Creole priest, Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, who on September 15, 1810, rang the small church bell, calling all his followers together, and pronouncing the famous grito, or cry, of Dolores: "Long live our Holy Mother of Guadalupe. Long live America and death to bad government."

That started the revolution which freed Mexico from Spain. It has been the intention of the government to establish a national park there. Carranza and his Cabinet have decided to purchase all this land, raise all these old buildings except the church and the old home, which will be preserved. A new model capital will be built, with the Capitol at Washington as a model. It is intended to have plans of all the principal cities of the world carefully studied so that the new capital will be absolutely modern and complete. The buildings will be subject to certain regulations as to height and style. The streets will be wide, with wide streets, modern water supply, and all improvements calculated for years ahead.

Government officials state that they can sell the old government buildings in Mexico City for more than \$50,000,000, which will be used to pay for all government buildings needed in the new capital. All government buildings in Mexico City will be sold except the National Palace, Chapultepec, the Public Works Building, the Governor's palace and the Foreign Relations Building. The Federal District of Mexico will be abolished and be replaced by the new State of Valle, taking in parts of the States of Mexico, Hidalgo, Morelos and Puebla. Mexico City will be used as the capital of the new State. It is expected that work will be started within a short time. Hidalgo is within seventeen hours of the border by direct route. Owing to its close connections with San Luis Potosi, a short time ago, it gives close connection, both with the border and with Tampico.

## WHY THE FRENCH SEIZED CORFU.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Jan. 21.—Seizure by the French of the Greek Island of Corfu is now known to have been due chiefly to the location there of an Austro-German submarine base. A second base has been located in the narrow channel between Corfu and the Albanian Coast. Most of the submarine raids in the Eastern Mediterranean have been directed from these two bases, and until tonight few people in Washington knew that there was a general conspiracy against Americans or even that the various rebel factions in the field in Mexico had effected any kind of an agreement for concerted activities against the de facto government.

The recent massacre at Santa Isabel, attributed to bandits led by Villa, officers, is believed to have been perpetrated in accordance with the rebel convention order. Officials think the long period elapsed since the Cordoba meeting before the murders because of the time required by the various delegates to make reports to their commanders, and the fact that news of the convention's decision had to be carried to subordinate military commanders by courier. Cordoba is on the railroad between Vera Cruz and Mexico City and about 1000 miles from Santa Isabel.

## RUSSIA PLANS HEAVIER SURTAX.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Jan. 21.—Upon the re-assembling of the Russian Duma, says a Reuter dispatch from Petrograd, the Minister of Finance proposes to introduce a bill placing a surtax equivalent to five times the amount of the customs duty on goods of hostile belligerents, especially German, with a view to preventing their entry into Russia.

## MEXICO TRAIN BLOWN UP; TWENTY-THREE KILLED.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

Work of Zapata Adherents is Responsible for Death of Many Passengers Near Puebla, According to A. Trumbo, Wealthy Mine Owner of Oaxaca, Now on His Way to Los Angeles.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

Twenty-three persons were killed near Puebla today when a passenger train was blown up, according to A. Trumbo, wealthy mine owner of Oaxaca, Mex., who arrived here today. The train, which was blown up on the line between Puebla and Mexico City, was carrying passengers from Oaxaca to Mexico City. Trumbo, who is on his way to Los Angeles, said that the train was blown up by Zapata adherents. He said that the train was carrying passengers from Oaxaca to Mexico City. Trumbo, who is on his way to Los Angeles, said that the train was blown up by Zapata adherents.

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## Cross-Country Run; More Games for Coast League Cities

### MORE GAMES IN COAST LEAGUE.

Majority of Directors Favor Momentous Change.

Want Bees and Beavers to Play in Double-headers.

Plan to Take Vote Through Medium of Mails.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

In all probability there will be thirty more games in the Coast League this year than formerly. This will be brought about by compelling Portland and Salt Lake to play seven games each per week on their home grounds, instead of only six as heretofore.

That this is the sentiment of a majority of the league directors was declared yesterday by President Berry of the Seals and President Powers of the Angels.

CLARENCE SAILING.

Hamilton Patterson, speaking for President Maier, recently presented a strong argument in favor of the change. President Leavitt of the Oaks is of the same mind, and if there are any protests they will come from Salt Lake and Portland. It is not likely that Salt Lake will offer any objections to seven games a week, the people there being extremely avid for baseball at all times. What will be the attitude of the McCredies cannot be stated at this time.

It seems almost certain that the measure will receive a substantial majority in the vote by mail, which is planned to take.

As there is opposition to Sunday morning games, both in Portland and Salt Lake, the added games would be played in the form of double-headers, probably on Saturday afternoon.

However, the day on which the two plays attractions are to be staged will be up to the club owners in those cities.

NECESSARY.

Only by compelling every club in the league to play the same number of games can it be made a bona fide pennant race.

Heretofore, Salt Lake and Portland for virtue of playing a less number of games have enjoyed a distinct advantage. This gave each of them fifteen fewer games than the other four clubs.

The percentage is ascertained by dividing total number of games played into the number won. Thus, with the Bees and Beavers playing fifteen games less than the other clubs, each victory which they won counted for more points. Under that arrangement it was possible for either of them to win fewer games than some rival club and still cop the pennant.

Frank Chance, after having been storm bound for the better part of a week, rode a trolley car in from Glendora, yesterday, and was on the job at Washington Park. A bit of Frank's orange grove was hit by the flood. He opines that it will take close to 2000 wagon loads of dirt to replace the soil which was washed away.

What with making these repairs and lining up three or four new pitchers for the Angels he will be about the busiest rancher in the world for the next couple of weeks.

"Flame" Delhi and a young right-hander, Duffy, by name, have been offered to the Angels by Pittsburgh. Chance will investigate further before closing the deal. Delhi is regarded as a greatly-improved pitcher since he was with the Angels several years ago. Duffy made a splendid record in the Tri-State League, and may be deemed worthy of a protracted tryout.

Whisper it softly: Cy Myrick has been bitten by the baseball bug. Cy has owned a bit of baseball stock from time to time, but his friends say that he would like to make a real plunge and buy a sure-enough franchise.

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### MAY INCREASE SALARY LIMIT.

Coast League magnates are mentally debating the question as to whether the \$4500 salary limit is adequate to their needs.

The inability of Salt Lake to assume the contract of Morris Rath under this limit has given food for reflection, and it would not be surprising were the limit to be boosted to \$5000. It will be difficult for a majority of the clubs to keep within the present mark.

There has been no general protest against the \$4500 regulation, as the fans care nothing about limits as long as they are given high-class ball. Several of the club owners, however, seem to be of the opinion that a pay roll of \$5000 a month would be the ideal figure in this league.

It is felt, however, that a \$6500 limit in war times might be a reasonable compromise.

The deal by which Chance becomes approximately a one-third owner of the Los Angeles club was completed yesterday when the papers were signed in the deal transferring to him 750 shares of stock. He purchased 628 of these from J. Darnody and 122 from Powers. Darnody is still a stockholder, retaining the shares which he has owned since originally investing in the club several years ago.

Powers, while owning a controlling interest, has practically turned the reins over to Chance. He maintains that the manager should have absolutely a free hand.

The Indianapolis club has joined several others in the bidding for Joe Berger, former Tiger shortstop. At no time has it been conceivable that Berger would be allowed to drop lower than Class AA company. Jimmy McGill always has fancied Berger, and Patterson has put in a strong boost for him. San Francisco also is believed.

Berger, however, says that is a matter which is solely up to Wolverton. Joe, who is a right-field hitter, would be a valuable citizen at Recreation Park.

Big League.

Joe Gedeon is NOW A YANKEE.

FED STARS ARE PURCHASED BY NEW YORK CLUB.

Nick Cullop, Leading Pitcher of Kansas City Club, is One of Trio that Changes Hands—"Germany" Schaefer Included in Deal—Gedeon was with Salt Lake Last Season.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The New York American League club obtained three more Federal League players by purchase today. The star of the trio is Nick Cullop, formerly the leading pitcher of the Kansas City club, who ranked fourth in the Federal League twirling averages at the end of the 1915 season.

The two other players are Joe Gedeon, who signed with the Newark Federals after the close of last season, and Herman (Germany) Schaefer.

Gedeon, a hard-hitting second baseman, played with the Salt Lake City team last summer, having a batting average of .317 and a fielding average of .932.

The club also released three players, Pitchers Brown and Ring going to the Louisville club, and Outfielder Daley to the Vernon club of the Pacific Coast League.

CARDS WILL VOTE THE PEACE PACT.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Jan. 21.—A vote by the Stanford University student body upon the proposed athletic peace agreement with the University of California will be taken February 1, it was announced today.

The meeting was set for that date upon the request of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, who will be inducted as president of the university tomorrow. Dr. Wilbur said he would present at that time some solution of the problem caused by the tightening of the rule against paid coaches.

THE STANDINGS.

HEAVYWEIGHTS.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

Wrestling.

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### BOTH POLY AND MANUAL CLAIM THE SECOND RUNG.

ALTHOUGH two prep basketball games were played yesterday, affairs in the league are still a bit muddled. Poly's defeat of Hollywood does not remove the Hillmen from the top rung of the ladder, but suffices to make the percentage of both Mechanics and Artisans .500.

Lincoln is helplessly relegated to the cellar, the Railplitters' standing being .333.

"Since we have beaten the Hollywood champions twice," says Coach Roy Haslett of Polytechnic, "I believe that we may rightly lay claim to second place in the league."

"Not so," says Commodore Fritsch of Manual. "My boys have earned the second position and will fight for it."

The standings are as follows:

Teams— Won. Lost. P.C.  
Hollywood ..... 4 2 .667  
Manual ..... 3 3 .500  
Polytechnic ..... 3 3 .500  
Lincoln ..... 2 4 .333

MECHANICS WIN BY ONE TALLY.

Fighting desperately during every minute of the game, the Polytechnic basketball quintette nosed out Hollywood, champions of the league, in the presence of a large group of fans yesterday afternoon.

But one point decided the supremacy of the contest, the score being 27 to 26.

The Footballers started out with a rush. They were the champions and would demonstrate that little fact. At the end of the first half they had whirled around Haslett's hopes for fourteen tallies to the eight of their opponents. At one time they were ten points ahead, but sheer pluck, fight and determination on the part of the Mechanics cut down the lead and won the game.

Davis put up a remarkable performance at center for Poly. This is his first season at the game. He has shone at water polo and football, but never appeared in the cage before this year. Davis went through the whole contest without committing a foul.

Wayman, Freshner and Boeck were the Hillmen's mainstays and did all the shooting for their side.

The line-up:

Hollywood: Forward, Wayman (17); Center, Freshner (10); Guard, Boeck (15); Point, Davis (18); Referee, Klawns.

Manual Arts: Forward, Davis (17); Center, Freshner (10); Guard, Boeck (15); Point, Davis (18); Referee, Klawns.

Lincoln: Forward, Davis (17); Center, Freshner (10); Guard, Boeck (15); Point, Davis (18); Referee, Klawns.

Artisans: Forward, Davis (17); Center, Freshner (10); Guard, Boeck (15); Point, Davis (18); Referee, Klawns.

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### COLLEGE MEN TROT TODAY

Long-winded Ones to Cause Strenuous Course.

Teams Have been Training Spite of Weather.

Conference Meeting is on at Same Time.

BY HOWARD ARNER.

The Occidental team which will watch the 11:15 Pacific coast train for Pomona this morning means that, barring accidents, the first intercollegiate country will be run this afternoon.

In the beginning Pomona had intended this to be a cross-country race, but Occidental's only other school to accept, the Redlands had primary and secondary school boys, and the whole idea, overboard.

"We can't," says Commodore Fritsch of Manual. "My boys have earned the second position and will fight for it."

The standings are as follows:

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League. Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News.

ENJOYS BEING STORM-BOUND.

Nathan Straus Lives Three Days on Train Near Indio.

Strains Poor for Giving Aid to Suffering Belgians.

Maryland Hotel Manager's Mother Dies at Pasadena.

HOWARD ANGUS. Identical cross-country in the 11:30 Pacific Mail train this morning.

JUST THE SAME. Fact that the cross-country is a dual affair has not been between the two.

HARD WORK. Courses will probably be strenuous over which a great deal of rain in the winter floods have caused.

CONFERENCE, TOO. before the cross-country of the conference meeting at which the names will be discussed.

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ANGELENS BUY CUYAMA RANCH.

SANTA BARBARA, Jan. 21.—Senator George C. Perkins has sold 20,000 acres of the Cuyama ranch to the Perkins Land Company, comprising Los Angeles and San Francisco interests, the consideration being \$250,000.

For some months rumors of the deal have been current. The acreage is said to compose some of the finest and best-watered land in the great Cuyama Valley. The company is going to put the tract on the market in small farms.

Long Beach. Several Others Put Under Protection and Given Severe Reprimand—Storm Still Blocks Business in Harbor—Auto Damages Not Needed in Daytime.

LONG BEACH, Jan. 21.—Determined to rid the High School of a coterie of rowdies who defied their authority, violated the State law regarding hazing and committed other offenses, members of the Board of Education today expelled five students for the remainder of the year.

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BODY FOUND BURIED IN MUD AT SANTA ANA.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.] SANTA ANA, Jan. 21.—An arm and head sticking out of a bank of sand of the Santa Ana River caused Cyrus Eaton to discover the body of a Mexican boy about 12 years old yesterday afternoon. There has been no identification, but it is believed that the boy was a member of the Nunes family, thought to have been washed into the flood at Yorba Sunday night. Their house disappeared.

The body was found northwest of Orange five miles below Yorba. The Nunes family had lived but two weeks at Yorba and were strangers there. They came from Anaheim and in the family were father, mother, two daughters and two sons.

Coronado agency, 334 Spring street. [Advertisement.]

BELOVED WOMAN DIES. Huntington Park Pioneer Passes Shortly After Beloved Husband.

HUNTINGTON PARK, Jan. 21.—Mrs. Emily McCord, one of this city's most beloved and widely-known residents, died at her home, No. 509 1/2 avenue yesterday, after an illness that had kept her more or less an invalid for a year. She was the widow of the late J. H. McCord, a prominent retired business man of Los Angeles and Des Moines, who died three months previously. Arrangements for the funeral will be made until word has been received from children in the East.

The children and her husband were among the settlers in Huntington Park ten years ago. She organized the first Chautauqua here, and was one of the most active workers of the Woman's Literary Club, the meetings of which she supplemented with reading classes at her own home. Being also a great lover of flowers, she was a minister of mercy to the sick of every condition with roses from her luxuriant garden.

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RAINS UNCOVER MINERAL LEDGE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.] PORTERVILLE, Jan. 21.—Heavy rains of the early week may have caused damage not unlinked with profit, landlides on the head waters of White River having uncovered a ledge of iron ore, which experts say shows indication of being exceptionally valuable.

The find of the ledge was made by R. E. Chappell, a local mining man, who has magnetic holdings here, which are now in operation.

According to Chappell, the ledge is of great extent and samples were today prepared for shipment to San Francisco for detailed assays.

Summers. CALLS WOMEN TO PARTY'S BANNER.

REPUBLICAN CLUB ADDRESSED BY NOTED EDITOR.

Declares Forces of that Faith Lead in the Establishment of Right Principles and Advance Rather than Retreat, as has been Proved by History.

Frank P. MacLennan, owner of the Toplek State Journal, Kansas, and one of the notable editors of the Middle West, was the principal speaker yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the Woman's Republican League in the rooms in the Title Guarantee Building.

Mr. MacLennan said the Republicans first favored equal rights and brought about the freedom of the colored race, and in his native State, were the first to favor equal and just suffrage.

Suffrage in Kansas, he declared, has not resulted in the deterioration or neglect of the home, because women who are interested and taking part in politics have become familiar with the government and are elevating politics and the home.

"In the matter of suffrage I was an earnest advocate, even to my own undoing, for I was in contact in my own family until I discovered my wife and daughter out-voted me two to one," said Mr. MacLennan. "On this account I am sometimes one vote worse off for my own candidate than I was before, but not always, because we generally agree."

"If I have any message to bring to you it is that you favor measures rather than men, or even women. I trust you are an organization to favor principles rather than either and that you would promote patriotism before, and with, party."

He declared the party one of construction and not destruction; one which advances rather than retreats; explaining he meant, the history of the G.O.P. and its traditions are of this sort.

OPENING MEETING. The opening meeting tomorrow evening of the Los Angeles County, No. 598, National Union, a fraternal insurance order, will be marked by a lively program, to include a playlet by Eugene Gear. Mr. Gear, a former Klav & Erlanger actor but now on the Orpheum circuit, will direct the play "Tangled Up," a comedy. The cast of characters will include James Holliday, Ernest Winters, B. P. Glenn, W. B. Nelson and Misses Helen Cassidy, Mildred Granger and Hazel Stillwell. A dance will follow the programme. The entertainment will be held at the Walker auditorium. There will be no charge to members of the order or their friends.

LEGAL TANGLE. The condemnation proceedings now pending in the Superior Court to acquire land for sidewalk purposes on Central boulevard and Lima street may result in a legal tangle, if somebody's error in examining the county records. It appears that considerable of this land was deeded to the city for this purpose some time ago.

The City Trustees included this land in their ordinance calling for the condemnation of the street and created an assessment district to be taxed for the purpose of acquiring it. Now that it is found to have been owned by the city some years back much speculation is indulged in as to the legality of the whole proceeding.

STREET SAVED. During the recent storm Adams street started to disappear and rapidly sink into oblivion, as it had several years ago during a heavy storm. Street Superintendent Udel and Marshal Cox hastily gathered up a host of men with shovels, sandbags and other equipment. They worked steadily for many hours during the heaviest downpour and checked the swirling waters and debris.

As soon as possible, go to "Hotel del Coronado" where there is less rain than elsewhere. [Advertisement.]

TWO CHARGES. Cashing Bad Checks and Breaking Probation, Police Say.

Wanted in having passed two worthless checks, John L. Dillon was arrested early last night in an apartment-house near Ninth and Francisco streets by Police Detectives Chaffy and McMahon. According to the police he confessed.

Dillon, the police allege, passed the bad checks in San Diego last May. One for \$55 was cashed by the Merchants' National Bank and the other for \$45 by the Southern Trust and Savings Bank.

The police say Dillon also is wanted for violating his probation for forgoing three years ago.

WIN TRIPLE DEBATE. Three Teams of Huntington Park High School are Victors.

Three teams representing the Huntington Park High School won a tri-angled debate last night on the question of whether "militarism should be made a part of the course of high schools of the United States."

The results of the debates were as follows: Huntington Park on the negative side of the question against Santa Monica High School team, 3-0; Huntington Park for the negative against Lincoln High School, 2-1, and Huntington Park for the affirmative, opposed by the Glendale High School, 3-0.

CROWDING EVENTS. [LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.] SAN DIMAS, Jan. 21.—Four generations of relatives of the bridegroom present a wedding and an operation in the record experience of Mrs. Pinnola of San Dimas, who was married Saturday, and was operated on by two physicians in the local hospital the day following. Mrs. Pinnola is reported recovering rapidly, and the husband and all his relatives are rejoicing thereat.

LADY NICOTINE FINDS FRIENDS.

BANQUET BAN AGAINST SMOKING JOYFULLY LIFTED.

South Pasadena Chamber of Commerce Mellow to the Seducing Weed and Forgets Solemn New Year's Resolution—New Board of Directors Elected.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.] SOUTH PASADENA, Jan. 21.—South Pasadena's Chamber of Commerce has joined the ranks of the "back-sliders." Two weeks ago the smokers and nonsmokers of the organization concurred in a New Year's resolution to abolish the use of tobacco in any form—cigars, cigarettes, pipe or "cut-plug"—during chamber meetings. This was done out of deference to the nonsmokers, many of whom, it is alleged, are made uncomfortable by the odor of the "burning weed."

For two meetings the new rule was enforced strictly, but at a banquet given last evening the strain is said to have proven too great. A motion to amend the resolution as to tobacco smoking during one meeting of each month was proposed and unanimously adopted.

The peculiar thing about the affair was that the amending motion was made by a nonsmoker, who stated that he believed a total abolition, as first adopted, to be unjust to those who derive pleasure from the use of tobacco. His remarks were enthusiastically received by the nicotine devotees, who immediately pulled smoking materials from their pockets and proceeded to "light up."

A new board of officers was elected for the coming year. The list includes Gilbert F. Traak, president; E. T. Grus, first vice-president; B. M. Weaver, second vice-president; H. A. Turner, third vice-president; F. V. Stump, secretary-treasurer.

Among the banquet speakers were State Assemblyman H. W. Wright and John S. Mitchell, president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

South Pasadena High School won an intercollegiate debate held at the local auditorium this evening with a forensic team from Gardena. The question was, "That an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States Providing for Universal Woman's Suffrage Should be Adopted."

Henry St. Pierre and Mary Black, the successful South Pasadena debaters, upheld the negative side of the discussion and received the votes of two of the three judges. Marie Jessup and Phillip Barnes were the Gardena representatives. Mr. St. Pierre was awarded first place and Miss Jessup second.

While Mrs. Anna M. Casey of No. 2015 La France avenue fussed and declared that on information and belief she was in one of the rooms, which she secured \$1200 worth of jewelry and fine linen, made a safe getaway through a rear window.

Mrs. Casey arrived home from Los Angeles at a late hour last evening. As she went up the steps a noise was heard in one of the rooms. Before she could gain entrance the marauders had fled.

When the storm is over, go to "Hotel del Coronado." [Advertisement.]

Emerson Motors. Open Saturday Until 9 P. M.

Full stock up to 1/4 h.p. Not only the best small motor on the market, but the cheapest.

1-10 H.P. \$12.00 1-3 H.P. \$15.00 1-5 H.P. \$18.00 1-4 H.P. \$24.00 1-2 H.P. \$25.00 Dealers write for prices.

ESTABLISHED 1908. WOMAN'S ILLNESS. JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM THIRD & MAIN.

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CHARGES OF PAVING GRAFT MADE IN IMPERIAL COURT.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.] EL CENTRO, Jan. 21.—Sensational allegation of \$10,000 "boodle" in the awarding of the \$200,000 contract for street paving in Imperial city were made in Superior Court this afternoon and Judge Thomas of Santa Ana, sitting in extra sessions, at once sent for Dist. Atty. Nichols and instructed him to institute an immediate investigation.

The allegations came with the suddenness of a thunderclap in the afternoon session when Attorney O'Keefe of San Diego, counsel for John H. Beck of Imperial against whom foreclosure proceedings were under way for delinquent assessments for paving, asked leave to file a supplemental amendment to his answer by which he endeavored to set up a defense of fraud.

In support of it he read an affidavit signed by Beck in which Beck declared that on information and belief he was in one of the rooms, which she secured \$1200 worth of jewelry and fine linen, made a safe getaway through a rear window.

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## INTERCHANGE OF CHURCH LEADERS

Pastors and Choirs go to New Places for a Day.

Congregationalists Planning a Midwinter Fellowship.

General News of the Local Religious Field.

Pastor and choir of the First Congregational Church of this city go to a body tomorrow to Pasadena to take charge of the services in the First Presbyterian Church, while the pastor and choir of that church come to the Congregational Church here. This is one of a series of exchanges that have been taking place among leading pastors recently, and which shows the spirit of comity prevailing hereabouts.

This exchange of pulpits and singers will take place tomorrow evening. Dr. Robert Freeman will speak here on "When a Man Marries His Troubles Begin." It sounds like a note of warning and challenge to the men of uncertain mind who flock to hear what this Pasadena divine has to say about it before they listen seriously to the proposals of feminine wooers.

Dr. Freeman and Dr. Day, who are warm personal friends, played to exchange pulpits three weeks ago but the weather interfered with the arrangements so the date was moved forward. Dr. Freeman will be accompanied by his quartette of singers—every one of whom is well known in the musical world. There will be Mrs. Willis N. Tiffany, whose sweet voice has often been heard in recitals before women's clubs, both before and since her return from a year's study in Berlin; Miss Julie Kie Christia, Harry Williams and Jackson Gregg, and a musical treat is looked forward to. Dr. Day will take with him his quartette and vested choir to render the music at the Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Tomorrow morning Dr. Day will preach on "The Optimism of Jesus."

A midwinter fellowship Sunday which shall be a red-letter day in the annals of the First Congregational Church is planned for Sunday, January 23, the date of Horace Day. January 30 is the date and every Bible school scholar, every church member from the tiny tots in the cradle roll to the gray-haired deacon, is expected to be in his or her place. Dr. Robert Meredith of Pasadena will deliver a fellowship Bible lecture at 10 o'clock, preceding the sermon by Dr. Day, who has chosen for his topic, "Try it and See." In the evening there will be a midwinter musical service when the quartette, assisted by the vested choir, will present a programme of unusual attractiveness and there will be special speakers.

**NEW SUPERINTENDENT.**  
**UNION RESCUE MISSION.**  
Fred L. Benton, who for several years has been superintendent of the Union Rescue Mission, No. 145 North Main street, has resigned this position to become general evangelist for the mission. He will present its work in the churches of the city and throughout Southern California, in a campaign to begin the first of February.

The new superintendent of the mission is Mrs. Eldridge, who has been engaged in mission work for the past seven years, and for the last four years has been in charge of the branch mission at No. 605 East Fifth street.

Tonight there will be a farewell to Mr. Benton and a praise and testimony service by the converts. A public welcome to the new superintendent will be given at the mission on Sunday, January 30.

Tomorrow afternoon at 3:15 o'clock Mrs. M. Heron will speak before the Union Bible class on "The Conditions of Unchangeable Prayer." In the evening the subject of "The Ben Pearson" will be "Hell and Damnation."

**WARNER TO SPEAK.**  
**IN CUMBERLAND CHURCH.**  
Adam Dixon Warner is to give a sermon tomorrow evening in the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Fifty-seventh and Hoover streets, on "Death and the Everlasting Life."

He will be assisted in this service by the Fishermen's Club of the Bible Institute. Mr. Warner has been giving a series of evangelistic addresses in various churches of the city and vicinity, in connection with the work of the Fishermen's Club.

**CONVERTS TO SPEAK.**  
**FIRST METHODIST CHURCH.**  
Dr. Charles Edward Locke will preach in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Hill streets, tomorrow morning on the subject of "Christ Weeping Over the City." During this service he will be assisted by converts from the Methodist missions and by Rev. C. E. Sweet, Dr. H. W. Peck and J. E. Carr.

In the evening Dr. Locke will continue his series of addresses on the questions of a week ago. Among these will be: How shall I be amused? Shall we go to the movies? Would Christ go to the movies? Shall we have a movie in the church? Are the actors good people? Is the Episcopal Church tending toward Romanism? Shall the United States intervene in Mexico?

The large vested choir, under direction of Prof. Carl Bronson, will give special music at both services.

**TRINITY AUDITORIUM.**  
**HEALTH MOVEMENT.**  
"Right Thinking and Right Living" will be the subject for tomorrow evening at Trinity Auditorium. Addresses will be made by Rev. Charles C. Selman, Dr. J. C. Elliott, who has been coming with the Trinity Chautauqua health campaign, which is to continue another week, and Dr. Charles Wesley Bryson of this city. A permanent Trinity health club is to be organized.

Mr. Selman will preach at the morning service on "Open Windows and Open Doors," and the Woman's Missionary Society will attend in a body.

St. Paul's Sunday Afternoon Church, a Trinity idea, Eighteenth and Union, at 3 o'clock.

William J. Bartscher will deliver an address before men at 10 a.m., third floor, on "Working Bess for Better or Worse."

**DEAN MCCORMACK.**  
**ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL.**  
The subject of Dean McCormack's sermon to be given in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Olive street, opposite Central Park, tomorrow morning, has been suggested by the current events of the day. He will speak on "Our Duties, National and International." Tomorrow night he will discuss "The Poor Man's Market." The evening service is always preceded by a half-hour organ recital. Ernest Douglas will be assisted by Miss Beulah Rührer, violinist, and the programme will be selected from compositions of Rührer arranged for organ and violin.

**DISTRICT CONFERENCE.**  
**SWEDISH LUTHERANS.**  
The ensuing week is one of importance for the Swedish Lutherans of Los Angeles and vicinity. Rev. T. S. Johnson, who has recently come to Los Angeles from a large parish in Chicago, is to be formally installed as pastor of the Angelica Evangelical Lutheran Church (Swedish) on Wednesday evening. The installation will be conducted by Dr. P. E. Berg of Templeton, president of the District conference. Other pastors of the conference will be present.

The district conference will convene at this church at 2:30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, when an address will be delivered on "Necessity of the Sacraments for Our Spiritual Life." In the evening the Holy Communion will be observed, with a sermon by Rev. T. S. Johnson.

Rev. T. S. Johnson will preach in this church, Seventeenth and Hope streets, tomorrow morning on "Happiness and Faith in the Evening on 'Taking Thought for Things Unseen.'"

**CHINA HIS THEME.**

Dr. M. D. Eubank, the Baptist missionary who has come from Hubei, China, at the behest of the American Board of the Foreign Mission Society, to assist in the great Laymen's Missionary Movement convention to be held in this city next month, will speak in the Temple Baptist Church, Temple Auditorium, tomorrow morning. Dr. Eubank has had sixteen years' experience in China, and will tell of his personal experiences as a missionary physician.

The musical features at this service will be unusually fine. The great choir will sing an anthem, the Temple quartette will sing "Berceuse" from "Jocelyn," and Mrs. Robert A. Smith will sing Gounod's "O Divine Redeemer." Margaret McKee will sing two numbers.

At night the Tuskegee Singers, a group of teachers and students from the famous Tuskegee Institute, will occupy the entire evening with plantation songs, negro melodies, etc. Charles Winter Wood, one of their number, will give readings from the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, who will be assisted by an anthem, and Ray Hastings, the organist, will play a special programme of selections from popular opera, including "Faust," "Le Tasse," "Traviata," "Mignon," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Carmen."

**SERMON TOPICS.**

**MUSIC BY LARGE CHOIR.**  
Dr. R. A. Torrey, pastor of the Church of the Open Door, Bible Institute Auditorium, Sixth and Hope streets, will preach tomorrow on "Conditions of Success in Soul Winning," and in the evening on "Refuges of Lies." Every stranger in the city should avail himself of this opportunity to hear the world-famous preacher. There are 4000 free seats.

The music tomorrow will be especially attractive. Prof. Peckham will direct a magnificent choir of 100 voices, which has made special preparation for the night service. There will be soloists, duets and quartettes, by Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Baldwin and Mr. Peckham.

At 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, the church will be open to the public, and will be occupied by a brilliant young Chinese girl, Fung Hin Lin, who will speak interestingly of her people.

**FOR HONEST DOUBTER.**

**SPECIAL SERIES OF SERMONS.**  
At the Immanuel Presbyterian Church tomorrow Rev. Otis G. Dale will give a second sermon for the series of four on the subject of "Can We Believe the Bible Miracles?" In this sermon, which will be given at the morning service, Mr. Dale will deal with the antagonism to the supernatural in present-day literature as revealed in Winston Churchill's "Inside the Cup" and elsewhere.

In the evening Miss Julia Tolman Lee, who represented the national board of the Y.W.C.A., as publicity secretary at the Panama Exposition, will give a special address, and speak of the work of the organization at the exposition. All women especially invited.

**FAREWELL SERVICE.**

**DEPARTING MISSIONARIES.**  
A service that will be in the nature of a farewell to two missionaries departing for Japan will be held in the First Church of the Nazarenes, Sixth and Wall streets, tomorrow morning. Rev. William A. Eckel and wife will have charge. These young people have been working in the Japanese Mission at No. 1056 Berendo street, for the past year, and have met with good success. They are going to Japan to continue the general board of missions of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarenes. Mr. Eckel is a magnetic speaker, and his wife a delightful soprano singer.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. George W. Wilson will speak on "Sin and Its Consequences." Mr. Wilson has been an evangelist for many years and is a scholarly Bible exegete. At night, Rev. C. E. Cornell, the pastor, will preach on "The Tragedy of Indifference."

**WHERE TO GO.**

**CHURCH EVENTS TOMORROW.**  
The sermon of Dr. C. Ellwood Nash in the First Unitarian Church, No. 1375 South Alvarado street, tomorrow morning, will be on the subject of "What a Heaven For?"

Rev. Charles F. Hutlar will preach tomorrow morning in the Broadway Christian Church on "The Trio of Parables by the Physician." In the evening he will give a brief talk on "The Love of Christ Revealed Through the Cross." Mr. and Mrs. William Morton Rasmus will present a picture interpretation of the beautiful Biblical story, "The Sign of the Cross."

"Sun in Loss" will be the subject of a sermon tomorrow morning in the Highland Park Christian Church, Monte Vista avenue and Avenue 54, by Rev. Dan Trundle. His evening sermon will be on "Joy's Labor." A large chorus of young people will sing at both services.

Rev. Chester Ferris will speak in the Park Congregational Church, tomorrow morning on "The Unpopularity of Jesus in His Home Town." In the evening there will be an illustrated lecture, "Among the Islands of the Pacific."

Belleuve and Douglas streets, tomorrow morning on "The Unpopularity of Jesus in His Home Town." In the evening there will be an illustrated lecture, "Among the Islands of the Pacific."

"The Relationships of the Christian" will be the subject of Rev. R. W. Abrey in the Magnolia Avenue Christian Church, Twenty-fifth street and Magnolia avenue, tomorrow morning.

The evening sermon will be by Rev. E. H. Bagley on "The Man that Made the Difference." Rev. R. W. Abrey is preaching every night at the East Side Christian Church, Workman street and North Broadway, in an evangelistic campaign.

"Why We Love Germany" will be the subject of Rev. E. H. Bagley at the Church of the People, Blanchard Hall, tomorrow morning. In the evening he will discuss "The Absurdity of Moving Picture Censorship."

Rev. J. M. Schaefer will preach in the Pico Heights Congregational Church tomorrow morning on "Higher Ideals" and in the evening on "Preparation."

Rev. Clyde Shepard will preach tomorrow morning in the Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church on the subject of "The Word of Life up to the Preacher's Promises." In the evening Mr. Shepard will give a dramatic reading, "The Ninety and Nine," by Richard Harding Davis.

"Things We Can and Things We Cannot Know" will be the sermon subject of Rev. Daniel T. Thomas tomorrow morning in the Congregational Church, 1100 Broadway. His evening sermon will be on "The Great Key to Power."

Rev. Bruce V. Black will speak in the Wilshire Baptist Church, Temple and Oxford streets, tomorrow morning, on "Transformation Through Inwardness," and in the evening on "The Joyful Life."

"Making the Most of One's Opportunities" will be the subject of an address by Rev. Susan Dorey, vice principal of the city schools, at 6 o'clock vespers service tomorrow afternoon in the Y.W.C.A. There will be special music.

The German Element in American Life will be the subject of Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin's sermon in the First Unitarian Church tomorrow morning. Mr. Sterrett will speak to the Social Service Class at 10 o'clock on "The Literary Campaign."

Rev. Bruce Brown, State evangelist of the Christian Church, will conduct revival services both morning and evening tomorrow in the Pico Heights Christian Church, No. 1224 Berendo street.

Dr. Frank W. Otto will preach in the Arlington Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, Fifteenth and Washington streets, and Fifth avenue, tomorrow morning on "Seen and Unseen," and in the evening on "The Word of Life up to the Preacher's Promises."

Dr. L. H. Walker will speak in the Sinal Synagogue, Twelfth and Valencia streets, at 8:30 o'clock this Saturday morning. The subject of his address will be "The Jewish People and the Musical Portion of the Service will be rendered by the Synagogue Choir."

Bishop W. M. Bell will preach in the Santa Barbara and Adair streets, tomorrow evening. At the morning service the pastor, Rev. W. H. Blackburn, will preach on "The Church's Present and Future Possessions."

Revival services will be in progress every night during the week in the Third United Brethren Church, Sixty-sixth and San Pedro streets. Dr. John Albert Eby will preach. The subject of his address will be "The Church's Present and Future Possessions."

At Bethlehem Norwegian Lutheran Church, Fifteenth and Washington streets, the pastor, Rev. S. T. Sorenson, will conduct Norwegian services tomorrow morning on a sermon on "The Word of Life in the Life of Jesus." The English service in the evening will be addressed by Rev. W. F. Greedy, a former missionary in Chile, on the subject, "Missions in South America."

St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Vermont avenue and Thirty-sixth place, Rev. James W. Ball pastor, will have a service of song tomorrow evening at 7:30 o'clock, with a short sermon on "The Melody of the Heart."

In the morning Pastor Ball will preach on "Profitable and Unprofitable Service."

"A Startling Prophecy" will be the subject of a sermon by Rev. Clarence Pinkerton in the First United Presbyterian Church, Ninth and Figueroa streets, tomorrow morning. In the evening, Rev. W. H. Ball will preach on "An Inspired Sermon."

Rev. William Davies will preach in the Vermont Square Congregational Church, Vermont square and Vermont street, tomorrow morning on "The Modern Message of an Ancient Prophet," and in the evening on "The Kingdom of God—Conditions of Entrance."

Dr. W. E. Tilroe's sermon theme tomorrow morning in the University Methodist Episcopal Church will be a Gospel Word in Whittier's "The Evening Service" will be on "An Alphabet Conversion."

Charles Spellman, Jewish evangelist, will preach tomorrow morning in the Providence Institutional Baptist Church, Eighth and Crocker streets. His subject will be "The Israel's Past, Present and Future."

Rev. James R. McIntire will preach in the Vermont Square Christian Church, Vermont square and Vermont street, tomorrow morning on "The Witness of Faith," and in the evening on "How Can I Know I am a Christian?"

"Victory" will be the sermon subject of Rev. Leonard G. Thompson tomorrow morning in the Christian Church, 1100 Broadway. The evening service will be on "From Darkness to Light."

N. Brough, Hebrew Christian, will conduct the service of the Friends of Israel Mission, No. 427 North Figueroa street, at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

Dr. John Albert Eby will preach in the First United Brethren Church, Seventeenth and Figueroa streets, tomorrow morning on "The Word of Life in the Life of Jesus." In the evening on "The Cross." The morning service will be especially in honor of the aged person in the church. The De Munn Musical Company will give a sacred concert in this church during the evening.

Dr. James A. Francis will preach in the First Baptist Church, Flower street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, tomorrow morning on the subject of "Why They Found Fault with Him." His evening sermon will be on "The Greatest Sermon."

Tomorrow morning on the subject of "A Great Assurance." His evening subject will be "The Mote and the Beam."

In the Bethany English Lutheran Church, Hollywood boulevard and Vine street, Rev. Victor Brohm will preach tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in German on "The Marriage in Cana."

Tomorrow morning in the Trinity German Lutheran Church, West Eighth and Cherry streets, Rev. A. E. Michel will preach on "Christian Faith." In the evening the sermon in English will be on "The One True Religion for All Men: Faith in Christ."

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Rev. M. H. Tietjen, pastor of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, No. 146 North Griffin avenue, will preach tomorrow morning on "The Mighty Deliverer of Israel;" in the evening, on "God, the Creator and Preserver of All Things."

Tomorrow morning in the German Lutheran Church, No. 1210 East Forty-sixth street, Rev. J. W. Thiel will preach on "The Living Water." The evening sermon will be on "The Vanity of Ungodly Aims."

Rev. James P. McKnight will preach in the Wilshire-boulevard Christian Church tomorrow morning on "The Believer's Pattern," and in the evening on "The Quest of the Soul."

"Religion and Patriotism" will be the subject of the morning sermon tomorrow at Christ Episcopal Church by Rev. Baker P. Lee. His evening discourse will be on "The Measure of a Man."

Miss Fung Hin Lin, a native of China and a Wellesley graduate who is returning to her own land to teach girls, will speak tomorrow morning in the Third Presbyterian Church on the subject of "The Redemption of the East."

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## THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

### EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

#### Manual Arts High.

Commencement exercises for the senior A class of Manual Arts High School will be held at 8 a. m., February 3, in the auditorium. Sixty-six girls and forty boys will receive diplomas.

#### Address to Women.

Mrs. Susan Dorsey, assistant superintendent of the public schools, will speak to young women on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Y.W.C.A. on the subject, "Are You Making the Most of Your Opportunities?" A social hour will follow.

#### Dinner for Miners.

The Southern California section of the American Institute of Mining Engineers will meet on February 1 at 6:30 o'clock in the Sierra Madre Club, when dinner will be served and papers on subjects of their profession read. Ralph Arnold, William F. Staunton, Robert B. Moran and W. R. Hamilton will have papers on petroleum.

#### Serbian Relief.

The Mayor, Col. John Sobieski, Dr. John Milton Scott, Councilman Lindley and F. W. Jaeger, president of the American Relief Society for Serbian Women and Children, will be among the speakers at a benefit for the stricken of the Balkans tomorrow afternoon in Solomon's Pavilion. The affair will be under the auspices of the Los Angeles Brotherhood.

#### Talk to Children.

"If You Were Born in Japan" is the subject of a talk that will be given to children at the Public Library at 3 o'clock this afternoon by Katherine Hester Nettleship of the Museum of History, Science and Art. The costumes, dolls and toys of Japanese children will be shown. Children from the Grand-avenue, Hope-street, California and Fremont schools have been especially invited to attend.

#### Visits New York.

Bishop Bell of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ spoke at the banquet of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association, held this week in the Hotel Astor in New York. The bishop delivered an address on the Grand-avenue, Hope-street, California and Fremont schools have been especially invited to attend.

At a meeting of the directors of the Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company held yesterday, E. O. Moore, second vice-president of the corporation, was elected first vice-president to succeed C. G. A. M. de Pauw, who has resigned. Mr. Moore is an old-time miner and has many years' experience in the mining business.

Emergency Operation. Mrs. Harry Ellis Dean, wife of former Chief Deputy District Attorney Dean, who has been seriously ill for nine weeks, was hurriedly taken to the Pacific Hospital for emergency operation, which was performed yesterday afternoon by Drs. Fish and Lewis. It was reported that conditions are favorable for recovery. Mrs. Dean is prominent in musical circles and a member of the Women's Lyric Club.

Commencement Exercises. Commencement exercises of the winter class of 1916 of the Lincoln High School will be held the evening of February 3 at 8 o'clock in the school building. The students have made elaborate preparation for the event. It has been estimated that flowers will not be acceptable, as the class desires to remain on a democratic basis and the sending of flowers to some of the students will raise an undesirable distinction. Admission will be by the door.

Engineers to Meet. The American Institute of Electrical Engineers will meet at the Chamber of Commerce building the 25th inst., at 8 p. m. Institute members and their friends are invited. The main subject will be "Open Air Generating Stations," with Ralph Bennett as the speaker. There will be an illustrated lecture by J. A. Swartz on "Hydro-electric Developments" at the University of Southern California on the same date at 1:15 o'clock p. m., and institute members are invited to hear it.

Pine Tree State Association. The Pine Tree State Association will meet in the assembly hall, Times Building, First and Broadway, Tuesday evening, where there will be a "rock trial," in which the legal talent of the society and other prominent members will participate. Justice Frank & Forbes presiding. Mr. Wadsworth Harris of Maine, formerly with Mm. Modjeska and the Leslie Carter Company, will give readings, and the Y.W.C.A. Chorus and Mandolin Club will provide musical entertainment. All State of Maine people and friends are invited.

—and the Worst is Yet to Come



## GYM LUNCHEON.

### Y.W.C.A. Will Give Last Entertainment of Class Term.

The Executive Board of the Young Women's Christian Association is planning a luncheon to be held Tuesday at noon, in the Blue Room of the association headquarters, to which 150 of the women taking morning classes in the gym have been invited as guests.

Speakers will be Miss Ella Schooley, general financial secretary of the association, and Miss Julia Talbot Lee, financial secretary of the national association. Mrs. Willis J. Holt, president of the association, will occupy the chair.

The luncheon will be the closing get-together social affair of the gym classes this term, as the new classes will be organized beginning February 1.

Women who will be hostesses for the luncheon will be, besides Mrs. Holt, the vice-presidents, Mesdames Willak A. Moore, D. E. Edwards, C. Q. Stanton, Seeley W. Mudd, John E. Coffin, T. F. Miller; the secretaries, Mrs. Kate Vosburg and Mrs. Gail L. Johnson; Mrs. P. Callender, treasurer, and Miss Alice Gastren, assistant treasurer.

Thursday in the same room a luncheon will be given for about 100 of the leading young women of society circles.

### BEATS WESTON.

Eureka Man Claims Record for Across-continent Walk. Nearing the end of a round trip from San Francisco to New York City, Robert Burns of Eureka came "hiking" into the city yesterday afternoon. He says he walked to the eastern metropolis in eighty days, by smashing the Weston record of 112 days.

Going East, Mr. Burns, who is 23 years old, followed the Lincoln Highway and returned via the Southern route. He negotiated a total of 7355 miles and earned his way. When he left San Francisco on May 21, he had 10 cents, and when he arrived here he had three times as much. He got money for his expenses through the sale of literature.

Mr. Burns wore the same pair of shoes throughout the trip, but had them half-soled six times. He prizes highly a book containing the signatures of the Mayors of all the large cities he visited and he also has a note from Secretary Tumulty to the President.

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W. J. Barker, vice-president and general manager of the Denver Gas and Electric Company, is staying at the Lankershim, accompanied by his wife and their family. The tourists have been at Santa Barbara and are en route to Coronado.

Hon. S. W. Rosendale of Albany, N. Y., former Attorney-General of that state and present vice-president of the New York State Board of Charities, and Mrs. Rosendale are at the Clark for the winter.

Touring the Pacific Coast States to accept the rights of an agent in winter, N. J. Cary of Utica, Ill., president of the Clark Bank there, is staying at the Clark en route to San Diego.

V. W. Ridley of Washington, who is on a business trip, is staying at the Clark. Mr. Ridley is connected with the Federal Department of Agriculture.

Another guest at the Clark is C. S. Pickrell of El Paso, a confederator, who is on a tour of the Coast with his wife.

William J. Gorham of San Francisco, manufacturer of fire apparatus, is staying at the Hayward while looking after local business matters.

WEAVER ROOFING IS A strong waterproof fabric that can be applied over roofs of any kind. Expert report and estimate. Weaver Roof Co., manufacturers roll roofing and waterproof paints. 339-341 East Second street. F2855. Broadway 784.

For quick action drop answers to "Times" in your urine by mail to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and an analytical report will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Do not delay finding out why you have those dangerous symptoms.

Half a Century of Success.

For nearly half a century Dr. Pierce

## Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

### Separate Skirts

We are now showing a very extensive variety of dress skirts. Models and materials especially designed for sports wear—also for general utility. All sizes for women and misses. Popular prices.

(Second Floor)

## Lingerie Underwear

Among the many specials in our Annual Sale, you will find this peerless assortment of Night Gowns, Combinations, Ensembles, Chemises and Petticoats to be a positive saving of one-third and more. Priced at.....

\$1.45

(Third Floor)

## Silk Lisle Hosiery

Women's stockings in three colors—black, white and tan. Fully reinforced, the best values obtainable at.....

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(Main Floor)

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REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK, AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS

Guaranteed estimates on household furniture or bought outright for cash.

Saleroom 1501-35 South Main. Both phones—Main 1289; Home 25679.

### B. FORER CO.

Auction and Commission House  
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1053-55 South Main Street at 11th  
Hold Auction Sales of Live Stock, Furniture, Restaurants or Merchandise

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(Between Spring and Main.)

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FREE RECIPE BOOK

### INDESTRUCTO

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by fire, theft, and  
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224 West Fifth St.

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EVERY DAY  
Through Salt Lake City

LOS ANGELES LIMITED 12:35 P. M.  
PACIFIC LIMITED 1:00 P. M.  
OVERLAND EXPRESS 2:00 P. M.  
CHICAGO AND EAST LIMITED 2:15 P. M.

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### Are You Able to Go to Work?

Does Your Old Enemy, Rheumatism or Backache, Prevent It

If you suffer in this way from uric acid poisoning there is no reason for you to continue to do so. Dr. Pierce of the Invalids Hotel, for over forty years a world-known institution of Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered an antidote for uric acid to drive this poison out of the system. This solvent of uric acid, which is many times more efficient than lithia, and is absolutely mild and harmless, is called Anuric.

Anuric Tested in Los Angeles. Since its introduction here Anuric has fully proved its value to the many who have called and seen Dr. Pierce's personal representative at the Sun Drug Store, northeast corner of Broadway and Fifth street, where he daily meets all who wish to investigate the merits of the uric acid antidote. If you are a sufferer, go there and see how well it is endorsed by those who have tried it and been relieved.

Can You Afford to Take a Chance? If you have any doubt as to what causes you to suffer with rheumatism, backache or dizziness, send a sample of your urine by mail to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and an analytical report will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Do not delay finding out why you have those dangerous symptoms.

Half a Century of Success. For nearly half a century Dr. Pierce

has relieved hundreds of thousands by remedies whose names are known in every household. His Favorite Prescription has long been a boon to suffering womanhood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proven itself through the years to be an unfailing regenerator to delicate and discouraged men and women.

LOS ANGELES TESTIMONIAL. Mrs. M. Phillips, 522 Stanford Ave. Dear Dr. Pierce: When I think of an obligation, I realize the great one I owe to you for your remedy that brought me back to normal health. The Anuric tablets are the best for the kidneys I ever used. I have had kidney trouble since I was 30 years old. I now for the first time feel free from the old trouble. I cheerfully recommend Anuric to all who may need a kidney remedy. Signed, Mrs. M. Phillips, Los Angeles.

Dr. Pierce has sent to Los Angeles one of the members of the Invalids Hotel, who can be seen every day at the Sun Drug Co., northeast corner of Broadway and Fifth street, where he is ready to explain to you the merits of his medicines and give you helpful hints to regain your health—free of charge.

The Sun Drug Co. and other leading druggists sell Dr. Pierce's medicines.



Get some new togs. Bo, she's coming back. You'll want a suit that won't bleach in the bleachers. The fliver dyes are going to show the yellow streak in the fliver suits—the "hand-me-downs."

Better get a Brauer-made at Sale Prices—they're guaranteed.  
\$25 Suit or Overcoat \$19  
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Choice of any fabric in the grade. No reserves.

A.K. Brauer & Co.

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The Spring Street Store  
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Are Ideal for Women Who Wear Glasses

A convenient style of glasses perfectly fitted with accurate lenses. Suitable for every occasion—reading, shopping—in the theater or at social gatherings and dances. You will find satisfaction in our lenses and mountings.

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Quality Opticians  
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## Radio Cream

Give relief and is a remedy for Eczema, Itch, Old Sores, Pimples and any disease of skin. Radio Cream is mixed by nature. For sale by druggists or mailed you. 50c, small size; \$1.00, large size.

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## FREE HELPS for Poultrymen

Helping poultrymen has been our business for 45 years. We will gladly serve you. The experts connected with the Los Angeles representative of the Chronicle.

PRATT EXPERIMENT STATION  
will give you dependable advice on all poultry matters free of charge.

They will tell you how best to house, feed and manage poultry for profit. How to hatch and raise chicks. How to avoid and treat poultry diseases. Write them your problem—they will give you several advice FREE!

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Headaches and nervousness caused by eyestrain cannot be cured by medicine. Properly fitted glasses will save the sight from being injured. Specialists examine your eyes. (No drops used.) If glasses cannot help you, we will tell you so frankly. Sphere reading lenses, 50c each.

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THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Pills for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Eczema, Psoriasis, Skin Diseases, etc.

Small bottles 50c, 10c. Large bottles \$1.00, 50c. Sold everywhere.

## WE ARE MAKING

a special offer on a \$5.00 set of teeth that we know cannot be equaled elsewhere under \$12.00. We know it so well that we are willing to make you this proposition—bring us a sample of ANY dentist's \$15 set of teeth and we will duplicate it for \$6.00 or \$7.00.

TALE DENTISTS, 444 South Broadway, Third Floor, Farnsworth-Behrens Building.

## Stenography and Book-keeping.

Trial Week Free to Any Student. Southwestern University Prep. School, Wilcox Bldg.

## THE WEATHER

(Official Report.)

LOCAL OFFICE. U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Jan. 21.—(Reported by Fred A. Carpenter, Local Forecaster.) At 8 o'clock a. m., the barometer registered 30.19; at 5 p. m., 30.25. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 47 deg. and 56 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a. m., 64 per cent.; 5 p. m., 57 per cent. Wind, 5 a. m., northeast, velocity 3 miles; 5 p. m., south, velocity 3 miles. Highest temperature, 58 deg.; lowest, 45 deg. Rainfall for season, 13.79 inches; to date, 4.70 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.—The further easterly movement of the storm area, coupled with the high temperatures over the Colorado Valley and the fact that this morning at Los Angeles and San Francisco the temperature of 53 deg. and 54 deg. respectively, and moderate amounts of precipitation fall in other portions of the California coast. The weather in the Colorado Valley and Oregon during the past twenty-four hours has been high, warm, and clear. The Colorado Valley has been under the influence of a high pressure area, and the weather has been clear and bright. The Colorado Valley has been under the influence of a high pressure area, and the weather has been clear and bright.

For Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair Saturday; winds mostly northwesterly.

San Francisco and vicinity: Fair Saturday; winds mostly northwesterly.

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## VITAL RECORDS

(Official Report.)

MARRIAGES.—The following marriages were recorded in the office of the County Clerk, Los Angeles, during the month of December, 1915: ADAMS—HEAL, William H. Adams, 31, and Helen Adams, 28, both of Los Angeles. BROWN—JENNIFER, John Brown, 35, and Jennifer Brown, 25, both of Los Angeles. CARR—JENNIFER, John Carr, 35, and Jennifer Carr, 25, both of Los Angeles. DUNN—JENNIFER, John Dunn, 35, and Jennifer Dunn, 25, both of Los Angeles. ELLIS—JENNIFER, John Ellis, 35, and Jennifer Ellis, 25, both of Los Angeles. FARR—JENNIFER, John Farr, 35, and Jennifer Farr, 25, both of Los Angeles. GARR—JENNIFER, John Garr, 35, and Jennifer Garr, 25, both of Los Angeles. HARR—JENNIFER, John Harr, 35, and Jennifer Harr, 25, both of Los Angeles. IARR—JENNIFER, John Iarr, 35, and Jennifer Iarr, 25, both of Los Angeles. JARR—JENNIFER, John Jarr, 35, and Jennifer Jarr, 25, both of Los Angeles. KARR—JENNIFER, John Karr, 35, and Jennifer Karr, 25, both of Los Angeles. LARR—JENNIFER, John Larr, 35, and Jennifer Larr, 25, both of Los Angeles. MARR—JENNIFER, John Marr, 35, and Jennifer Marr, 25, both of Los Angeles. NARR—JENNIFER, John Narr, 35, and Jennifer Narr, 25, both of Los Angeles. OARR—JENNIFER, John Oarr, 35, and Jennifer Oarr, 25, both of Los Angeles. PARR—JENNIFER, John Parr, 35,



# The Times

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910)—410,398  
By the City Directory (1915)—422,617

## Advancing Southern Metropolis.

10th YEAR.

### ORPHANS FLEE AS RIVER ALTERS MAP OF COUNTY.

Rescued with Difficulty as Santa  
Ana Sweeps New Bed Clear.

Channel Cut Straight Across Beet Fields and Sand to  
End of Huntington Beach, Nearly Five Miles  
Old Outlet—Newport Bay Saved from Great Dam-  
Time to Show New Course's Permanency.

It is perhaps the most remarkable case of geography made to order in the history of California. A flood of water, which yesterday afternoon at the end of twenty orphans, who lost their homes and many of their belongings, and of many beet farmers, the inestimable benefit of land in the vicinity of Newport Bay to the bay itself.

It ran into Huntington Beach laden with a wonderful freight. Little more than half asleep in the arms of mites scarcely larger, wet through to their very skins. Blankets, groceries, clothing, precious treasures which could not possibly be left behind, it was a damp, but enchanted band of refugees that was met at its destination and hastened to two rooms which had been prepared for their reception by kind housewives of the beach city.

The rescue was only just in time, the orphans' home is now almost under water, and expected to collapse at any moment.

As it is, calamity may well prove a blessing in disguise. For offers of help are pouring in. A lot has already been offered the home officials in a safe quarter of the beach city. One or two men who declare they are temporarily out of work have offered their services for two or three weeks, either to build a new home or assist in moving the old one to the new site if that is found practicable.

An apartment-house has found accommodation for the little refugees in the meantime, and presents of groceries and bedding have been generously forthcoming.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The work of the engineer of the Newport Protection District in diking the river along its banks and constructing a levee along the front near the Pacific Gun Club, although intended to force the storm water through the old channel into Newport Bay, had an entirely opposite effect.

Owing to the check the waters received at the lower levee they were forced back across the low lying country toward Garden Grove, where in order to save the town from the storm water that backed across the Pacific Electric tracks the citizens of that place dynamited a way out for

### Santa Ana Makes Geography to Suit It.



### WHERE YOU CAN GO BY AUTO, AND WHERE NOT.

AUTOMOBILE traffic between Los Angeles and other points in Southern California, with few exceptions, was resumed yesterday. The State highways are all in excellent conditions and all of the beach towns are accessible by auto. There is some mud and several bad places in the roads, but all can be negotiated with the use of care.

From Los Angeles, San Diego is not accessible by auto and will not be for some time. Automobiles can go as far as Del Mar by detouring, but at that point the bridge is out and passengers are being ferried across the river and carried to San Diego by bus. Roads to the east are all open as far as the San Gabriel River, but no further, as every bridge on the San Gabriel is out.

### SWIFTLY FINDS BANDIT GUILTY.

Jury is Out Nine Minutes in  
Bank Robber's Case.

Convicted Boyle Heights Bad  
Man Grins at Verdict.

Dramatic History of Pitched  
Revolver Battle Told.

Nine minutes was all the time necessary for the jury in Judge Willis' court to decide yesterday afternoon that William Juber was guilty of assisting in the robbery of the Boyle Heights Branch of the Home Savings Bank last August 19. Juber accepted the decision with a smile and without comment. Judge Willis will pronounce sentence Tuesday, unless he grants an appeal, application for

### Decision.

#### FRAUD CHARGE FAILS.

Two Accused by Government of Mis-  
use of Mails in American Broker-  
age Company Affairs Found  
Not Guilty—Jury is  
Out Ten Hours.

Alfred W. Allen and Frank B. Woodruff, charged with using the mails to defraud in connection with the affairs of the American Brokerage Company, were found not guilty by a jury in the United States District Court yesterday. The verdict was reached at 3:30 p.m., after ten hours of deliberation.

District Judge Dietrich delivered at 10:30 a.m. a charge that pleased attorneys for both sides. After luncheon the jurors sent for the books of the brokerage company and the personal accounts of Mr. Allen. Not until after dinner had mollified the talesmen was there anything like unanimity in the juryroom.

### Fisticuffs.

#### DID SHE SLAP FACE?

No, Says Mrs. Hayward, Who Recently  
Sued Father-in-law for Loss of  
Husband's Love; Others Tell  
of Blow That Shattered  
Woman's Glasses.

Into the perfectly staid quiet title suit of Louis C. Roemer in Judge Taft's court yesterday was suddenly injected accusation and denial and the echo of fisticuffs. Mrs. Louise R. Hayward was called as a witness and specifically declared she did not slap the face of Mrs. W. S. Dunlap, mother-in-law of Mr. Roemer.

Previously testimony had been introduced to the effect the blow was struck and about various other things that transpired while Mrs. Hayward resided at Mrs. Dunlap's home. It was declared Mrs. Dunlap's glasses were broken by the force of the blow. The episode was heard in an endeavor to prove prejudice on the part of Mrs. Hayward.

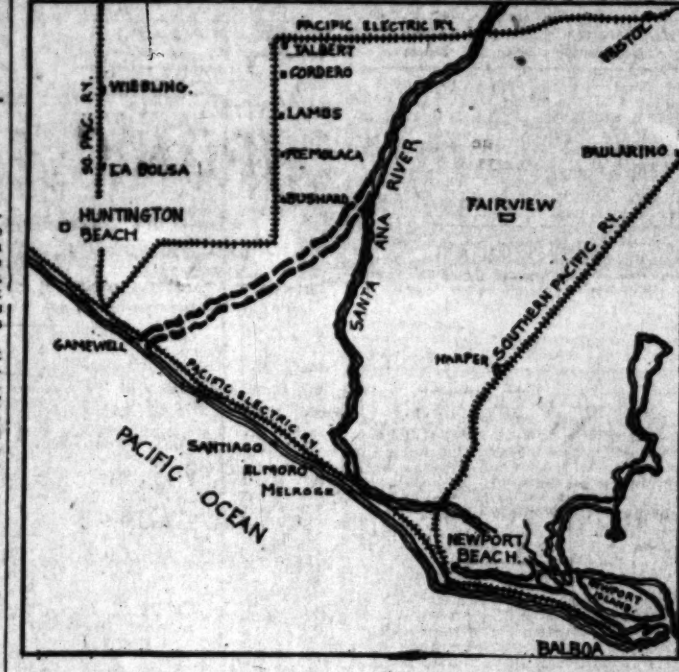
She recently figured as plaintiff in an allegation suit against Dr. Henderson Hayward, the father of her husband, Lester Hayward.

### "TIMES" FIRST AT ESCONDIDO.

Storm-bound Townspeople Rush  
to Get Only News Borne  
Through Blockade.

Escondido citizens yesterday received the first news from the outside world in five days, when the Times of Monday and Tuesday arrived. That residents along roads in the vicinity were also starved for news was evidenced when it was learned that The Times of Wednesday and Thursday had been stolen en route and circulated among storm-bound citizens. The two editions of The Times, the only paper to reach Escondido since last Sunday, were sold at the depot and then passed on from hand to hand.

The Escondido Chamber of Commerce yesterday acknowledged the courtesy of The Times in sending a night letter, giving a summary of flood and storm news, as well as general news briefs. The rooms occupied by the chamber were crowded all day by citizens eager to hear of the activities of the country from which they had been shut off by reason of the breaking down of the ordinary service routes.



The new river and its near-victims.  
At the top are the inmates of the Pacific Seaside Orphan's Home outside their building just south of Huntington Beach, where the Santa Ana River's new outlet to the ocean is. They narrowly escaped when the river cut its way through. The center picture shows the course of the new channel, the ocean being on the extreme right and the arrow pointing to the place from which the water goes directly to the sea past the sand-spit. The old channel lay at the base of the hills in the background and emptied at Newport, five miles south. On the map, below, the approximate new course is shown by the dotted lines.

### Appraisal.

#### FORTUNE FOR FAMILY.

More Than Hundred and Fifty Thou-  
sand Dollars is Value Placed on  
the Estate Left by Lumber-  
man Found Dead Beside  
Trail in Hills.

The value of the estate of the late Francis J. Ganahl, founder of the Ganahl Lumber Company, as shown by the inventory and appraisal filed yesterday, is \$165,762.34. The items include notes, bonds, stock and a large amount of real estate. Mr. Ganahl was found dead beside a mountain trail in Ventura county September 23, 1915. His will, executed June 29, 1909, was filed by Attorney M. J. McGarry. It bequeaths the estate to the widow, Mrs. Louise Ganahl of No. 215 West Avenue 17, and the children, Rose M. S. Donovan, Maria L. P. Ganahl, Lucien A. Ganahl, Maria A. Mandis, Florence C. M. Sharp, Gaston A. Ernest P. Ganahl, and Vincent P. Ganahl.

the Rio Hondo bridge and the Downey road past Garden Grove. This route leaves Los Angeles by way of Stephenson avenue, turning to the right at the cemetery at the extreme eastern end of the avenue and, after passing the Rio Hondo, turning to the left. Whittier may be reached by the same route. For the most part the roads are hard.

The road to Santa Barbara and the north, going by way of the Cahuenga Pass, is entirely open, there being but one bad place. This is on the other side of El Rio, where a "dobe" sink makes very hard pulling for machines. Yesterday this spot was improved by volunteers, who carried several loads of stone and sand to the point and evenly distributed the material over the sink.

The Van Nuys road and all of the boulevards in the San Fernando Valley are open as far as Saugus, but way farther. Monrovia is accessible by road, as is the lower part of the San Gabriel River, as do all other eastern roads. It will be some time before any of the bridges can be replaced. The lower boulevard, known as the El Monte route, is open through Eastlake Park and Ramona Acres to the river.

The road from Pasadena through La

### WAR ROMANCE TO BLOOM AT ALTAR HERE TODAY.

THE culmination of an international romance that has been reared and nurtured amid war's alarms will come today in Los Angeles when Capt. Robert W. A. Brewer of the British army is married to Miss Ellen E. Curtis, Buffalo society debutante. The wedding will be solemnized by the Rev. Baker P. Lee at the Episcopal parish house. Byron Beasley, the actor, now appearing at the Mason, and Mrs. Beasley will be best man and matron of honor.

they let the contracts for the new bridges that are to replace those destroyed by the flood and also started men to work making road repairs, according to a report from Frank Miller of the Mission Inn.

### EDISON HEARING.

Before adjourning the Edison hearing yesterday until Monday, State Railroad Commissioner Edgerton announced that night sessions will be held until all the testimony is presented. This action was necessitated by the vast bulk of testimony that has been brought out in the case. O. E. Clements, cost accountant for the bureau of power and light, was on the stand most of yesterday.

which attorneys for the defendant stated they will make.

In making his appeal to the jury for conviction Deputy District Attorney Doran called attention to the prevalence of such daring crimes as bank robberies and mentioned the fact that only a few hours before an institution of this character had been looted at Culver City. He assailed the attempted alibi of the prisoner and called attention to his positive identification by numerous witnesses. His argument was exceedingly brief for so weighty a case, but he declared all argument was unnecessary, the facts speaking so plainly for themselves.

## Cav. Fulgenzio Guerrieri

Conductor of the  
La Scala  
Grand Opera Co.  
Now Playing at  
Clune's  
Auditorium



Cav. Guerrieri, recognized as one of the world's greatest musical directors, has been secured by the La Scala Grand Opera Co. to direct its orchestra during the present season of Grand Opera at Clune's Auditorium, and his work will contribute largely to its success.

This noted artist indorses the Chickering piano, and in a recent letter made the following statement:

Southern California Music Co.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
Gentlemen—If I were asked to select the "best" piano, I would surely choose a Chickering—because from my intimate knowledge of other makes, I have yet to find one which fulfills every artistic demand so satisfactorily.

Respectfully yours,  
Fulgenzio Guerrieri

We invite your inspection of our complete line of  
Chickering Pianos—Grands, Players, Uprights

Easy Terms if Desired  
Beautiful Art Catalog on Request

FRANK J. HART  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
MUSIC COMPANY  
532-34 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.  
Branches: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego.

### N. B. Blackstone Co.

318-320-322 South Broadway

A Real Undermuslin Bargain!

Fine \$1.50 and \$1.75  
Longcloth & Muslin Gowns 95c

Garments worthy in style, making, material and workmanship—Gowns that are right up to every standard requirement of the Best \$1.50 and \$1.75 sellers.

Blackstone Gloves Best at any Price!

French Kid Gloves \$1.75

French Kid Gloves \$2.00

Smart Styles in Women's  
Dependable Hosiery to Sell at 50c

Charming to Behold—These New and  
Clever Two-piece Breakfast  
Special—\$1.25, \$1.50 & \$2.00



ME—  
and 4th  
TODAY  
1 P.M.

Starting  
10 Feature Sh  
LIGHT  
OPERA 4







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**TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.**  
 CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.  
 (At Home.) The enormous increase in industrial activity has swamped railroads, and shippers are complaining that their goods are being delayed. In some sections, too, complaints are heard of a shortage of raw material, the supply being far short of demand. Despite these things, the prevailing disposition is to contract ahead. Traveling salesmen are sending in much larger orders. Extra dividends are being declared by large concerns. Copper touched 35 1/2, the highest since March, 1907. In some sections 30 cents is offered for February delivery. A movement to retire nearly \$400,000,000 in greenbacks is incubating in financial circles.  
 (For details see financial pages.)

**OUT OF PROPORTION.**  
 Georgia has another wholesale lynching to its discredit. Africa is thus overshadowed and when looking for a synonym the future orator will be compelled to refer to darkest Georgia. They have their problem down there, but they magnify it by taking it too seriously.

**INSPIRED DEVILTRY.**  
 Some man with an eye to the main chance and no conscience whatever left his wagon in the middle of the road between Los Angeles and Santa Monica and then waited near by with his team until some automobile detoured and was stuck in the mud. Whereupon he appeared and offered to save the situation for \$5. He must have dug up this idea from some picture in a newspaper's comic section.

**MERELY A JEST.**  
 War is usually a tragedy; but war in America would be a cross between burlesque and musical comedy. When you consider that in all of the United States we have less than a million modern rifles and that these are not owned by the government and are already contracted for by some of the foreign countries that we exist to oblige, you can readily see what our chances would be in a military emergency.

**AN OVER-EMPHASIS.**  
 The storm came and saw, but did not conquer. Out here there is so much good weather that anything extreme is a novelty and everybody proceeds to quarrel with it and to advertise it. The result is an over-emphasis that is detrimental. People from Denver and other cities have been telegraphing to Los Angeles hotel managers to ask if it is safe for tourists to bring their automobiles to Southern California at this time. Of course such inquiries are absurd, but the easterners do not know this. We have had a rainstorm such as happens in the East many times each year. It is only because it happens so seldom here that we make such a fuss about it.

**REPAIRING SHORTAGES.**  
 There is a shortage of cotton in Great Britain which threatens to throw out of employment the Lancashire mill operators. There is a shortage of grain which has led to an order directing that every British vessel loading abroad for home ports must take on board grain to the extent of 75 per cent of its cargo-carrying capacity. There is a speculation in copper which has caused the government to fix its price and limit the amount which individuals may purchase. The lawmaking power of Great Britain has been wrested from "King, Lords and Commons" and is vested in a Council which supplements or repeals laws with "orders." Its powers appear to be unlimited from enlarging the exportation of rubber or logwood from British colonies to issuing edicts against the making or drinking of whisky cocktails or the wearing of mustaches by government officials in office hours.

**A TAX THAT TRAVELS.**  
 The injustice of an income tax is that under it the same money may be taxed three or four or a dozen times. To begin with, a corporation pays a tax upon its net income, which it distributes in dividends among its stockholders. The stockholder pays an income tax upon his dividend. He pays the money received from the dividend to his landlord for rent of offices in a skyscraper, and the landlord pays an income tax upon the rent received. The landlord pays a portion of the rent to a lawyer for a fee, on which fee the lawyer pays an income tax. The man of law being afflicted with appendicitis brought on by remorse pays a physician a big fee to remove his vermiform appendix. On this fee the physician pays an income tax. The physician expends the fee in payment of his wife's dry goods bill and so adds to the profit of the dry goods dealer. The dry goods dealer pays an income tax on his profits before he passes them along to the grocer, and the grocer, after paying an income tax on his profits, pays them to the same transportation corporation from which the first income tax originated. This enables it to make net earnings upon which it must pay an income tax. The same money having been taxed seven times in three months begins another round.

The income tax is a discourager of thrift. It is a recommendation to men with an income that exceeds the exemption limits not to put it in a savings bank, but to invest it in donations to charitable and religious societies, in joy rides, in booze and beauty and "blowing in."

**REGISTER NOW!**  
 In view of the fact that only those voters who register during the first three months of this year are eligible to sign the proposed referendum petitions which are to be in general circulation in a short time voters are urged to do their duty at once—register and do it now. There is opposition on every side. In every political party, to the registration amendment passed at the extra session of the Legislature, and its purpose can be easily defeated if the voters will see to it that their names are enrolled on the Great Register. The amendment becomes effective April 12, unless the people demand, through the referendum, that the question be referred to them again for decision at the polls.

A total of 46,335 signatures of bona fide electors must be attached to the petitions, and to be on the safe side fully 50,000 signatures will be solicited. Some apathy is shown by voters in northern counties in reference to registrations, and consequently efforts to secure the necessary signatures will be largely confined to this end of the State. Normally there will be probably 325,000 voters in Los Angeles city and county registered for the general election, but the total for the first three months naturally will fall far short of that number, and to give assurance of support to the referendum the electors must not procrastinate. Reports from the administration gang leaders are to the effect that they have little cause for worry over the referendum because of expected apathy on the part of voters, but local political leaders, including men prominent in Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and Socialist ranks, declare faith in the electors, and once a good round number are registered the death knell to Johnsonism will be sounded for all time. None but the selfish officeholder, tyrannical boss and greedy politician can stomach the nonpartisan scheme which Johnson would thrust down the throats of the voters who are preparing to deal it another crushing blow just as they did when the proposition was put up to them at the election last October.

To a man with any sense of fairness or honesty the decisive vote of the people in opposition to a carefully-devised plan to steal from them their privileges of party affiliation would have been accepted as final; but the unscrupulousness that has marked the regime of Johnsonism, to the shame of California, would stop at nothing, and with almost unheard-of effrontery the matter was made the principal subject of the call for an extra session of the Legislature. In spite of the mighty protests from their honest and sincere colleagues a majority of the members voted for the amendment, and again the will of the people was over-ridden. Registrations only are needed to hold up and finally defeat that amendment, so Mr. Voter, register!

**SMALL VERSUS LARGE DAMS.**  
 Roughly estimated, the county has directly suffered a loss of about a million dollars through the late wild rampage of our unconserved, life-giving waters. Indirectly the floods delayed travel, tied up car service and, through these and other minor inconveniences, we have paid a heavy tax to nature, practically for dead horses. If we could total up the expense that California has been put to during the last ten years because we have paid too little attention to restraining avoidable storm damage we should discover the sum was large enough to have provided us with adequate protection and relief.

An experiment in Haines Canyon, the result of which has been carefully noted by Mr. F. H. Olmsted, former member of the county engineer corps, points out perhaps the cheapest and surest way of conserving the abundant winter rains and preventing disastrous floods in the future.

In this canyon, once a source of excessive flood water after heavy rains, the county last year expended \$10,000 in building 400 little dams to hold back the waters near the many tributaries that fed the main stream. The result was perfectly satisfactory. After the heaviest downpours in the last storm no silt was washed down and only a small stream of clear water trickled away into the valley.

Of course as a natural consequence the floods that might have otherwise damaged county highways and washed away county bridges—and would certainly have wasted themselves in the ocean—were being absorbed in the watershed. They were building up the mountains instead of tearing down the valleys, to be available for irrigation purposes during the dry summer months. Erosion in Haines Canyon has been converted into seepage, loss into gain.

This appears so far to be the most practical method for maintaining a moisture balance in a country where the rainfall is confined to a few months each year. Small dams that will cut off the flow from a hundred tributaries are easily built, and the risk of such small dams being washed out is reduced as their number is multiplied.

The cost of these small check dams in Haines Canyon, according to Mr. Olmsted's figures, was only \$25 apiece. One large dam, to confine the accumulated waters at the mouth of a canyon after they have acquired torrential proportions, means an expenditure of many thousands of dollars, and, if that large dam once breaks down, the resultant cataclysm is terrific and the restoration of the structure is costly.

But if one or two of the small dams are destroyed the loss can be quickly and cheaply made good. That 400 dams will all collapse at the same time is beyond the range of probability. In Haines Canyon, after one of our longest and heaviest rainstorms, the system has stood the test splendidly.

It is easy to break a thread of hemp; but turn a hundred threads into a stranded rope and you will tug on it in vain. In just this way small threads of streams prevented from forming into a solid body of water simplifies flood control in our California mountains. Combination is strength. The strategy of the civil engineer is to prevent the forces of destruction from combining to threaten the works of men. At any rate, Haines Canyon furnishes an object lesson to any board considering the question of flood control and the conservation of our natural water supplies. For this end the small dam where the trouble begins seems more practicable than the large dam where the trouble breaks out.

**THE GOVERNMENT RAID ON OUR OIL INDUSTRY.**  
 An occupant of land who has obtained possession and claims ownership by virtue of his fraudulent representations to the real owner may be ejected by the real owner. But it is difficult to see how this rule can be made to apply to oil lands, whether they were obtained from the government by a railroad company to assist it in construction of its road, or are held by a farmer who homesteaded land which was afterward found to contain oil, or are claimed by an oil land locator who located on land which was subsequently withdrawn from location by executive order.

## Making a Selection.



This assumption. They were so advised by some of the best legal talent in the country, and President Taft himself expressed doubts as to whether he had authority to make such an order. But the Supreme Court of the United States, by a majority decision, sustained his authority, and those who located on lands that had been withdrawn have no claim to their locations, although it would be equitable for Congress to provide for giving them the first right to lease the lands on which they had, without objection from the government, expended large sums in development work.

The claim of the government that those who located the land and were diligently prosecuting development work, but had not yet "discovered" oil when President Taft's order of withdrawal was made, is very technical and, if made by an individual, might be characterized as pettifoggery.

Our Senators and Representatives should, and doubtless will, urge immediate remedial action by Congress, for the industrial welfare of the State is largely dependent on the petroleum industry. We have practically no coal deposits, and crude oil is for our factories, our principal fuel.

Our railroads use fuel oil in their locomotives; our river and ocean steamships use it; gas is made from it. It is used largely for domestic purposes and for power plants, on farms and in mines and cities. It is therefore to be hoped that Congress will hasten to enact a law that will recognize the equities of those who located oil in the Coalinga district and were diligently developing them before President Taft's order of withdrawal was issued.

**OUR FARM PRODUCTION IN 1915.**  
 By Walter J. Ballard.  
 The Monthly Crop Report just issued says the total value of crop production in the United States in 1915 is estimated as about \$4,471,000,000, as compared with \$5,929,000,000 in 1914, an increase of 3 per cent. The estimate of value of animal products for 1915 is \$3,849,000,000 as compared with \$3,572,000,000 for 1914, a decrease of \$277,000,000. The gross value of crops and live-stock products is thus estimated at \$10,320,000,000 for 1915, an increase of 6 per cent.

The farm production of forest products is estimated at \$105,000,000 in 1915, about the same in 1914.  
 Some of these great crops were:  

Crop	Quantity	Value
Wheat	1,011,585,000 bushels	\$980,500,000
Flax seed	15,485,000 bushels	\$4,680,000
Oats	1,540,382,000 bushels	\$55,569,000
Rye	49,190,000 bushels	\$1,235,000
Potatoes, Irish	359,103,000 bushels	\$31,104,000
Potatoes, sweet	74,395,000 bushels	\$4,051,000
Barley	287,009,000 bushels	\$12,409,000
Buckwheat	15,769,000 bushels	\$1,248,000
Rice	29,497,000 bushels	\$6,512,000
Hay, tons	85,225,000	\$12,220,000
Tobacco, pounds	1,960,587,000	\$6,041,000
Cotton, bales	11,161,000	\$69,393,000
Sugar beets, tons	6,462,000	\$5,541,000

## AVOID ULTIMATUMS.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

The grand ultimatum is a seductive thing. Most of us have a weakness for ultimatums, but flatter ourselves that it is a sign of strength. We deliver ourselves of ultimatums on every subject under the sun, but your true diplomat avoids ultimatums at all cost.

It was Austria's fatal ultimatum to Serbia that precipitated this bloody war. Austria, the weakest of the great powers. It was Kruger's ultimatum to England that made the Boer war, general belief to the contrary notwithstanding. It would have been much less expensive to make the citizenship concessions which the British government demanded; or, at any rate, to have insisted upon reasonable discussion for a little longer.

In so many of the small controversies of life we issue large ultimatums with reckless abandon. And they are dreadfully exacting to live up to.

Many a business has been wrecked by an ultimatum. Many a strike started, many a long-drawn-out quarrel begun, many a home broken up for ever.

We all feel so dreadfully competent to make the final decision, to issue the last word. Whether it is in the home, the school, the store, the office, we have a way of making up our little minds and reaching ultimate conclusions, never remembering that the greatest men of the world have always been wise enough to change their minds and allow the possibility of being mistaken.

The ultimatum is the favorite weapon of the weak mind, the limited outlook. As sure as you see a man who issues ultimatums several times a week in his home, who runs his business on petty ultimatums, be sure that a very modest modicum of success awaits him. There is always another point of view, as witness the editorials in the newspapers all over the country on every current question.

The whole of civilization must necessarily be founded on a large supply of reasonableness and tolerance.

Justice itself is a matter of controversy nine times out of ten. Even the Supreme Court of the United States has a hard time coming to an ultimate decision on questions of justice in many cases.

Yet the small fry of the world is wont to make up its mind finally and adamantly, to issue ultimatums on every department of public interest and activity.

It is alarming to watch oneself and to discover how many times a day we issue ultimatums. Husbands to their wives, mothers to their children, employers to their employees, lovers to each other. And even when we have been able to tyrannically enforce our will, we usually live to doubt our wisdom, to see a totally different point of view.

Perhaps one of the most advantageous resolutions we could make for the New Year would be to avoid ultimatums. It would save untold woe. Many an enterprise, many a business, many a home would avoid calamity.

## RIPPLING RHYMES.

THE WHEAT.

The weather man is busy inventing new designs in storms and tempests dizzy, so Mr. Man replies. The frost is in his hair, the slush is in his shoes, and he is having, always, more snow than he can use. And as he does his praying for less of slush and sleet, the optimist comes, saying, "It's splendid for the wheat!" There comes a beastly drizzle that soaks you to the bones, and life seems all a fizzle, a thing of grief and gloom. And when you're sadly suffering down the slushy street, the optimist comes, saying, "It's splendid for the wheat!" When weather is so rotten, so frightful everywhere that everything's forgotten except your load of care, when chunks of hail are flaying your form from head to feet, the optimist comes, saying, "It's splendid for the wheat!" What odds if people suffer the tortures of the damned, and bilzards, wilder, tougher, come whooping down, untamed? What odds if you are freezing, among the snow and sleet, and coughing, strangling, sneezing? It's splendid for the wheat.

WALT MASON.

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

"Look here, Sam; don't you believe that an honest man is the noblest work of God?" "Well, sah, I've done given up de idea ob bein' de noblest work of God; all I saks is to make a livin'."—[Life.]

"You say you are a pacifist?" "Yes," replied the indignant person, "and let me tell you, sir—" "Hold on a minute." "Well?" "If you are a pacifist, don't shake your fist at me."—[Hirmingham Age-Herald.]

"Yes," said Andrey. "I spent the entire evening telling him that he had a terrible reputation for kissing girls against their will." "And what did he do?" "He sat there like a booby and denied it."—[Dallas News.]

Inspector: You don't seem to have any fire-escapes in this building. Owner of factory: Well, sah, I've done given up de idea ob bein' de noblest work of God; all I saks is to make a livin'.

Briggs: I see that a sculptor says Bryan's mouth is beautiful in repose. A very pretty compliment. Jiggs: That's no compliment. Briggs: Why not? Jiggs: Nobody ever saw Bryan's mouth in that condition.—[Livingston Lancet.]

"Yes, he's one of our leading citizens. He certainly has climbed high in a few years. Why, he holds our best Federal job." "Indeed! How did he get it?" "His brother-in-law is our leading politician."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"It is the regret of her life that she has never been able to afford a trip abroad." "Wants to see the world, does she?" "It isn't that. But she has a remedy for seasickness that she is simply crazy to try."—[Buffalo Courier.]

## THE CROPS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY WALTER J. BALLARD.

Government statistics just issued show that the crops of California in 1915 were:  

Crop	Quantity	Value
Wheat	7,040,000 bushels	\$6,838,000
Oats	1,540,382,000 bushels	\$55,569,000
Rye	112,000 bushels	\$1,235,000
Potatoes, Irish	10,140,000 bushels	\$7,005,000
Potatoes, sweet	810,000 bushels	\$4,051,000
Hay, tons	4,890,000	\$6,041,000
Barley	29,497,000 bushels	\$12,409,000
Cotton, bales	24,000	\$1,922,000
Rice	2,968,000 bushels	\$2,041,000
Sugar beets, tons	1,238,000	\$5,541,000

## Pen Points By

The severe winter weather is likely to start the pen points by many do.

A Vienna dispatch says that the treasury deficit is now the people want the government must pay for it.

In the game of war the spoils. This may be a sentiment aptly turned.

It is not necessary to go to the contempt for the whims of the can be located right at home.

It is not often that a man who is heavily based as that of the dullest in the lightest terms.

So far none of the editors has been extended to the wagon. Why this distinction the seat?

The local Scotch are getting their ale and cakes to celebrate the birth of the king of Robert Burns.

The new gallon hats were the latest fad of fashion, but look complete without a sign of the proper place.

If, by reason of the lack of a hired man is compelled to use a milk the brindle cow?

It is now officially announced will be a giant drive by the spring. Wonder if this is the one that started last spring?

It seems to make no difference price of eggs may happen to be make eustard pie at the same all people will talk, you know.

The rain has cleared the atmosphere dispersed the grip. All we have the average citizen has to do is the Johnson administration.

The travels of former friends about the country, quiet and make a hit with people who are democracy and common sense.

It would be worth a lot of money what the Kaiser has been telephone to Francis Joseph, causing the high water in Lake.

The bridegroom amounts to a wedding, but later on when paying the bills he makes to the attention of those who want the

A classic dance has much to say for those who like that sort of why it is necessary to examine the steps devoid of any clothes to

The Senate has passed the bill the importance of lower lands. But the Philippines and it is not necessary to go to the

We should imagine that in a days Chancellor von Bethmann was some pumpkin as a joke would be impossible to tell what struck his feet.

Bethlehem Steel will pay a \$30 a share. But that is not the problem over which the war money-making proposition.

The South has celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the death of Robert E. Lee. There is no doubt about Lee, that he was a whipped and had the command of

It is possible that President saving former President Taft that he believes Justice Hughes by vacate. The justice who is to take to the cyclone

President Wilson is a party behind him in his policy in relation to the olive branch in one hand and a shotgun in the other.

There are some companies of a maker of ammunition man to experience the without being actually in. But in an explosion there is er up.

President Harrison to the United States Senate all E. Jackson, and two other Democrats Lamar, besides making other Democratic. Chief

There is to be a calling home at the moment of agricultural Fort Worth is

There is a man who is in the act of calling the them to answer with or they want to or not to

In discussing the to call it by its right trade war. They are fighting for business

all nations are in many may do when there are likely to be

unlooked-for situation of hostilities the bottom of it

THE EVENING  
 Oh, woman, you're not the same  
 That from the

A misanthrope

COULTER'S—215-2

COULTER'S—215-2

COULTER'S—215-2

COULTER'S—215-2

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FINANCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER  
Los Angeles, Jan. 22, 1916.  
The following are the amounts of the various funds in the treasury of the city of Los Angeles, as of January 22, 1916:

Fund	Amount
General Fund	\$1,234,567.89
Water Fund	\$567,890.12
Gas Fund	\$345,678.90
Electricity Fund	\$234,567.89
Sanitation Fund	\$123,456.78
Public Works Fund	\$98,765.43
Police Fund	\$76,543.21
Fire Fund	\$54,321.09
Other Funds	\$43,210.98
Total	\$3,078,901.27

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]  
NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Money market steady. Call money, 1% to 1 1/4%; time money, 1 1/2% to 2%; closing bid, 1 1/4% offered at 2%.

STOCKS AND BONDS.  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]  
NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Stocks made irregular recoveries today from the weakness of the previous session. Dealings were moderate but prices were well maintained until the final hour, when leading shares forfeited a considerable part of their gains.

STRONGER TONE IN ALL SHARES.  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]  
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SEALINGS ARE SOMEWHAT MODERATE.  
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UNITED STATES STEEL CORP. STOCK.  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]  
NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—United States Steel Corp. stock advanced 1/4 point to 44 1/4, a net gain of 1/4 point, closing at 44 1/4, a net gain of 1/4 point.

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LOCAL STOCK EXCHANGE.

Increased Activity in Oil List—  
Trading was a little more spirited on the exchange yesterday with the oil stocks showing the most attention. A good demand was exhibited for American Petroleum products, and a number of transactions were effected at 78.00. Union Pacific and National Petroleum products were the most active.

LOCAL CLOSING STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Stock	Price
Union Pacific	78.00
National Petroleum	78.00
American Petroleum	78.00
Los Angeles	78.00
San Francisco	78.00
New York	78.00

LOCAL CLOSING STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Stock	Price
Union Pacific	78.00
National Petroleum	78.00
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LOCAL PRODUCE MARKET.

With the opening up of traffic to Los Angeles yesterday, the local produce market was a little more active. A good demand was exhibited for American produce, and a number of transactions were effected at 78.00. Union Pacific and National Petroleum products were the most active.

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKET.

Produce	Price
Wheat	78.00
Corn	78.00
Barley	78.00
Oats	78.00
Rye	78.00
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Corn	78.00
Barley	78.00
Oats	78.00</



STOCKS AND BONDS IN SAN FRANCISCO. SHIPPING. HARBOR OF LOS ANGELES. NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE UNDER FORECLOSURE. Legal Notice.

STOCKS AND BONDS IN SAN FRANCISCO. [A. P. NIGHT WIRE.] SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.—Following are today's quotations on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange: [Table of stock prices follows]

SHIPPING. HARBOR OF LOS ANGELES. ARRIVED—FRIDAY, JAN. 21. [Table of ship arrivals follows]

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE UNDER FORECLOSURE. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES. [Text of legal notice follows]

Legal Notice. [Text of legal notice follows]

Legal Notice. [Text of legal notice follows]

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Legal Notice. [Text of legal notice follows]



## Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

In the Courts.

COUNTRY'S CUSTOM  
MADE KISS A SEAL.CHIVALRY DRIVES YOUNG MAN  
TO THE ALTAR.

In Divorce Court He Tells Story of Innocent Louisiana Filtration Which the Girl Viewed in Another Light—Granted Decree on Grounds of Desertion.

A lonely student staying in the town of Keithville, La., met Miss Mamie Holland, the daughter of a section foreman. It was small town and Miss Holland was the only girl there. The rosy-faced country girl was flattered at the attention of the handsome student. He was shy and knew nothing of the world, so when he kissed her one day she believed he had pledged his truth, for in her book of ethics only engaged couples should kiss.

The student, John O. Crawford, left Keithville, thinking nothing at all of the incident, but grateful to Miss Holland for her company, as a lone young man might feel. Presently he received a letter from her, asking him when he was coming back. He felt that she was coming to him, and he was so far away.

Mr. Crawford was thunderstruck, but being a man of chivalry he returned to Keithville and talked over the matter with Miss Holland's brother. He told him he was not coming back, as he had promised himself when he kissed her. But he said, if Miss Holland felt that he had pledged himself, he agreed to marry her.

They were married at her little home, May 27, 1910, and came to live in Los Angeles.

Connected with a mercantile brokerage business. Having sacrificed himself, as he believed, on the altar of chivalry, Mr. Crawford was subject to various ways to educate his bride. She was ignorant of the things she should know, he thought. So he would read to her in the evenings. She calculated to enlighten her mind. She sat as quiet as a mouse, gazing up from the book he would find that she had fallen asleep.

Mr. Crawford was called away from home on business, and when absent his wife wrote that she wanted to go to a boarding-house. He replied that he did not do so in his mind. This was on November 10, 1913, she started for her home at Keithville. This was the story told by Mr. Crawford in Judge Wood's divorce court yesterday. Mrs. Crawford was represented by deposition. She said her husband consented to her going home. The court granted the decree on the ground of desertion.

QUADRANGLE HERE.  
BOTH CHARGE "AFFINITY."

An unusual case of affairs was revealed yesterday, during the trial of the divorce suit of Edwin C. Fairfield, a Tropic rancher, against Mrs. Matilda Fairfield. Mr. Fairfield alleged that his wife left him in July, 1914, and that she was infatuated with James Carpey. After the separation, he said, he got down on his knees and pleaded with his wife to return home.

"She refused," he said, "she said she loved this man." Mrs. Fairfield stated that she found that her husband had an affinity and that the other woman was Miss Katie Carpey, 14 years old, a sister of James Carpey. In proof of this she offered several letters which her husband had written to Miss Carpey and which she received through a niece. The letters, Mrs. Fairfield testified, had been written from a hiding place by Miss Carpey's mother. There was love and kisses expressed in the letters for "my little sweetheart."

Mr. Fairfield said that the letters were written after his wife left him. "I made love at first to Miss Carpey," he testified, "because I wanted to learn from her if Mrs. Fairfield was meeting her brother. After my wife left me I learned to love Miss Carpey. After I filed my suit for divorce, we discussed marriage."

FINDS HOME.  
HAPPINESS RULES.

The fate of Elsie May Jones, 5 years old, daughter of an old soldier, who has been declared incompetent, was decided by Judge Houser yesterday after an interesting hearing of the petition of Mrs. Eva Hyde, a cousin, to be appointed guardian. The petition was opposed by Mrs. Marie G. Parmelee, a half sister of Elsie, and Mrs. Sara Adams, also a relative. While the latter women declared conditions were such that they could not take Elsie into their own homes, they objected to Mrs. Hyde having her because they feared later on the little girl would be sent out to some other family.

Judge Houser, learning that Elsie is at the Pasadena Training School, and ascertaining from Mrs. Hyde that she loved her, decided that home influences were better than the surroundings of an institution, and granted Mrs. Hyde's petition, denying the petitions of the other relatives. After the court's decision Mrs. Hyde declared she was the happiest woman living. She will arrange at once to bring Elsie home. Her husband is a contractor living at No. 1947 North Garfield street, Pasadena.

GIRL'S FORTUNE.  
BANK MADE GUARDIAN.

Not caring to assume the burden and responsibility of acting as the guardian of her daughter, Marcella Bailey, 11 years old, Mrs. Mary T. Bailey of No. 1231 North Michigan avenue, Pasadena, petitioned the Probate Court yesterday, requesting the appointment of the Union Trust and Savings Bank of Pasadena.

Miss Marcella is heiress to \$13,500, consisting of money, stocks and bonds, bequeathed to her by her father, the late Fergus Bailey, who died in 1912. The guardian will take charge of the fortune until Miss Marcella is legally of age.

PATHETIC.  
LETTER WINS SUIT.

After Judge Myers had intimated that neither side had proved its allegations, the attorney for Rodney S. Hamilton, a patrolman, produced a letter that gave Mrs. Hamilton a decree in her separate-maintenance suit yesterday. The court ordered that Mr. Hamilton to pay his wife \$30 a month.

The letter, a pathetic one, told how Mrs. Hamilton's heart ached for her husband. She wrote it seemed as though she could not live without him, and asked if some arrangement could be made to meet and talk things over.

"I always felt that you thought

something of me, and I know how I feel about you. It doesn't seem like you could really hate me now. You know we did not have any more trouble than hundreds of others, and they still live together and are far happier than we are living this way."

The court held that the failure of the husband to accept the offer of the wife to go back constituted desertion on his part.

NO PEARLY GATE.  
ST. PETER TELLS OF HOME.

Conditions in the home of Thomas St. Peter of Pomona did not bear out the angelic belief in that loved name. His second marriage brought him into the divorce court, and yesterday he told his story, which had to do with Mrs. Julia St. Peter and her three small sons by a former marriage.

The boys were of lively disposition. St. Peter found it necessary, he said, to correct them, and this did not please his wife. A favorite pastime of the boys was to throw knives and often the missiles missed the mark and broke a window.

"When I protested, my wife called me names," he told the court. "She told me to let the boys alone. Once she struck me with a broomstick. This was when one of the boys was trying to cut a piece of wire with a jack-knife. I told him he could not do it and he said it was none of my business, as it was his knife. I shook him for striking that way and my mother used the broomstick on me."

Judge Wood granted him a decree.

PAY FOR HIDES.  
AGENT NOT MENACED.

Holding that Henry Spitzer, agent in Mexico for L. Kaufman & Co. of Vernon, had authority to draw drafts on the firm, that there was no menace exercised to compel signing the drafts, Judge Sherk yesterday held that L. Wolf & Co. of Guaymas, Mex., were entitled to recover \$2400, representing the purchase price of a large consignment of hides to Kaufman & Co., less \$284, shortage in weight claimed. He also held that Kaufman & Co. are entitled to withhold 20 per cent. of the value of the cargo until the Marine Insurance adjusters make a report on salvaging the steamer Colton, which contained the hides and which was towed to San Francisco.

SPARE THEM.  
TREES THE QUESTION.

After granting a permit to the Ida H. Hellman estate through S. P. Rowland, managing agent, to cut down certain shade and ornamental trees on Garvey and Alhambra avenues, Judge Wood yesterday granted a permit to cut down all of the trees, the county of Los Angeles, by County Counsel Hill, yesterday filed suit to restrain the defendants from carrying out a threat to destroy all the shade trees. An injunction is sought. Presiding Judge Wood issued an order on Monday before Judge Woods, when the matter will be argued.

WORLD IS WIDE.  
WIFE GIVEN DECREE.

Forced to become the financier because, as she testified in her divorce suit yesterday, her husband, Grant L. Huntley, was not working, Mrs. Mable C. Huntley suggested to him one day that he had better earn something and pay the bills. She said she had borrowed all the money she thought she ought to.

DENIES PETITION.  
AWAITS APPEAL RULING.

Judge Rives yesterday denied the petition of Will D. Gould to be appointed special administrator of the estate of the late Samuel F. Baker, and appointed the Title Trust and Insurance Company. Mr. Gould desired the appointment pending the decision of the Supreme Court on appeal from the verdict of a jury, which declared Mr. Baker of unsound mind at the time he executed his will. The bulk of the \$10,000 estate was bequeathed to Mr. Gould, in whose home Mr. Baker had been a member for a number of years.

Mr. Baker executed three wills. The second will, made in 1912, after bequests of \$1000 each to his brother, Horace Baker of New York, and his sister, Julia Baker of Newbury Park, N. J., and smaller bequests to other relatives, left his estate to the United States government. In this will Mr. Gould was not mentioned.

CALEDONIAN CLUB.  
LAND IS BEQUEATHED.

The will of W. J. Gowans, filed yesterday, provides the ground for a home for the Caledonian Club. The location is Fifteenth and Myrtle streets. Instructions were given the executors of the will, A. Ross Black and John Love, to give the property to the keeping of Col. W. B. Russell, James Betrie and Andrew Biggs, to hold until the clubhouse is built.

Mr. Gowans gives to the Protestant Orphan's Home, the Belle White Home for Poor Children, and the Central Guild Immanuel Presbyterian Church, \$1000 each. The executors are bequeathed personal effects. The residue of the estate is to be given equally to two sisters, Mrs. George Hay and Mrs. George Kydd, and four brothers, Andrew, John, Joseph and James Gowans.

FRIEND'S VIEWS.  
HELP WIN DIVORCE.

Mrs. Velma De Witt Lynn, close friend of Mrs. Ninah Bettie Pond, gave very decided evidence in the latter's divorce suit against Bugli C. Bond, in Judge Wood's court yesterday. She testified that at about the time of the couple's separation she was going to Catalina to occupy a position as a musician, when Mr. Pond said to her:

"I wish you would take my wife with you and keep her. My opinion of Mr. Pond was that he was lazy," concluded Mrs. Lynn, and she also ventured the opinion that he was par-

tial to blondes. The decree was granted.

HELPFUL?  
NOT EXPECTANT.

When Judge Wood gave Mrs. Rose Duggan her decree of divorce yesterday he asked her if alimony of \$20 a month would be of any help. Mrs. Duggan replied that it would. The court asked if he should make the order.

"No," she replied.

The court wanted to know why not.

"Because I would not get it," said Mrs. Duggan.

The court thought he would take a chance and made the order just the same.

IN AND OUT.  
ABOUT THE COURTS.

HELD UNDER BAIL. Dr. Ed D. Fahy, a chiropractic, lately of Honolulu, was held in \$1500 bail to answer the charge of contributing to the delinquency of two young women, whom, appears, he met as patients. One of the young women was treated by him for felon. At the arraignment before Judge Reeve of the Juvenile Court yesterday Dr. Fahy was represented by Attorney Minor Dwyer.

WELLSHEIMER ESTATE. In a brief filed yesterday Alfred Wellsheimer, who died on the 11th inst., disposed of his \$24,400 estate to his widow, Mrs. Millie Wellsheimer, who is named executrix. A bequest of \$100 was made to Mrs. Wellsheimer's sister, Emma C. Levy of San Francisco. The largest asset of the estate is a 28-acre ranch in Santa Barbara county, valued at \$20,000.

WARTIME SHIPMENT. A suit which may have grown out of the war in Europe was filed yesterday by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, to recover \$2257.20, representing the shipment of maroons, from Genoa, Italy, October 28, 1914. The complaint alleged that the goods never arrived in this city.

TRIED AS "FENCE." A Meyer Henig, alleged "fence" for a ring of brass, copper and lead thieves, was on trial yesterday before Judge Craig on

a charge of having received stolen property. Jose Garcia, convicted of a theft of brass and lead and now serving sentence in San Quentin, was the principal witness for the State. He declared Henig asked no question as to whence came the metal he, with three companions, had for sale. Police Detective Fitzgerald stated that Henig hid the metal under a pile of horse shoes in his junk yard and it was dug up there. The jury will return a verdict this morning.

ASKS NEW TRIAL. Charles Whittington, so-called "finger burglar," convicted of having entered a Broadway corner shop for the purpose of burglary, entered a motion for new trial through his attorneys yesterday morning. Judge Craig delayed sentence and set the date for hearing of the motion on next Thursday.

INCORPORATIONS. Big Lands Corporation, incorporators W. L. Willson, J. H. Craig and J. C. Shobottom, capital stock \$15,000, subscribed \$300; Corona-Pacific Typewriter Company, Inc., incorporators Leslie Dobell, Andrew H. Rose and H. F. Seville, capital stock \$10,000, subscribed \$100; Adamson Corporation, incorporators R. R. Adamson and P. B. Scott, capital stock \$10,000, subscribed \$100; Fulton General Hospital, incorporators W. H. Kling, S. J. Kling, Jay D. Brummer, Warren C. Kennedy and Arthur Hess, capital stock \$50,000, subscribed \$15,048; Imperial Valley Creamery Company, incorporators George T. Sweet, H. O. Waskerbarth, M. C. Somera, H. O. Wheeler and Oliver B. Wynn, capital stock \$200,000, subscribed \$500.

## ON CONTEMPORARY POETS.

A course in contemporary English and American poetry will be offered by Prof. Paul S. Wood of the department of English of the University of Southern California beginning in February. The course will begin where the text-books usually leave off and will discuss the poets who are writing at the present day, including even those who have come into prominence within the last year. The Imagists will come in for extended discussion as will also Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell and other young American writers.

FOR CONSTITUTION. Try Scott's Vegetable Tablets, 25 cents, at all Sun Drug Company stores.

At the City Hall.  
LOWER TAX RATE  
A POSSIBILITY.COUNCILMAN CONWELL SEES  
TRIMMING IN SIGHT.

Work of Joint Appraisal Bureau may Show Increased Valuations and Proposal is Made for Council to Affirm its Policy with Reference to City's Tax Revenues.

Councilman Conwell, in discussing the work of the Joint Appraisal Bureau before the Council yesterday, announced that the adoption of the bureau's report March 1, next, will likely mean that the general tax rate can be lowered during the next fiscal year. Mr. Conwell said that from his investigations he had reason to believe that the joint appraisal will show a large increase in the assessable valuation of property in the city, and he favors early action by the Council in going on record to the effect that if the assessed valuations are appreciably higher, the general tax rate can be trimmed below the \$1 maximum of the last few years.

Before the introduction of the ordinance of intention for the improvement, the tentative assessments must all be figured and considered by the Council. "When these assessments have the approval of the Council, the proponents and opponents of the project will be notified formally," said Chairman Topham of the Public Works Committee. "A post card will then be sent each property owner in the district notifying him of the approximate amount of his assessment for the project."

AGAINST CENSORS.  
ABOLITION IS URGED.

Expressing the belief that the people of Los Angeles "possess enough decency and discrimination to judge for themselves what movies do or do not come up to the proper standard of morality and educational qualities," the East Jefferson Street Improvement Association filed with the Council yesterday a resolution asking that the board be abolished. The association criticizes the board further, saying:

"We believe an attempt to have a few people censor and dictate to our citizens what films they should and should not see is in line with the too evident tendency in some quarters to regulate arbitrarily the morals, manners and mode of daily life of the

ing the valuations for purposes of assessment." Commending the work of the Joint Appraisal Board, Mr. Conwell said the magnitude of the undertaking is realized when it is considered that the board must appraise 115,000 houses and structures and 250,000 vacant lots within the city limits. "It is not surprising that first estimates of the cost of this appraisal were short of the actual amount that will be required to finish it," said Mr. Conwell. "The community is to be congratulated on this appraisal, because it puts things on the level. Both the City and County Assessor admit that their work heretofore has been patchwork and estimate because they have never had the necessary finances to do the work right."

BUNKER HILL MAP.  
COUNCIL FIXES BOUNDS.

The assessment map for the Bunker Hill open-cut improvement, as approved by the Public Works Committee and published in The Times, was adopted by the City Council yesterday. The boundaries of the district were approved by the former Public Works Committee of the Council also. Before the introduction of the ordinance of intention for the improvement, the tentative assessments must all be figured and considered by the Council. "When these assessments have the approval of the Council, the proponents and opponents of the project will be notified formally," said Chairman Topham of the Public Works Committee. "A post card will then be sent each property owner in the district notifying him of the approximate amount of his assessment for the project."

## JUST SAVED AWAY.

Shipper Arrested and Held to Right to Take Cases.

Assistant Federal District Attorney Moody went to San Diego today to appear today in behalf of the eminent before special agent in charge William L. Sasman and a jury of the crew of the launch, who are charged with carrying a Federal officer in the act of duty.

## "GENERAL" HELD AS KIDNAPER.

Fidel Huerta, accused of the Jose Figuera at Comstock and media streets the night of June 26, was held to answer for the prior Court by Justice Carney this morning. Huerta, according to the District Attorney Powell, fled to a Barbara after the killing of a man there in hiding for some time prior to returning to Los Angeles. He was recognized and arrested as the man connected with the murder. Huerta insists he was in Villa's army at the time of the killing and that he held the man of the era himself.

35c Cream Wafers, 15c  
—Our Sanitary  
Cream Wafer  
Machine makes these  
tasty bits under a  
glass case; no deliveries. 15c a lb.  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

Established 1881  
**Lamburger's**  
BROADWAY EIGHTH  
AND HILL STREETS  
SUNSET BDWY. 1168 — HOME 10063

5c Cigars,  
8 for 25c  
40c Can  
Tuxedo,  
Guaranteed Nelson  
2 Packages  
Pipe Cases, 50c  
Introducing  
Tobacco Dept. to the  
Los Angeles  
(Limit 1 to a customer).  
No Mail or Phone Orders.  
(Cigar Dept.—Main Floor—Adjacent to Barber Shop)

**Sale Extraordinary! On Main Floor, Bargain Aisle**  
**Women's \$20, \$25 and \$30**  
**SUITS, COATS, DRESSES**  
—New stocks are arriving—these garments must be out of the way AT ONCE! The material — or even the making—of any suit, coat or dress in the lot would cost you more than the sale price—\$8.95. Come early today!  
—No Alterations—None C.O.D.—None sent on Approval—No exchanges.  
(Hamburger's Main Floor Bargain Aisle—Today)

**Another Saturday for the Children**  
—Mothers, fathers! Outfit the little folks from head to toe here today—they'll be pleased and you'll save!  
Girls' \$7.45 to \$10.00 } \$5.00  
Winter Coats }  
Boys' \$7.50 and \$8.50 } \$5.95  
Norfolk Suits }  
—Remarkable values—a one-day Clearance special for a busy Saturday!  
—Smart-looking suits of cassimeres, in nobly, dark and light patterns; coats lined with serge or mohair, full-cut knicker pants—sizes 6 to 18 years, \$5.95.  
\$5.00 Overcoats } \$3.95  
—With Convertible Collar  
—The kind boys like—belted backs; heavy-weight materials, well lined, light and dark patterns; sizes 2 to 10 years—\$3.95.  
(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)  
**SCHOOL SHOES**  
—For Girls and for Boys.  
—Priced \$2.00 and \$2.50.  
—For Boys—staunch calfskin shoes.  
—Shoes for service—"can't wear 'em out!" Blucher style, sizes 1 to 7—\$2.00.  
—For Girls—calfskin, vici kid and patent leather, button shoes; sizes 1 1/2 to 2, \$2.00; sizes 2 1/2 to 6, \$2.50.  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)  
**Children's \$1 Wool Union Suits at 59c**  
—Clearance special—shop early!  
—Wool undergarments, high-neck, long-sleeve, ankle-length union suits to 32—59c.  
(Main Floor—Today)

**Special Sale of Men's Spring Shirts 95c**  
—An Unusually Fortunate Opportunity—Lay in a Shirt Supply Now!  
—Shirts made by a prominent manufacturer—purchased by us to sell for less! Yours the price advantage today. Mercerized shirts, in plain gray, cream and white, some in fancy stripes, with double French cuffs—separate collar to match; sizes 14 to 16 1/2—95c. Also plaid shirts, sizes 14 to 16 1/2—95c.  
**Men's Silk Socks 29c**  
—An Economy Here  
—"Mill-run" of a 50c quality—full fashioned of heavy thread silk; solid colors; sizes 9 1/2 to 11 1/2—29c a pair.  
**Men's 50c Silk Four-in-hands New Patterns 39c**  
—Extra clothing value here, men—suits and overcoats in wanted materials, sizes 32 to 44; overcoats, sizes 33 to 40—\$9.50.  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

JUST CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 22, 1916.]

**SEASONABLE PLANTS FOR EARLY SPRING**  
We offer below a few of our leading specialties for immediate planting. They are hardy and will come into bloom within a short time. They will add much to the attractiveness of your garden. The stock is of A-1 quality, pot grown and in prime condition for transplanting.



[97]



## SEASONABLE PLANTS FOR EARLY SPRING

We offer below a few of our leading specialties for immediate planting. They are hardy and will come into bloom within a short time. They will add much to the attractiveness of your garden. The stock is of A-1 quality, pot grown and in prime condition for transplanting.

### GIANT CALENDULAS

We offer you a superb strain of these in shades of lemon and orange or all colors mixed. They are of excellent value for cut flower purposes and may be depended upon to blossom within sixty days after planting out.

Price—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

### ANTIRRHINUMS

(Snapdragon)

Fine old favorites which are rapidly gaining in popular favor. Planted now they will produce enormous quantities of bloom all through the Spring season. Splendid for cutting or for garden ornamentation. Separate colors of scarlet, yellow, and white or all colors mixed.

Price—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

### STOCKS

Make a successional planting of these fragrant and beautiful hardy flowers. We can offer them in the separate colors of pink, white, crimson, rose or all colors mixed.

Price—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

### SCABIOUS

Giant Mixed

Our strain of these is of very superior quality. The colors are not only rich and varied, but of the very highest perfected double types of bloom. Planted now they will furnish you an abundance of cut flowers in ninety days.

Price—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

### LOBELIA

Emperor William

One of the handsomest of dwarf border plants. Color, rich deep blue.

Price—Per doz. 25c; per 100 \$2.00.

### CENTAUREA CANDIDISSIMA

(Dusty Miller)

If you are looking for a permanent border plant for any of your beds there is nothing to exceed this in usefulness and beauty.

Price—Strong 2-inch pot plants, per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

### Some Plants for Shady Places

#### CINERARIA

We have a magnificent lot of strong, sturdy plants, pot grown, ready for a transfer to your garden. Cinerarias make ideal bedding plants in shady places and blossom over a long period. Our strain is ne plus ultra in quality. Blossoms three inches in diameter are quite common. Trusses enormous in size, colors rich and varied.

Price—Each 15c; per doz. \$1.50.

#### PRIMULA OBCONICA

A superb lot of plants in four-inch pots, already in flower, and ready for transplanting. If you have a fernery or a shady bed and are wondering what to plant, try some of these.

Price—Each 25c; per doz. \$2.50.

#### PRIMULA KEWENSIS

A new hardy Primrose, with long spikes, of rich yellow flowers. As equally adapted to shady places as Cinerarias or Primula Obconica.

Price—Each 25c; per doz. \$2.50.

### Special Clean Up Sale on Azaleas

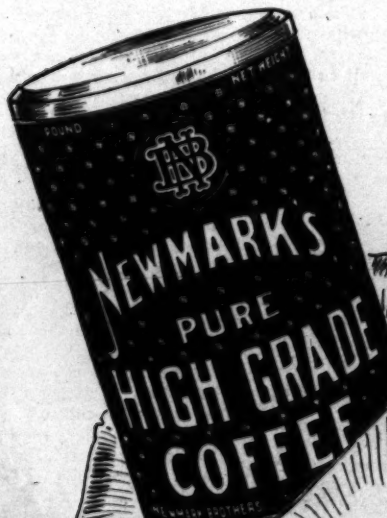
We offer during this week a splendid assortment of late flowering Azaleas in all colors including pure white, red, pink, variegated, etc. More economical for interior decoration than cut flowers as they last several weeks in bloom. The heads are large, even in shape and beautifully flowered.

Special price during this week—\$1.50 each.

*Howard & Smith*

9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES  
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO  
MAIN 1745-10957

## CALIFORNIA'S MORNING GLORY



Rich  
Aromatic  
Delicious  
and It  
Never  
Varies

Purity  
--with  
Quality



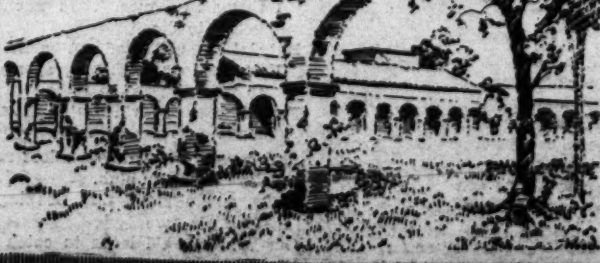
Many a product is pure. But few have that important requisite, "quality," together with purity.

Measure Ben Hur Steel Cut Coffee by the dual standard of both purity and quality. It meets the most exacting requirements because it is steel-cut, rich, and free from chaff and dust. And it's a home product.

It satisfies.

JOANNES BROS. COMPANY  
Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers  
Los Angeles.

RUINS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO  
MISSION... FOUNDED 1776...  
OF CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA...  
NOTED FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL  
ARCHED CLOISTERS.





THE TIMES MAGAZINE.  
1916 Year—New Series. Vol. IX, No. 4.  
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Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912;  
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OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliation, it is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sun, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building. Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.60 a year in advance, post-paid. Sample copies mailed free on request.

A Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the comprehensive, superb and surpassing Midwinter Number for 1916 and the Illustrated Weekly (52 copies), making in all 105 distinct issues for \$3.65. A quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of each) will cost only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent 3 months to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents or 6 months for \$1.50 in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

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THE CITY AND THE COAST.

SOME people in California have struck upon a unique plan for their gardens and door yards, namely, the purchase of 6-year-old fruit trees that are guaranteed to bear from their first season of transplanting. Every healthy-minded person cherishes the hope of sitting under his own vine and fig tree, but if he does not attempt to realize this until his own maturity the least he can do is to try and give the tree an even break.

HERE in our Golden State, where the sun is nearly always shining, and the skies are nearly always blue, there should come a race accustomed to looking at the stars. Californians should have an abundance of that composite quality called sentiency, for everything in Nature here conspires to the arousing of sentiment.

CALIFORNIANS ought to be a people of tenderness. Nature nourishes them upon the lovely, the delicate and the kind. They are surrounded with that beauty which can only inspire thoughts of loveliness and good will.

ANOTHER peculiarly erratic winter, a perfect terror in the East, has so far passed California without a single damaging frost.

THIS YEAR the azaleas missed fire for Christmas, but their later bloom has been a radiant after-glow.

THERE is yet time to prune your rose bushes. Spare the knife and spoil the bloom.

California Right in Line.

IN A previous article in this department of the Illustrated Magazine we have attempted to show that optimism rules the hour in industry and business in all the United States. All the American people need is to know the facts, which will give them courage to go straight ahead with all steam on. Things have been improving rapidly in the East and are coming our way very fast.

In the increased output of gold in the country, California led all the States, with a production valued at more than \$23,000,000, a considerable increase over the previous year. With the establishing of permanent peace in Mexico comes the rehabilitating of the Southern Pacific lines in that republic. From Seattle we learn of the putting on of a new line of steamers to ply all the way from Puget Sound to Panama, and from the same source we learn that the Milwaukee and St. Paul railway is organizing a company to build and operate three steamships between Seattle and Hawaiian, Australian and New Zealand ports. These will cost \$1,250,000 apiece. Whatever helps one part of the Coast helps all.

We have the money here in plenty, and it is going into active use. The bank clearings in the city of Los Angeles for 1915 amounted to just short of \$1,050,000,000. Deposits amounted to \$194,000,000. Discounts ran to more than \$159,000,000. And the beauty of it is that this active use of capital is picking up wonderfully month by month. A year ago in February the clearings amounted to just a little more than \$75,000,000, while in December they ran to \$101,000,000.

The men who know all predict good times for the new year. The men engaged in the production of oil count upon the new year to be one of abundant success. The output for 1915 was about 95,000,000 barrels, or 5,000,000 less than the previous year. But the feature of the year was a great increase in consumption. The excess of consumption over production was about 1,500,000 barrels. Oil is like money and everything else used in industry. It only counts when it is used.

The fertile soils of the State in the year past have yielded abundant crops. The prices were good and the market active, enriching all the farmers of every kind in the State. With the new year the promise is for continued good crops, with just as good a market and just as good prices as last year.

The only thing that has been slack during the last part of the old year has been building. This is picking up and promises good things for the future. We need not dwell upon conditions in California so much in detail, as they appear week by week in very elaborate form in a page devoted to the business interests of California and the whole West in this Illustrated Magazine.

A Vital Idea.

WE NOTE that that somewhat wonderful woman, Miss Jane Addams, whose career is as breezy as that of the Windy City from which she hails, said to a committee of Congress the other day that all this talk about military preparedness came from panic fear in the American mind created by the great war in Europe. The only sign of panic we have observed in America has been that of peace advocates like Miss Addams, W. J. Bryan and other dreamy minds of beautiful intentions but lacking utterly in practical insight into the real conditions of the world.

The war in Europe is enough to turn every one's attention to the condition we are in to resist aggression on the part of some greedy nation, some bandit in the family of nations, covetous of some of our wealth. Among the ideas springing from this thought is the revival of a very old idea concern-

ing the construction of inland canals by which ships of war might pass safely from one point on the coast to another in case of attack. The particular form this idea takes at the present time, as appears from an article in The Times with a Washington headline under date of January 5, is to construct a Kiel canal in America. The route proposed begins at Cape Cod and ends at Washington. The Representative who introduced this says: "The project of an inland waterway extending from Boston to the entrance to the Chesapeake Bay is attracting more immediate attention because of its bearing on the question of national defense." He went on to point out that the scheme includes the use of the Cape Cod Canal, the enlarging of the channel through Hell Gate between New York City and Long Island, the deepening and widening of the Delaware and Raritan Canal connecting New York Bay with the Delaware River, and the deepening and widening of the Chesapeake Canal that connects the Delaware and Chesapeake bays.

It is nearly forty years since the scheme to build an inland waterway like this extending farther along the coast and connecting finally with the Gulf of Mexico, and of another inland waterway beginning at Chicago and extending down to the Mississippi River and on down that stream to its mouth, was agitated in a very lively manner in America. The writer of the present article wrote a series upon this subject in a San Francisco newspaper which attracted much attention.

Hiram Maxim has pointed out that nearly every munitions and gun factory in the United States lies not more than 150 miles from the Atlantic Coast. In case of invasion, a well-equipped army might very easily become possessed of every one of these plants and leave us as helpless as a ship in mid-ocean on its beam ends in a tempestuous sea. The construction of these canals and the erection of munitions and gun plants in the interior of the country would make national defense a much easier problem under existing circumstances. Besides, these inland waterways would furnish admirable transportation facilities for the great internal commerce carried on between various parts of the United States, a growing commerce of vaster proportions than any similar business in any other nation in the world.

America's Opportunity.

THE present year is opening up wonderful possibilities for American business in every branch to go forward by leaps and bounds, securing a stronger foothold among the industrial nations of the world. It is sad to think that this is partially the result of the war, which is working so much sorrow, suffering, want and woe among our brethren in Europe. That gigantic conflict cannot last forever, and is not likely to last to the end of the current year. With the cessation of hostilities will come a return of the populations of Europe to industrial vocations, with an attempt by every nation to secure its lost place in the commercial world. Every one who speaks upon the subject looks for tremendously sharp competition on the part of the Old World, each nation striving with the others in peace as they are now in war, and this competition is expected to touch our own commercial interests in a very intimate manner.

T. Powderly, one of the early fore-runners of Sam Gompers, a leader of unionized labor, is reported to have advised his misguided followers to break every empty bottle that came across their track. His hostility to glass particularly grew out of the fact that he had been a glass-blower himself. The idea was by breaking a bottle to create a five-minutes job for some

wage-earner somewhere in the world. Of course, if this philosophy was sound as applied to glassware it would apply to every other manufactured article used in human civilization. Why not rend in pieces every overcoat and other garment that the worker could lay his hands on? Why not go farther and burn down every house which could safely be done without landing the fire-bug in the penitentiary?

The whole philosophy is rotten. It goes upon the supposition that there is just so much work in the world to do, and that it is a fixed quantity which no influence can possibly add to.

It requires but a moment's consideration on the part of the dullest mind, not absolutely dead in its stupidity, to perceive the fallacy of this reasoning. With the continued onward progress of civilization new industries are added all the time, old ones extended and magnified, and there is absolutely no limit to the capacity of the world to utilize, absorb and pay for intelligent, diligent, rightly-directed labor. Look at the automobile business, what it has done. It opened up channels of profitable labor for hundreds of thousands of persons directly, and others indirectly. It has made good roads a necessity in all the world. Consider the houses occupied by laborers in Los Angeles today, compared with the shacks occupied by their forefathers in times gone by. Why, there are houses in Los Angeles occupied by people of very limited means that are in every way superior to the palaces of kings a hundred years ago.

In the struggle for supremacy in the industrial world we shall have everything our own way, provided we use our opportunities properly. One of the main factors in this peaceful struggle will be the efficiency, diligence and earnestness of our working people. The whole future of the country industrially and commercially lies in the hands of the toilers in the various industries and activities of the nation. It will be a struggle to see who can turn out and lay down in the markets of the world the most goods of the best quality for a dollar. Our position in the world is very greatly enhanced from what it was even two years ago. We have an abundance of capital to make interest rates as low as any in the world. Capitalists will do their share and make every dollar work in the right way. But they can do nothing without the co-operation of the laboring people. If the toilers turn a deaf ear to agitators and refuse to go to sleep on the switch, to loaf on the job, or in any other way hamper the progress of our industries, the future of American business, including manufacturing, agriculture and commerce, is absolutely secure.

Nothing Can Hold Her Back.

THE headline, of course, refers to Los Angeles, the ever-advancing city. To be sure, we do not know that any one is trying to hold back the city and her marvelous growth. But for all that there are some of us who are afraid that some circumstance is bound to stop, check or retard the growth of the city. It can't be done. The history of the past and the conditions of the present demonstrate that it cannot be done.

For in a period of more than thirty years the city has gone straight ahead, in evil days and good days. Its growth has been a little faster now than then, but all the time its progress has been cumulative. No matter what conditions of depression prevail at the East, they always fail to produce anything like a permanent or momentarily grievous check to the growth of this marvelous city. The European war failed to do this, and so will every other influence that comes upon the world.

If there is a pessimist in the community who doubts the continued progress of this municipality, he



The City and the Coast. Editorial.	1-2
Other People's Marbles. By Eugene Brown.	3
The Eagle. The Lancer.	4
California. Alarming Lead of the Sun.	5
Transportation of Fish from Alaska.	6
That Other Stuff. By Kenneth Kewster.	7
Homesteading in the Mountains.	8
The Old Sea Clock. By Edwin Turpin.	9
Mysterious Hole in National Park.	10

Following the Trail of Tomorrow.	11
Recent Notable Cartoons.	12
The Little Flower Girl of Magic Rock.	13
A Pilgrimage to the Holy Wreath.	14
An Episode at Hudson's Landing.	15
Good Short Stories.	16
When the Earth Quaked for Beld.	17
The Golden Glow of Pioneer Days.	18
The Red-ribboned Butler on Sunset Road.	19

A Tale of the Old Spanish Empire.	20
The Married Life of Helen and Mr. Kewster.	21
Twenty Years. By Henry W. Kewster.	22
The Mysterious House of the Gods.	23
Making the City and Home Homestead.	24
From England. By H. Y. Kewster.	25
The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.	26
"Home, Sweet Home." By a Housekeeper.	27
Good Little Poems. Humor.	28

## GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

**I'm for Peace!**  
The way some runnies talk  
About the war, you'd think  
That Kaiser Bill, and Nick  
The Czar, and all the French  
And all those other guys were  
Fighting for the love of blood  
And just to see how many human  
Ten-pins those new guns can  
Topples down; but listen, kid,  
You bet there's something else  
Behind this war stuff stunt.  
But I'm not saying much,  
'Cause I'm for peace, and say,  
I wouldn't fight a mouse, but  
Take this straight from me—the  
Next time Neighbor Jones throws  
Any more tin cans in our back  
Yard, I'll start a war right  
Here at home and it will be SOME  
War and I'll push Neighbor Jones's  
Face around so far, he'll have  
To stretch his neck to blow his nose.  
But I'm for peace from A to Z,  
I always was for peace, and I  
Believe I'd run a thousand miles  
To shun a fight; but say, don't  
Wipe your feet on this here flag  
I call "Old Glory," the flag that  
Has the stars and stripes, you know,  
The flag our grand-dads fought  
And bled for and the flag that  
Stands for "U. S. A." and the flag that  
Grant and Abe and Washington  
And many other MEN put on  
The map—I'm telling you that  
I'm for peace, but any time  
You think that you can use my  
Flag to blow your nose, or spit  
Tobacco juice upon my Eagle's tail,  
I'll smash your jaw so hard  
You'll see the stars and stripes  
Go floating 'round and 'round,  
And next time when you see  
My flag you'll think of me and  
Then you'll say: "That flag sure  
"Stands for peace!" but don't get  
Sore, 'cause every true-blue Yankee  
Guy is just like me—we're all  
For peace, unless we've got to fight,  
And when they make us fight,  
You bet your boots we'll fight like hell!  
JACK WOLF.

**Rainy-time in California.**  
When it rains in California, simply living  
Is a boon;  
And my heart, it keeps a-singing a glad  
hallelujah tune.  
Gray old earth awaits its coming, as the  
clouds go scurrying by,  
And receives with blissful rapture the soft  
kisses of the sky.

Yesterday, the hills were sleeping; clothed  
in coats of sober brown.  
Now, they've awakened to the patter as the  
rain comes gently down.  
And the wild oats on the ridges and the valley  
in between  
Form a rippling, shimmering carpet of a  
vivid, velvet green.  
Every leaf and bough is dancing on the  
dripping pepper trees;  
Just as though they time were keeping, to  
the music of the breeze.  
Soft gray mist o'er wide, wide waters!  
Fruit and bud and bloom athrive  
Winter time in California. Oh, it's good to  
be alive!  
TILLY MORAN SMITH.

**The Censor.**  
How glad I'd be to have a tooth,  
With action automatic,  
To check my words when saying ill  
By protest most emphatic;  
A savage tooth, a censor tooth,  
A critical incisor.  
Well qualified to act as con-  
versational reviser;  
Then every time I'd use a phrase  
Which smacked of hate or spite,  
That sentry tooth, right on its job,  
Would give my tongue a bite.  
—[H. S. Haskins, in New York Sun.

**Maurupt.**  
In the seven times taken and retaken town  
Peace! The mind stops; sense argues  
against sense.  
The August sun is ghostly in the street  
As if the silence of a thousand years  
Were its familiar. All is as it was  
At the instant of the shattering: flat thrown  
walls;  
Dislocated rafters; lintels hurled awry  
And toppling over: what were windows,  
merely  
Gapings on mounds of shapelessness and  
dust;  
Charred posts caught in a bramble of twist-  
ed iron;  
Wires sagging ravelled across the street  
like the black  
Skeleton of a vine wrenched from the old  
house  
It clung to; a limp bell pull; here and there  
Little printed papers pasted on the wall.  
It is like a madness crumpled up in stone,  
Laughterless, tearless, meaningless; a  
frenzy  
Stilled, like at ebb the shingle of sea caves  
Where that imagined, weight of water  
swung  
Its senseless crash with pebbles in myriads  
churned  
By the random seethe. But here was flesh  
and blood!  
Seeing eyes, feeling nerves; memoried  
minds  
With the habit of the picture of these fields  
And the white roads crossing the broad  
green plain.  
All vanished! One could fancy the very  
fields  
Were memory's projection, phantoms. All  
Silent! The stone is hot to the touching  
hand.  
Footsteps come strange to the sense. In  
the sloped churchyard,  
Where the tower shows the blue through  
its great rents.  
Shadows fall over pitiful wrecked graves,  
And on the gravel a bare-headed boy,  
Hands in his pockets, with brown absent  
eyes,  
Whistles the Marsellaise. "To arms, to  
arms!"  
There is no other sound in the bright air.  
It is as if they heard under the grass.  
The dead men of the Marne, and their thin  
voice  
Used those young lips to sing it from their  
graves.  
The song that sang a nation into arms.  
And far away on the listening ear in the  
silence  
Like remote thunder throb the guns of  
France.  
—[Lawrence Binyon, in the Spectator.

**In Beauty's Way.**  
I followed after beauty, and in her ways  
My soul took hold of treasures bright and  
fair;  
In place of sad and melancholy days,  
Came radiant visions, pleasures new and  
rare;  
The earth and sky seemed flooded with  
celestial rays,  
And joy drove out remembrance of un-  
welcome care.  
Touched by enchantment's wand, life then  
did seem  
Filled with the glories of some splendid  
dream  
Too fair to last, you say, those splendors  
soon must fade;  
I thought so once, 'twas when they first  
began to die,  
But, lo! I found I had not been betrayed;  
Up to serene heights my eyes had learned  
to fly,  
From human to divine quick the ascent they  
made  
And caught the rainbow colors round about  
His throne on high.  
It is God's plan, that looking thus on  
beauty's face  
Our souls should learn to catch the vision  
of His wondrous grace.  
—[William Justin Mann, in Boston Tran-  
script.

**A Requiem.**  
Under the glowing western sky,  
Lay my body when I die;  
Here, beneath the blessed sod,  
Leave me to the West and God!  
When the dead shall all arise,  
Let me see, with quickened eyes,  
Western mountains, vales and plains,  
And the ocean, with its strains  
Of melody, repeated o'er  
To the familiar beach and shore.  
Let me see the birds awing,  
Hear the lark and mocker sing,  
Breathe the air of earth and sea  
With fragrances of flower and tree;  
Heaven then will close me round—  
Bliss in sight and scent and sound.  
ELIZABETH CRIGHTON.

**"Let There Be Light"**  
Against the sudden fields of Time, opaque  
With dust of centuries, the dread and cold,  
The present throws the beams of intellect  
With forceful aim; and in disquiet there  
The dust is stirred to life, emboldening  
Each searcher after truth.  
Revealing Truth!  
That lives throughout the generations dead,  
And has no part in all save history.  
Light fends against all darkness and the  
gloom,  
To interpenetrate, to seek recess,  
To glow within and bring illumed facts  
Before the vision and to satisfy  
Inquiring minds of all that lived in Past.

**Who made the light?**  
Not he who holds or serves,  
Nor one begot of man. The stellar space  
Omnipotence hath sown with myriad spheres  
That glow of luster far beyond the dreams  
Of insufficient man to know or claim;  
And in diversion of the lambent beams  
That fall in endless sheen through day and  
night  
The tapestry of heav'n complex is bare,  
Revealing but a part of Wondrous Power.

**Who needs the light?**  
All those who darkly see  
Through mists and shadows; who upon the  
brink  
Are peering into future's scroll to look be-  
yond;  
Who heed not steps where foul disaster  
lurks;  
And more than all who never upward look,  
Save penitents, and whom remorse hath  
claimed.  
Light cometh and it goeth whence and  
where?  
The prototype of mystery; the twin  
Of ignorance, the shadows yet unborn,  
The goal of desolation's empire locked,  
And all-engulfing blackness of despair—  
All these do need the ministry of light;  
And fearful enemies who lie in wait,  
Frustrating all that inspiration lends,  
Do valiant combat with the ways of Good,  
Perverting thought and weaving chance's  
web  
On probity and that which wisdom proves.  
Light tests and guides;  
Revealing all wherein  
Shrewd error would ensconce the witless  
prey,  
To falsify a reckoned end and lose  
The debtor's pledge; and from the tomb of  
night  
Is resurrected glorious day that He  
Who rules and governs by His will may  
say:  
"Let there be light!" And, lo! the light  
is there.  
CLIFFORD KANE STOUT.

**A Real Pun.**  
[Philadelphia Record:] A little girl had  
sent back her plate for chicken two or three  
times, and had been helped bountifully to all  
the other rich things that go to make a good  
dinner. Finally she was observed looking  
rather desolately at her unfinished plate  
of pudding.  
"What's the matter, Dora?" asked Uncle  
John. "You look mournful."  
"That's just the matter," said Dora. "I  
am more'n full."

**HUMOR.**  
[Judge:] Tittle: Is he a man of the  
hour?  
Tattle: Yep; he always keeps his eye on  
the clock.  
[Cincinnati Enquirer:] "Will you have a  
cherry or an olive in your cocktail, major?"  
asked the host.  
"Neither," replied the major. "They  
merely take up a lot of space that might  
be better devoted to the likker."  
[Puck:] Did the deacon die from the in-  
firmities of age?  
"So the chauffeur said who ran over him.  
He couldn't seem to hear, see or jump."  
[Boston Transcript:] Casey: Hivins,  
Pat! Phwere did yes get the black eye?  
O'Brien: Oi paid Clancy a grudge yester-  
day, an' thot's the resate he gave me.

[Siren:] Gertrude: I thought you said  
Dick wasn't smoking any more?  
Winifred: He wasn't, but I got him to  
begin again—I couldn't think of anything  
to give him for Christmas that wasn't con-  
nected with tobacco.  
[Life:] Teacher: What's the difference  
between a monarchy and a democracy?  
Pupil: They are just the same.  
"Wrong."  
"Well, teacher they will be in another  
twenty years."

[Kansas City Journal:] "Yep, I got a job  
cooking fer a lady."  
"Gal, you don't know nothing about cook-  
ing."  
"Don't have to know nothing. She's a  
bride and I am her first cook."

[University of Michigan Gargoyle:]  
Oswald: My love for you is like the deep  
blue sea—  
Clarissa (for such was her name): And  
I take it with the corresponding amount of  
salt.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "How about your new  
stenographer? Is she quick and accurate?"  
"Yes, sir; she can powder her face, ar-  
range her bracelets and fix her hair quicker  
than any stenographer I ever had. And do  
it accurately, too."

[Puck:] Mrs. Highupp: They seem like  
a very cheap kind of people.  
Mrs. Wayupp: They certainly are. They  
actually had the nerve to buy one of last  
year's battleships and try to palm it off  
as a yacht.

[Indianapolis Star:] "I purchased a lovely  
round oak dining table this morning," said  
Mrs. Haasher.  
"That being the case," rejoined the star  
boarder. "I suppose we need expect no  
more square meals."

[Punch:] First Recruit: What do you  
think of the major, Bill?  
Second Recruit: He's a changeable kind  
o' bloke. Last night I says to 'im, "'Oo  
goes there?" an' he says, "Friend," an' to-  
day 'e 'ardly knows me.

**LOS ANGELES WEATHER.**  
[From The Times of January 18, 1916.]  
THE SKY. Rain. Wind at 5 p.m., south-  
west; velocity, 6 miles. Thermometer,  
highest, 60 deg.; lowest, 56 deg. Forecast:  
Rain.

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### California Right in Line

In a previous article in this department of the Illustrated Magazine we have attempted to show that optimism rules the hour in industry and business in all the United States. All the American people need is to know the facts, which will give them courage to go straight ahead with all steam on the boiler.

### Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly

either did not read "Fact and Comment" in the real estate section of The Times on Sunday, January 9, of this year, or he is too stupid to comprehend the facts or too timid to let hope take hold of his mind. Last year, in spite of depression elsewhere, was a good year in Los Angeles. With every industry at the East on the boom, what is there under the canopy that justifies any doubt of the current year's wonderful progress in this city? As the Virginia patriot said: "We pause for a reply."

As the year opens, everything bulks large in promise for the city. There has not been a year in the history of Los Angeles at the beginning of which things looked so promising. New industries are springing up apace. The film industry in 1914 had leaped to \$5,000,000, to make another stride in 1915 to \$15,000,000. Everything points to greater results in 1916. Just after the opening of the year the Llewellyn Iron Works announced active work on a \$400,000 plant at Torrance. The American Can Company is about to put up a plant here to cost \$500,000. A furniture company which began business here not many years ago on a very small foundation is to put up a ten-story factory right near the heart of the business section of the city at once. Another is about to erect a four-story factory for the manufacture of furniture. At Torrance the Hurle window-glass factory is a new promising industry, and the American Trona Company at the harbor is to enlarge in the production of potash on a large scale. Of course, one of the big things of the year 1916 is the development of the shipbuilding plant at Long Beach. In educational lines, the Los Angeles High School is to be erected at a cost of \$500,000; the Jefferson High School at a cost of \$200,000; a dozen grammar schools and St. Vincent's College, which has just secured a site out on Sixteenth street, north of the Rose-dale Cemetery, is to put up buildings to cost \$250,000. The St. Vincent's Church is to be built, costing another quarter of a million, and the First Methodist Church is to put up a new edifice on a new site to cost \$350,000. Additions to the County Hospital are planned to cost \$400,000. The Security National Bank is to erect a new home in the heart of the business district to cost \$350,000. The annex to the Kerkhoff building is now going up at a cost of \$400,000, and the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company is laying the foundations for a building to cost a quarter of a million. These are by no means all the great projects planned or in execution by Los Angeles capitalists, but surely if a straw shows which way the wind blows a whole stack of it ten times over like these are enough to indicate a gale of prosperity that will carry this municipal ship far along in the path of its wonderful progress.

### A Year of the Big Three.

THE three big things that do chiefly clutter up the pages of history are war, love and politics, and this is the open season for the whole flock. This being leap year, we will presently have with us a February with twenty-nine real days—and the love birds will mate on the last day of the month. Women with the marrying eye, however, no longer wait for leap year to accomplish their ends. When they have made up their minds as to the identity of the man, they resort to one of two things: By the use of soft speech and alluring glance they entice him up to the marriage license counter, or else they sandbag him and carry him off as dumbly as if he were a sack of oats. In neither case does the man have the ghost of a show; nor does he desire or deserve any. If any man can pass muster as a lifetime companion of a dame, there is where he belongs. In another generation bachelors will not only be shot on sight but there will be a bounty on

their scalps. Their estates will be confiscated and they will be buried without benefit of clergy.

As it now stands a single man is the legitimate prey of any marriageable female and she will be unhampered in exercising the leap-year privilege of lassoing and hobbling him for domestic use. In some towns the newspapers have been printing the names of available bachelors and the damsels are lustily urged to hunt them down as they would unmuzzled dogs. In the Old World a man who will neither marry nor go to war—which is much the same thing—is held in about the same contemptuous regard as we of the West hold a coyote.

This year of war should by some partial recompense be one of love-making, of marrying and giving in marriage. If a woman really wants a husband it should not be necessary to advertise for one in the papers; neither should she have to get out a search warrant or use knockout drops. The greatest honor that can happen to a man is to have some clean woman accept him as a husband.

Leap year is a fit time for Progressives to woo for a reconciliation with the old Republican organization. They parted in anger and the divorce was on the grounds of incompatibility, but the final decree has not been made effective. There is chance of a return to the old companionship. But in any event there will be plenty of politics in America this year and much of it will be of the spectacular sort. Before the season is very far along Dr. Wilson and the warrior of Oyster Bay will be hurling inflated parts of speech at each other. Already the colonel has stigmatized the President as a Byzantine logothete—which, however, is not half as bad as it sounds. A little thing like that ought not to disturb a college president. In fact, it should make him feel quite comfy. The Executive, however, is apt to have his dome disturbed by sundry raw and reckless Congressmen who loudly clamor for war, pork or anything else that will catch the eye of their constituents. If the various nations of the world were to hold this country responsible for all the ravings of its amateur statesmen, the whole land would be an armed camp. If the President is able to put through his legislative programme and at the same time keep the dogs of war muzzled, he will complete a task compared with which walking a barbed wire fence with a basket of eggs would be light exercise. On top of this Dr. Wilson will have to go through another campaign as the leader of his party and also keep William Jennings Bryan and Champ Clark from running amuck. Take it all 'round it looks as if he might have a fairly busy season for a newly married man. He will not have very much time for pinochle or the movies.

With Congress and the national political conventions working, the Mexican embroilment, the tangles of the Old World war and the fight to make California a dry State, things will be happening every minute. The extra leap year day will be necessary to hold it all. Love, war and politics are making more history.

Quite possibly some of us will get time in the next week to remove the family Christmas tree and store the Christmas board, the tinsel and the candles in the basement or the attic. It is the custom to burn the tree on the twelfth night; but in Los Angeles life goes so fast that it sometimes requires twenty-four nights and better to catch up with the first.

It is time to think about time and trees. It is to be remembered that a few dollars may buy an acre of trees which represents more time than all of your family tree can account for.

## Other People's Morals.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

GETTING right down to brass tacks it would seem that there are only a few of us who really behave. The rest of our otherwise lovable land is peopled chiefly by a flock of graceless scamps who do not even know which knife to use in pruning their Gorgonzola cheese at the dining table.

The morals of some folk are shocking. The skeletons in their closets rattle like castanets. Their ways are devious and their manners distressing. Not only do they know not what pictures to look at, but they know not what raiment to wear or what church to attend.

Instead of curtailing the theory of censorship it ought to be expanded about 10,000 per cent. It is hard to get people as virtuous and wholesome as we are, but we can at least censor and regulate them. We can't make them over but we can hedge them in. In addition to the board of blinkers for our screen chromos we want an Argus-eyed commission to regulate our fodder and apparel: to pass upon our conduct and diversions and see that we are properly tucked into our downy couches when curfew sounds. We want a committee of confirmed dyspeptics to censor the menu cards of our cafeterias that reckless and disreputable men may be saved from the terrible ravages of tripe and hamburger steak. Angel food and blanched almonds form the fittest diet for the human tummy and censors are needed to warn careless tollers of the dangers of pork chops and to frighten them away from the liver and bacon. Possibly they may get by the inspectors with a bit of water cress and some milk toast but let it never be said that the censors shirked their duty in the presence of a platter of country sausage.

Diligent censorship of the togger of men and maids is a matter of immediate necessity. Sometimes it is essential to protect people against themselves. Not long ago we saw a grown man wearing a sport shirt. Among other things it revealed about seventeen inches of solled neck. Now if a censor had happened along and wrapped the offender up in a horse blanket all would have been well. Some of these peachy girls who startle Broadway with their low-front gowns need the attention of a commission of pop-eyed inspectors. They think if they have their waist line covered by the human arm nothing much else is necessary. They imagine that the world's exposition is largely a matter of arms and legs and are anxious to furnish their share of the entertainment. We saw a fairy the other day with a watch on her ankle and a clock on her stocking. No wonder she was fast.

So it is we insist upon a censor for other people's raiment. Our own is all right. Of course sometimes we wear a purple necktie and a tyrol fedora with a bit of feathers in it, but since Richard Mansfield is dead we can get away with it.

Likewise we insist upon a censor for the morals and manners of our neighbors. Take the case of Gladys Canby for instance. Gladys has taken to smoking cigarettes and drinking creme de menthe highballs out of a porcelain vase. Why cannot she stick to the old-fashioned pipe and a growler of bock? In these feverish times people are irrigating their interiors with a lot of high-priced and unwholesome liquids. We ought to have a censorship that would return to the simple, old-fashioned days when we sent a bucket down to the Dutchman's and let it go at that. Then a man could beat up his wife in peace and quietude, but now somebody telephones to the police and there's a scandalous piece in the paper about it. It's all on account of our high-tempered and uncensored manner of living.

We want a censor of dancing—a committee of spectacled septuagenarians who will wander about to see that Gladys does not dislocate her ankle in kicking out the lights and that cabaret performers do not stand on the laps of guests when they do the Walla Walla wiggle-waggle. Of course if we put a ragtime record in the phonograph and break a leg trying to show the Widow Pike how to jump over the library table that is none of the censor's business. That is a matter of our own home life. It is the home life of other people we are after.

There should be a censorship of churches. There are a lot of people who hold faiths other than our own. They must be wrong and for their own good should be regulated into the proper path. There are some who believe that ills can be relieved by faith—that in fact, they do not exist. Such might as well think they have been to church and save the cost of a building.

Let the board of religious regulators get busy.

Let those who will abolish our film censors beware. Not only must we have a peek at everything that goes on the screen, but we are going to raise the curtain in our neighbor's home. We are going to regulate his eating, his sleeping—and his drinking. It is a time of rule by commissions, inspectors, boards and censors—and we are going to be the censors.

We know what is best for other people, what pictures they should see, what books they should read and what girls they should marry and we are going to regulate and censor their lives, their customs and their morals—for their own good.

### Visiting in Dreams.

[Pittsburgh Gazette Times:] That a person can visit distant friends and see what they are doing, if one only wills to do so, is the statement of an English experimenter in the mystery of dreams. It is apparently a kind of "dream" telepathy, because to carry it out successfully both parties must be willing to receive or to transmit the message. Curious enough, who is to be the transmitter and who is to be the receiver can only be decided when the experiment is carried out. The following is an example of this strange means of communication which was carried out as an experiment:

The experimenters were a lady and a gentleman. They were friends, but not in any way related, nor were they lovers. The man lived in London and was a bachelor; the lady in Liverpool. They mutually agreed that on a certain night, at a given hour, they would try to see in sleep what the other was doing and what were the surroundings of each. The man went to sleep in London, as usual, and dreamed not at all, although trying to do so. In the morning he decided that the experiment had failed.

What was his surprise, however, to get a letter from his friend in Liverpool the following day, in which she gave an account of all his acts before he went to bed, and described his room accurately, even to the detail of a brown, well-worn carpet being mended with a bit of scarlet felt. She had never been in his rooms nor heard what they were like, yet she was able in a dream to see in Liverpool what he was doing in

London. How it was that she could see when he could not, has yet to be discovered.

This dream sight would be of much comfort at the present time when one longs to know if the dear ones at the war are safe, and doubtless the soldiers would be cheered by a vision of those at home. Thus telepathic dreaming might be worth while cultivating; but to be successful it must be quite natural. The will power must be under the complete control of the sleeper, and not interfered with by any outside intelligence, and both parties must arrange the hour they intend to put the experiment into practice.

### Many Unknown Nematodes.

[Philadelphia Record:] Dr. N. A. Cobb, an authority on this group of animals, declared that there must be hundreds of thousands of species of nematodes, over nine-tenths of which are still unknown to science. Of the parasitic nematodes infesting vertebrate animals alone it is estimated that there are at least 80,000 species. Insects, mollusks, crustaceans and other animal groups are also much infested, and as a rule a given species of nematode is peculiar to a single species of host. Lastly, the species of nematode living free in soil and water vastly outnumber the parasitic species. As these creatures are enormously prolific, the number of individuals must be quite beyond conception. Dr. Cobb estimates that in the upper foot of an arable soil the number of nematodes runs to thousands of millions per acre.



[Saturday, January 22, 1910]

## Elephant Historian.

### MEANS OF THROWING LIGHT ON MYSTERY OF LOST CITIES.

[New York Sun:] In all the history of civilizations there is no darker mystery than that of the lost cities of Central America. Their ruins remain—temples and courtyards, palaces, strange carved monuments patterned with human heads. And over all the jungle.

The people of a hundred cities are gone. No one knows when they went nor why nor where. All that can be made out is that the civilization arose suddenly, perhaps not many centuries before the year 1000 of our era, flourished for only a few hundred years and then went under.

It has been maintained that the old state was literally washed away by the rain, that a series of wet years sent the tropic vegetation rolling in on the cultivated fields. Lacking iron weapons, men fought in vain against the plants.

Be all this as it may, a civilization little inferior to that of Europe of the same date perished before Columbus's time and left only its stones to show it had ever been.

An extraordinary thing about the carved altars and shafts which lie scattered through the jungle is that here and there, along with serpents and human faces and hieroglyphs yet unread, there are occasionally the heads of elephants.

One of the Copan monuments in particular bears a striking picture. The creature's trunk is twined around some sort of low herb as if to pull it for food. The tusks are conventionalized into a spiral. A man's head appears about where it should be if the man himself were seated astride the neck, and further behind is another human figure as if carried on the back. All, in short, carved in stone, is a good deal the sort of picture that one sees nowadays in natural history primer or circus bill.

Clearly, then, these mysterious people knew the elephant.

But there are no elephants in America. And there have not been any since the great Ice Age, when the mammoth roamed what are now the prairies and even strayed as far south as Mexico. Either, therefore, these Central Americans had passed down for some 50,000 years the tradition of the mammoth, or else they had had some much more recent contact with the eastern continent, where elephants are still common.

So the matter rested until lately. Then G. Elliot Smith of the University of Manchester, England, took it up.

Unlike his predecessors, Prof. Smith did not rest content with noting that the sculptor at Copan had carved an elephant's head, he asked in addition just what kind of elephant it was.

Now there are elephants and elephants. Most of them, the African species, for example, have enormous tusks and great ears. But the circus elephant, which is the Indian species, has ears hardly larger than a circus fan and tusks only just large enough to make one row of billiard balls.

First of all, then, Prof. Smith argues that the Copan figure is not an American mammoth, nor the woolly elephant of Siberia nor the African sort nor any other kind except the Indian. Shape of head, size of ear, hang of trunk, all prove the old carving to be our familiar peanut eating friend. Moreover, since a man rides his neck and another his back, he is a tame elephant, not a wild one.

Now the common or circus elephant, although confined now in his wild state to the neighborhood of India, occurred also not so very long ago in China. In fact, various old Chinese potters of the time of the Middle Ages used to decorate their wares with figures of elephants or with elephants' heads.

Furthermore, if you take the trouble to run the tip of your tongue along the roof of your mouth, you will feel there certain rough bars lying crosswise. The elephant has these same bars on the under side of his trunk, where every child has noticed them when he throws peanuts into the creature's mouth. For the elephant's trunk is not, as is commonly supposed, his nose; but his nose, upper lip and palate all pulled out together. The under side of the trunk, therefore, being really the roof of the mouth, carries, naturally, the roof bars.

Both the Chinese potters and the sculptors of Copan took pains to figure these peculiar markings whenever their elephants had their trunks twisted so as to show the under side.

At this point Prof. Smith once more takes

up the argument. The Copan figure cannot possibly be based on any old tradition of the Indian elephant brought over by some immemorial ancestor who crossed Bering Strait. The man who cuts roof bars and gets the right shape of an ear is pretty close to first hand knowledge of the thing he figures.

And yet, Prof. Smith goes on to argue, the Central Americans could never have seen an elephant in the flesh, for these reasons: The ancient sculptor of Copan, along with other details, put his elephant's eye in exactly the right place—only he mistook it for the nose. In short, he drew a nostril where he should have drawn an optic.

Then he put the eye where the hole of the ear belongs. Therefore, being quite put out to account for the ear flap, he made that into a sort of ornamental head covering, as much as anything else like an embroidered scarf.

In short, argues the archeologist, the Central American sculptor was copying another man's figure of something that he had never seen and did not more than half comprehend. He made, in other words, for the admiration of his fellow citizens just about what he would have made if he had somehow got hold of a contemporary Chinese vase and copied the unknown creature from that.

### Why War is Expensive.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] This is a war of artillery. Shells and shrapnel are being used on a scale far in excess of the calculations of the most far-seeing military experts of Europe. That is why Kitchener emphasizes the need of more shells, and still more shells; for a great proportion of the \$120 a minute which this war is costing is being blown away by English big guns.

To fire a single shot from our biggest guns costs \$5000, and some idea of the expenditure of naval firing can be gathered from the fact that one famous battleship could use up roughly \$100,000 worth of ammunition per minute if she worked all her guns at full blast, as she would do if necessary. And to this huge outlay must be added the cost of the gun, remembering that the largest weapon has a very short life, and is soon worn out. The most expensive gun the English use is the fifteen-inch, though other big guns run up heavy ammunition bills. For instance, \$375 vanishes in smoke every time a 13.5 weapon is fired.

The guns that expend \$5000 worth of ammunition every time they are fired are really wonderful pieces of artillery. They can heave a ton weight of explosive shell over a distance of thirty miles with the certainty of hitting any spot they aim at. The power and velocity of the shot is such that on leaving the gun it has force enough to go straight through fifty-three and one-half inches of wrought iron.

### Soldiers' Charms.

[Tit-Bits:] The soldiers of the Kaiser are very superstitious, from the men in the ranks clear up to the Crown Prince. Wilhelm's eldest son carries a horseshoe with him on all his motor trips, and the Crown Prince spends most of the day in his motor car. The horseshoe is attached to one of the doors of the car, and when being photographed in his motor car the Prince always insists on the photographer "taking" the side of the car with the horseshoe.

The soldiers of Wurtemberg pin their faith upon a little bag containing the dried pollen of flowers, which, they believe, has the power of warding off the bullets.

The Saxons sew into the linings of their waistcoats the wings of a bat, and think themselves to be invincible.

The Bavarians hold on tenaciously to a still more bizarre custom. Before going into battle each soldier finds a birch tree, cuts his skin, and lets a few drops of blood fall upon the tree. This ceremony, they assert, assures recovery, no matter what the nature of the wound, when the leaves begin to grow again.

### Napoleon's Bullet Wound.

[London Chronicle:] Napoleon, like all the present great military leaders, was wounded in the course of his military career, though once only. This was before Ratisbon, on April 23, 1809. He was struck by a grape-shot ball, and received a flesh wound, which disconcerted him so little that he mounted his horse, wiping away the blood with a handkerchief. The ball was picked up by an officer, who treasured it so highly that it passed as an heirloom to his children and grandchildren. It now rests in the Musee at Paris.

### Following the Trail of Tomorrow

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

fate could decide their future. Mariquita, only, would be rescued from the clutch of the barren death-trap.

As the white man had stolen an Indian girl and banded her to his will, even so would the Indian steal the white man's daughter. To the redskin then would come justice and revenge. The dark face of Kanelo glowed with triumph. The moon would soon rise and the trail of tomorrow would glisten in the silver light.

"She died of a broken heart." The words came clear and sweet to the ears of Kanelo. Who had spoken? He peered about in the darkness.

"The crossing of the races brings naught but sorrow and despair." The heart of the Indian bounded in his bosom and the words cut into his brain. Who had spoken? All about was the silence of sleep and yet the words still echoed on the sounding board of night.

Kanelo leaned over the sleeping girl and listened to her measured breathing. Fate had played her into his hands and—the Indian shuddered—would she, too, die of a broken heart? Would the tragedy of his mother's life live again and another such as he roam the desert with an aching heart?

Kanelo lay on the ground writhing in anguish and his soul cried out to God. He raised his eyes—the sky was illumined with the brilliancy of the midnight stars. The slanting rays of a golden one shone direct into his eyes and the pure light of silver shafts cast a halo over the sleeping girl.

The thorns left the crucified heart of the Indian and he rose a sainted being. Savage that he was—the God in man had won. Again he raised his eyes to the star.

In the annals of the white man it belonged to the constellation with a name well known to the civilized world. The Spaniards learned in an early day to reckon time from its position above the horizon. For centuries it had been the religious symbol of the southern Indian.

A point of light to the astronomer, a clock to the explorer, and a message from God to the Indian. Its golden beams revealed the open way which stretched out before Kanelo. Reflected in the dim night shadows of earth, a cross was clearly shown, the new trail of his tomorrow lay pictured in the sand.

He reached for the cup and drained the last drop of the opiate. The arrow of the desert would sleep until the golden symbol faded from the sky and a crimson glow in the east announced the coming of a new day.

### A "White Lightning" Drink.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] When it comes to concoctions used as a substitute for liquor by the inhabitants of many sections of the country where statutory prohibition prevails, officials of the internal revenue bureau are not easily shocked.

However, there was genuine amazement over a drink recipe figuring in a North Carolina moonshine case in Washington. It appears that two moonshiners got into a quarrel, with the result that one went into court and exposed the business secrets of the other.

Here is the recipe for the latest North Carolina temperance tippie called "White Lightning":

"One bushel cornmeal, 100 pounds of sugar, two boxes of lye, four plugs of tobacco, four pounds of pokeroor berries, two pounds of soda. Water to measure and distilled."

Two drinks of this, the North Carolina informant said, would make a rabbit fight a bulldog.

### Raises a Doubt.

[Dallas News:] Customer: I have taken seventeen of these bottles now, and I'm feeling no better.

Drug Clerk: But how would you feel if you hadn't taken them?

### Pigeons Learn to Swim.

[Indianapolis News:] The swimming of blue pigeons—the familiar domestic birds—is the remarkable sight reported to a Dutch natural history journal. Some months ago one of the doves was thrown into the water in a flight and rescued by human aid, and since then they have become more familiar with the water. Pieces of bread noticed in shallow places evidently tempted

them at first. Gaining courage, they soon learned to swim, and just before making his report the observer saw two of them sailing around like gulls a few yards from his house. When they tired of the bath they quietly flew out of the water.

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## BURNS

525 South Broadway



# CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

[Saturday, January 22, 1910.]



**P**REPARE to resist aggression, or yield to the aggressor. That is the way, brethren and friends, Americans all, the situation looks up at the present time in the Eagle's eye. Aggression will come as sure as eggs is eggs, as sure as death and taxes, as sure as human nature remains human nature. And that will be until moons shall wax and wane no more, and until suns shall rise and set no more.

We are the richest nation in the world today, and heaping up riches at a rate never before known on earth. That is why aggression is as sure to come some day as that the sun shall continue to rise and set for years, generations, centuries, to come. Human nature is human nature, aggregated into nations, just as it is distributed in the individuals that make up the nations. "The love of money is the root of all evil." So says the wisest, most profoundly philosophical book ever written by human pen. The same book says, "Wickedness is bound in the heart of a child." So greed is bound in the heart of every grown-up among you humans. That is what lies at the bottom of the conflict that has been tearing Europe to pieces for the last year and a half. It was not the murder of the Austrian Duke by a band of Serbians that made the conflict that has cost millions of lives and billions of dollars to the nations of Europe. That was simply an excuse, not a reason, and a poor excuse is better than none. It was not the violation of Belgium's sovereignty that dragged England and France into the war. That was simply another excuse. This is absolutely shown by the violation of Greek sovereignty by the French and the English in making a landing place for their troops and a naval and military base of Saloniki.

Friends and brethren, Americans all, you are a wise and just people, and therefore a peaceable people. You have enough and to spare in your own great territory, heaven-endowed with every good thing the world knows. You are not different from other people excepting as your environment differentiates you. It is not because you are better than your brethren in Europe that you are so peaceable. You are nearly all of European stock, and no wise, intelligent person among you will deny that you are as full of the old Adam as an egg is of meat. The reason you are peaceable is that you have enough of your own and can get along without the things other nations have.

You are wise and peaceable as long as you are left alone. But how long will that be? Just as long as you keep out of the way of other nations in seeking to extend your trade at the expense of their commerce. Just so long and no longer. Germany is a country of dense population, composed of people of great energy, of wide-awake minds, highly trained and highly educated, especially in the material things of life. This is a new departure for the German people, who fifty or seventy-five years ago used to laugh at the English as "a nation of shop-keepers." At that time the German people were devoted more to intellectual pursuits than to the material industries. While they kept to this programme they were left alone, for the British people had no greed for intellectual pursuits. But the moment Germany turned aside from literature and philosophy to material industries and sought to market her products in the outside world, immediately she ran up against the British lion, and immediately that beast began to howl and scold.

The British have had a great to-do about Teutonic militarism. Germany organized, trained and equipped the greatest army you humans ever knew of. Did not England construct the greatest navy you humans have ever known? Is not sauce for the English goose applicable to the German gander? Is not British militarism just as condemnable as German militarism? Why should not the two nations practice that beautiful philosophy, "Live and let live?" Simply because both races are possessed, obsessed, with old Adam, with greed, with the love of money, which is the root of all

evil, of all the evils of the useless, fruitless, ruthless war that is playing havoc with everything from Daunt's Rock to the Vistula River.

Do you not see the handwriting on the wall as plain as that which the angel's hand wrote on the palace wall in Babylon, where Belshazzar was holding high revel on that memorable night? The writing may be different, but it is just as plain. What was written on that wall of that palace in Babylon was, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." What is written on the sky for your eyes, friends and brethren, Americans all, to sit up and take notice of, is this: "Your turn will come all in good time."

England and Germany have run a break-neck race for a quarter of a century in trying to offset preparedness for war in one country by equal preparedness in the other. Every time Germany organized a new army corps, England laid down the keel of a cruiser or a dreadnaught. Then Germany began the construction of a fleet, and the British lion growled at every rivet driven into the hull of every German warship built. And the British said: "For every ship you build we will build two, and for every two you build we will build five." The boast of the British has been, "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too."

How is any dove of peace in petticoats or pantaloons so oblivious to what is going on as to dare to sit up on its dove-cote and challenge the Eagle's statement that we are menaced from any quarter? It is a stupid, ignorant, prejudiced dove that makes itself ridiculous in asking such a question. The Eagle's eye catches streaks of menacing fire in "the rising sun of the Orient," and his ear catches menacing growls from the throat of that ferocious old beast the British lion. Why, you foolish peaceful dove, it was only yesterday or the day before when your Congress began to discuss the building of a great navy that Japan pooh-hoohed the idea that the construction of a battle fleet by the United States was meant for repelling aggression. They immediately saw a threat in this programme of America to wrest from that wonderful people the island empire of the Orient, the trade of the Pacific Ocean. Simultaneously came the growl from the British lion, per-

sonified for the moment by Earl Rosebery, whose eye caught a rival for world trade on the part of America to dispute with Britain her right to grab all the overseas commerce on earth. Of course it was put in diplomatic phrase, a lamentation as tearful as a crocodile's, that America should waste her energy and funds in building battleships.

These menacing flames spread across the sky from the rising sun of the Orient, and this initial howl from the British lion when America proclaimed her intention of exercising her own sovereignty, of using her own money in building up a navy for defense, advertised, to the Eagle's mind, what is going to take place sooner or later on the part of some strong, well-equipped nation when we begin to tread on its toes in friendly competition for the commerce of the seas.

America's philosophy may be "Live and let live," fair play for all, may the best man win, let the fittest survive. She may go on world without end proclaiming her intention to get trade in a peaceful way, honestly, by honorable means and human methods. That will not go down with the greedy nations of the world whose philosophy is, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," and we must either have overseas commerce or fall behind in the race for wealth and the comforts that wealth brings. Fair methods, honorable ways, honest purposes, be hanged! We are the people, and we are going to have our commerce, and yours, too, if we can get it by fair means or foul. We were on the seas before you Americans, and you are not going to take away the trade we have built up. We are going to keep it if we have to fight for it.

That is exactly the way conditions look to your Eagle's eye, friends and brethren, Americans all. We have got to either prepare to repel aggression on the part of some greedy nation, or quit, drop behind in the race, and take our place at the foot of the industrial and commercial classes of the world.

Yours for America,



**L**OS ANGELES is making a brave struggle to evolve a society of Bohemians. We feel that we can't be really metropolitan without a Bohemian set. Besides, traditions die hard, and artists and literary people feel that they must make a supreme effort toward unconventionality for their reputations' sake. We make up in odd behavior what we lack in social standing, as it were.

But so far, all we really manage to do is to have a party at an inexpensive restaurant with a foreign atmosphere, give each of us a fair chance to talk about ourselves, gush a little about the weighty and important distinction between soul and stomach, and go home to bed like good children well before midnight.

That early-to-bed business worries us a little. We know very well that real Bohemians never go to bed. So certain brave spirits among us, aided and abetted by a smart restaurant, have joined a society called "Pals" which meets at midnight every Saturday, and crawls home on the Sabbath morning with a guilty feeling of dissipation, warranted only by the face of the clock, certainly not by the decorous entertainment.

The fact is the Los Angeles type of Bohemian is a nice, respectable soul, with a marked taste for domesticity, savings banks, comfortable homes and regular meals. Many of them raise their own vegetables and chickens. And are very

particular about their front lawns. They are a little shy about this penchant of theirs and never mention it at Bohemian parties where they effect dashing recklessness and always pretend to be much poorer than they are for old time's sake. A Bohemian with a savings account is unthinkable. When the retired actor recites a vivid poem about preferring to starve in Bohemia than to live in affluence anywhere else, we all applaud vociferously, and recall our well ordered homes with a guilty sense of hypocrisy.

And when by chance a real Bohemian breaks in, who lives on insecure ideals and borrowed quarters, we find him altogether too true to type and we don't quite know what to do with him. We know we ought to tolerate him gladly and fork out the quarters with Bohemian fraternity, but our generosity lacks reckless dash and we long to assign a rigid date for repayment, which, of course, would not do at all—in Bohemia.

Sometimes we have these Bohemian parties at our little "artistic" bungalows. But they have a way of waxing high-brow instead of Bohemian and gentlemen who frequently sell their effusions, read them with poetic fervor and soulful intonation. The violinist plays us something strictly classical and glowers if we giggle. And we eat a well-ordered supper for all the world as though it were a tame society party.

Even if one of the ladies smokes cigarettes with an experienced hand, we are sure to discover that she has a well behaved baby, a strictly well regulated home from which she is lifting the mortgage with shrewd business acumen, and possibly employs a well trained housekeeper in the bargain, who keeps her stockings darned and the baby on a wise diet. Your real lady Bohemian should never be able to remove her shoe in company with any degree of security and her baby ought to die of lobster salad served on a cracked plate at midnight.

Your real Bohemian never lifts a mortgage, always has his best possessions in pawn, and must be an essentially unappreciated genius. But Los Angeles insists

upon appreciating her geniuses enough to accord them a decent living, or else they are unfortunate enough to possess domesticated, modestly affluent families who veil the would-be Bohemian in respectability whether he will or no. Some of our most piquant movie actresses graduated from High School and confess to respectable parents.

All the same, our Bohemianism has its charms. Enjoy all the privileges of both castes. We are setting a new style in Bohemia that may lack glamor but is vastly more comfortable. I don't believe we own a single poet who holds his undervest together with safety pins. The last one of the tribe we know went and married a castle and three hundred a month, home cooking, and three clean shirts a week. And another got himself adopted by an elderly millionaire who even buys his ties.

## Voice Culture.

**O**NE of the often enacted tragedies in our midst is the young woman who has been assured that, with expensive training, she will have a marvelous voice. Many a nice mediocre damsel finds her life wrecked by this means. Of course the vocal teacher who would frankly tell his patrons that they had no voice and any money expended thereon would be wasted, would be a fool, but the other extreme is criminal.

Most of us know dozens of young women with very ordinary voices who confidently expect to reign as grand opera prima donnas in the near future. They take a course of lessons here, and their families are usually persuaded against their better judgment to stand for an expensive tour to New York and Germany—where the local teacher has a business arrangement with some European famed teacher.

If the training were not so expensive the crime would not be so great, but many of these young women and their vastly-fed ambitions cause real sacrifice to the family exchequer, with nothing but failure and humiliation at the end. They sink into oblivion under a cloud of ridicule, broken-hearted. Yet they were quite justified in view of the lavish praise and eulogy

their original teacher vouchsafed them. And regard themselves as unappreciated geniuses in a cruel world.

## Decayed Merchants.

**T**HERE is a society for Decayed Merchants. We have heard of societies for decayed gentlewomen, for superannuated actors, for worn out clerks—but merchants—there is something utterly incongruous in the title. The very word "merchant" reeks of affluence and business acumen.

But oh, one knows what sort of men those decayed merchants are. The men, probably, who bragged of their conservatism, who despised newfangled notions, who tried to do everything themselves, never believing that an expert employee could do better. Men who always complained of their employees, if any, and never gave them credit for any enterprise or shrewdness. Suspicious men, who confused suspicion with shrewdness.

A lot of people do that. They flatter themselves that by thinking the worst of people they are never caught off their guard. But the suspicious man handicaps himself at every turn. Shrewdness is a very different thing. Half the time it is being shrewd enough to trust the right people, to stand aside one's self when a better man can do it. The suspicious man misses a hundred good opportunities which faith and enthusiasm alone would have brought to success. The suspicious man always wants to run everything himself and so must keep his enterprises small enough for his limited capacity. A man who takes rivalry with resentment, instead of regarding it as a sporting spur to his activities. A man who suspects the whole world of persecuting him, never pausing to think what he does to the world.

Some of these decayed merchants were doubtless not suspicious enough, an oversupply of optimism unbacked by wisdom. Or perhaps they were cowards, lacking the courage to cut their losses. He who has learned to cut a quick loss with decision, to wipe out a mistake and leave it behind him, has gone far toward learning the secret of success.



HEALTH facts are usually dangerous, carried to extremes, being false, they are coffee, and of coffee itself, has no effect for muscular development. But, the ingestion of de- ment is rubbing. Orhand one does not warming a stomach which only receives cold foods leads, or may lead, the workman who is often obliged to eat cold things, to the use of alcoholic drinks.

# THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

## "HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

*For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.*

### CLEANSING PROBLEMS. Removal of Grease.

### KINKS IN THE KITCHEN. Handles for Scrubbing Brushes.

### HEARTSEASE. Love Files from Demand.

### HOME CRAFT. The Empty Candy Box.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] Grease spots, such as soup, gravy, cream, butter, etc., introduce oftentimes a color element, and most often dirt, which has been unconsciously gathered and has adhered to the fiber. Some grease removing agents will harm color. These are ammonia, ether and sometimes chloroform. If to prevent wetting the material it seems wise to use either of these chemicals, they should be tested by a sample or on some hidden part of the garment to find out if they affect the color. Testing is the only sure way of knowing. Grease is also soluble in naphtha and gasoline. These two latter agents always should be used in the open air, never in connection with any kind of a flame, for they are inflammable.

[Emerson:] So far from there being anything divine in the low and proprietary De you love me? it is only when you leave and lose me, by casting yourself on a sentiment that is higher than both of us, that I draw near, and find myself at your side; and I am repelled, if you fix your eye upon me, and demand love.

**The Grease Ring.**  
One is often troubled with rings showing after removing grease stains. These rings can be prevented to a certain extent by the constant rubbing to avoid the chemical spreading and to cause rapid drying. If the chemical is allowed to spread or is not dried quickly it will carry with it the grease and the dirt and make a dark ring. Sometimes it is necessary to dip the whole garment in the gasoline and naphtha, after removing the spot. This usually prevents all troubles from rings.

**Requirement.**  
We live by Faith, but Faith is not the slave. Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's. Nature's and duty's, never are at odds. What asks our Father of his children save Justice and mercy and humility. A reasonable service of good deeds, Pure living, tenderness to human needs; Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see. The Master's footprints in our daily ways? No knotted scourge or sacrificial knife, But the calm beauty of an ordered life Whose very breathing is unworried praise! A life that stands as all true lives have stood, Firm-rooted in the faith—that God is good. —[Whittier.]

**CARE OF BABY.**  
**An Ideal for the Crib.**  
[Ladies' World:] It is often necessary, and more often convenient, to be able to move the crib from one room to another without disturbing the baby. Casters sometimes squeak and few can be rolled over rugs successfully. Any hardware store can supply small rubber-tired wire wheels, with axles to fit, such as are used on go-carts and the like. A short session in the woodshed will fit them to the crib, and it can then be wheeled about easily and silently. The wheels should be about ten inches in diameter and the axles of such length that wheels and all will come within the outline of the crib, leaving no troublesome projections.

**CARE OF FURNITURE.**  
**To Cover Scratches.**  
[Baltimore American:] To cover scratches on furniture and at the same time to collect all dust, rub with a soft cloth which has been well moistened with the following mixture. Equal parts of cider vinegar, turpentine and linseed-oil. Put the three in a bottle, shake well, and it is ready for use. It may be kept for any length of time. This is fine to use on varnished floors; it keeps them glossy and preserves the varnish.

**Effect in Polishing.**  
Take a piece of clean cheesecloth, wrung out in cold water, and clean the surface thoroughly. Then put a few drops of crude oil on a second piece of cheesecloth wrung out in cold water and begin to polish, turning the cloth in rubbing in order to distribute the oil and prevent the wood from becoming oily. Always rub with the grain. This gives a lasting polish instead of the more brilliant polish given by cheaper polishes.

**WOODEN NIPPERS FOR STERILIZING.**  
Much time can be saved, and burned hands avoided, when sterilizing the nursing bottles and preparing the food, if wooden nippers are used. The nippers are made of wood and double-binged with spring brass. They are long enough to reach hot bottles in the bottom of the sterilizing kettle without burning the hands even in the steam. The jaws of the nippers are curved so that they seize a bottle securely even with light pressure. Between the ends, stoppers, nipples and small articles can be readily handled. Being made of wood, the nippers do not get hot when in use, and when boiled in the kettle with the other things, they can readily be "fished out," and almost immediately are cool enough to handle.

**COOKERY HINTS.**  
[Pittsburgh Gazette:] Summer vegetables should be cooked on same day they are gathered. Look them over and wash well, cutting out all decayed or unripe parts. Lay them, when peeled, in cold water for some time, before using. Always let water boil before putting them in and continue to boil until done.

**ORANGE AND LEMON RINDS.**  
**How to Prepare Flavoring.**  
[Dallas News:] When using either lemons or oranges in a way that does not call for the rind, pare it off carefully and put it through a meat chopper, using the finest knife, then dry it, bottle it and use it for flavoring when there is not time to grate a lemon, or whenever there are neither fresh oranges nor lemons. The two preparations should, of course, be kept separate.

Put the grated rind in sugar, and when the sugar has absorbed enough of the oil of the first skin to make it moist, it is ready to be used as a flavoring for fruits and cakes.

Only granulated sugar should be used, and care should be taken in preparing the fruit, so as to cut none of the bitter white. Unless the sugar is bottled, the fruit juice will be absorbed by the atmosphere.

The sugar makes delicious candy, cake, icing and flavoring. The bits of rind give a splendid flavor to pudding sauces.

Dried orange peel allowed to smoulder on a red-hot iron will kill a bad odor in a room and leave a fragrant one behind.

The rinds of the fruit can be candied. Orange straws are delicious. They make a delightful addition to the Christmas candies. First soak peel in brine four days, changing the water as it becomes bitter.

When the bitterness has been removed rinse them in clear water and boil until they are tender. Make a syrup of one and one-half pounds loaf sugar and a half pint of water. Stir in the orange peel and boil until the syrup will hair when dropped from a spoon. Drain in a sieve, powder with loaf sugar, dry in the oven, leaving the door open.

There are several other uses for these materials. The housewife who experiments can be making discoveries all the time. Some housewives may not know a little secret of our grandmothers—lemons placed in a jar of water will keep for a long time. The water should be changed every week unless the jar is sealed. A lemon which is heated before using will be almost twice as juicy.

Turnips should be peeled and boiled from forty minutes to one hour.

Beets should boil from one to two hours; then put in cold water and slip skin off.

Spinach should boil twenty minutes.

Parsnips should boil from twenty minutes to thirty minutes.

Onions are best boiled in two or three waters, adding milk the last time.

String beans should be boiled one and a half hours.

Shell beans require an hour.

Green corn should boil twenty or thirty minutes.

Green peas should be boiled in little water as possible; boil twenty minutes.

Asparagus, same as peas; serve on toast with cream gravy.

Winter squash, cut in pieces and boil twenty to forty minutes in small quantity of water; when done press water out, mash smooth, season with butter, pepper and salt.

Cabbage should be boiled from one to two hours in plenty of water; salt while boiling.

Do Not Be Cut until you have at least tried Jebb's Pile Remedy. Result from an undue accumulation of stagnant blood within the hemorrhoidal veins. Jebb's Pile Remedy dispels the impurities, placing the hemorrhoidal veins in a perfectly healthy condition. Salves, lotions, etc., may give temporary relief, but permanent results can be had only by Jebb's Specific, which purifies the blood.

**PILE**

**RHEUMATISM** bent this man nearly double. Jebb's Remedy made him straight. Your case cannot be worse. Write for Free Booklet containing this man's story. This treatment is absolutely guaranteed.

**JEBB REMEDY CO.**  
308 Grove Bldg., Los Angeles.

**Do You Itch?**  
From any cause, if so, try **MILLS' ECZEMA REMEDY**  
For Instant Relief  
For sale by druggists. For information call, 223 W. Second Street, Room 104, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Do Not Neglect Your Feet**  
Tired and aching feet is the first warning of a broken down instep arch and flat foot. Our arch supports are made especially for fallen arches, weak ankles and feet. If your feet or limbs trouble you call and we will advise you regarding the proper treatment and appliances. We also make callous plates. Consultation and examination free.

**Davis & Martin Co.**  
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**Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?**  
Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet. Some are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

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**The MISSING LINK** of health  
303 Ave. 61, Los Angeles, Cal.  
The Missing Link is Nature's plan. How any woman or a man can cure disease or bring relief in a moment's time or very brief. The same as when the healing art was told to Adam at the start. Consumptive cough, rheumatic pains, burning fever or aching brains. It matters not what the case may be, Good health alike for you and me. Let Nature cure the aches and pains.

Send for the **WONDERBOOK**





Saturday, January 22, 1916.

[Saturday, January 22, 1916.]

# CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

*Real Life by the Great Western Sea.*

## Tourists, Farmers, Weather.

NO PERSON educated in the premises will dispute that California is the greatest place on earth for tourists, farmers and climate. It is very hard to suit everybody, and no two classes are harder to suit than California tourists and California farmers in the matter of weather. The tourist here at this time of the year is a fugitive from rigorous winter weather somewhere in the world, and a refugee hunting California winter sunbeams. For three full weeks his lot has been far from a happy one. In the twenty days to this writing there have not been more than three or four bright ones. One can easily imagine the tourist at some hotel, in some apartment or boarding-house, with his nose pasted against the window lugubriously watching the rain trickling down from the eaves of the houses, from the trees, and running in small rivulets in the streets.

On the contrary, the California farmer is "tickled to death" with the weather conditions prevailing since just after Christmas until past the middle of January. The rainfall to date for the current season is about two-thirds the normal for the whole season. It looks as if the current season would go beyond the normal and raise the average. Rain is the one thing that is scarcely ever superabundant in Southern California. It may come seasonably or unseasonably, in drizzles, light showers or veritable downpours, but it never comes amiss from the standpoint of the California farmer. As it is at the present moment, the promise of the year, according to the views of the California farmer, could not be improved upon. So while the tourist is decidedly "down on his luck" the farmer's face is radiant with joy in spite of the somber tint of the skies.

Well, Mr. Tourist, take things easily. It is not so bad as it might be, not half nor one-tenth so bad as it is back in those blizzard-swept plains that you call home. And then this is only a little episode in California's so-called winter, and will soon pass and the skies be radiant like yours in June. The dear God who is blessing the California farmers without any disguise is sending you a blessing in disguise. You will want a good, luscious, juicy orange before you go back to "the States," and you will want some of California's various fruits all the time after you do get back, and even here we cannot raise crops without moisture, either direct from the skies or by irrigation, and, after all, the irrigation is only an indirect application of the precipitation that comes from the skies.

## Cut Down the Vandals.

WE CAN recall what Gen. John A. Dix said when, while Secretary of the Treasury, he uttered the since-famous slogan: "If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Up at Sunland is a grove of oaks that are an ornament which it has taken half a century or more to produce, and which, if removed, it would require as long to replace. It is reported that some vandal is talking of cutting down these magnificent evergreen oaks, and one feels like repeating Gen. Dix's command about the flag. The plea "woodman, spare that tree," is entirely too mild. Really, speaking with all soberness and truth, it would be a felony in the eyes of all patriotic Californians, whatever the law says on the subject, to remove one of these trees.

## A California Idea.

CALIFORNIANS are people who for the most part were born elsewhere and are exotic on this soil under these skies. This being so, they are free from the obsession of tradition that clogs the minds of most people who have never got more than a mile from the barnyard of the farm where they were born. Californians have had the angles rubbed off of them by attrition with other Californians, and metaphorically speaking the skin of their back has been loosened up by various experiences. This is not altogether an unmixed blessing, for it makes some of us a little too "progressive," a little too radical, in our sentiments and disposition. But neither is it an unmixed disadvantage, and really it seems as if the ad-

vantages outweighed the disadvantages a good many per cent.

These "advanced" sentiments that guide Californians so much are seen in many ways, some little, others great. It is manifested here in Los Angeles, the ever-advancing city, in many advanced ways that are really helpful and, in a way, charming. Did anyone ever see a city more romantically poetical in the construction of its homes than this city, the very flower of modern civilization as it is? From the modest cottage or bungalow to the palatial mansion there is an exquisite charm about the homes of thousands of Angelenos. The bungalow court is one of the best ideas sprung here, and which flourishes marvelously. Any one who has ever seen one of these bungalow courts with habitations for from half a dozen to a score of families, can only escape their charm by being a person without a particle of taste. The bungalows are usually of a fascinating type of architecture, and the grounds around them are adorned with a floral beauty that adds to the charm of the houses a hundredfold. Get inside of one of these doll dwellings and the charm will still cling to them as the odor to the vase where the rose has been.

## Big Things, New Country.

IT WAS only the other day, historically speaking, that all the Imperial Valley country was a waste howling wilderness, the habitation of the horned toad, the rattlesnake, the coyote and the owl. Was there ever such a change wrought in so short a time as that which has transformed this wilderness into a garden spot dotted with many promising cities, covered with miles of orchards, fertile meadow, vineyards and stock ranches? In less than ten years this transformation has been wrought, the extent of which is evident by the recent transfer of industrial property down in the valley involving a value of \$1,500,000. Another signpost of this great change is in an auction sale held down there the other day by which the Southern Pacific transferred to local interests property worth away over \$1,000,000. We are accustomed to big things in California, so that transactions like these are only ripples on the surface of the financial sea.

## Just What We Want.

A GREAT index finger pointing to the future was lifted the other day when the Southern California Iron and Steel Company at Fourth and Mateo streets blew in a thirty-ton open-hearth oil-burning steel furnace. This monster furnace cost more than \$45,000, and is the largest in the West. It demonstrates the entire practicability of making steel bars and ingots on this Coast for manufacturing and structural purposes. This was tried several years ago, but found impracticable because of the high cost of transportation of raw materials. It has been known for years that California contains iron ore and other minerals necessary for the production of the highest grade of steel ingots. Less than a year ago the Southern California Iron and Steel Company blew in a fifteen-ton open-hearth furnace as an experiment. It proved so successful that the extension noted above is a result. This local furnace is lined with California magnesite, the first time in the history of the steel industry. Dolomite, another hitherto imported mineral, has been found in abundance within 150 miles of the city. The pig iron used in the making of steel here is imported from China at present. This is not likely to last long, as there is an abundance of iron ore found in Southern California.

## Go Ahead Full Speed.

THE regents of the University of California have been working for some months on plans looking to the opening of a citrus experiment station on a site secured some time ago near Riverside. That beautiful city is the cradle of the citrus industry of California in a large commercial way. Architects have been working on the plans for some time, and the other day they were accepted by the board of regents. The plans for the new station call for the expenditure of \$125,000. Work on the station, it is said, will be started not later than March 1. Orange growing is really a science requiring high intelligence, close application and lots of experience. Many people have the nat-

ural intelligence and the capability for application, but experience is a thing that must take time. This is what this experiment station is to do for the orange growers by trying various methods to work out experience that may be acquired in a few days or at most in a few months. The tax on the soils in producing a carload of oranges to the acre is about as trying a process as soils usually undergo. The waste or exhaustion of these soils must be made up by artificial fertilizing, and this is the work which the officials at the station are to do. There is also a further work in determining the best varieties of oranges to be planted in different localities, and the developing of a harder stock capable of resisting the slight frosts that sometimes fall, even in Southern California.

## Transplanted, Will Grow.

THE Dix family have belonged to New York so long that they might be taken to be indigenous. Mr. and Mrs. John Alden Dix of New York are visiting Montecito, near Santa Barbara, as winter tourists. Mr. Dix was Governor of New York in 1910 and 1911. This transplanting to Santa Barbara is likely to become permanent, for how can people of such high intelligence and admirable taste resist the attractions of this aristocratic suburb of beautiful Santa Barbara? Leon Corey Riggs is also a New Yorker, proprietor and manager of the Riggs restaurants in Gotham. Recently he is reported to have purchased some of the choicest orange groves in the Victoria district of Riverside. The report runs that he has paid \$75,000 in cash for these properties. They comprise fifty acres, with a frontage of half a mile on Victoria avenue. They were secured from seven separate original owners. The report runs that he is to erect a beautiful mansion on the highest part of the property, "an eminence commanding a sweeping view in every direction." This is another transplantation sure to grow and flourish in beautiful Riverside. Montecito, an adjunct of Santa Barbara, and the Victoria district of Riverside constitute friendly but lively rivals for admiration on the part of people of taste with money to acquire a home in one of these beautiful districts.

## To be a Noteworthy Gathering.

JUNE 17 to 23 of next summer are the dates set for the thirty-third triennial convocation of the grand encampment of Knights Templars of the United States. It is announced that it will take a hundred trains to bring the members of this meeting to Los Angeles. It is one of the most important conventions of the entire year. The representatives of the Knights Templars at this convocation will come from all parts of the United States, from Canada and from England. It is needless to say that they are a body of as distinguished men as the world contains. They are representative in their own homes of everything that is intelligent and refined, not to say "classy." They are the principal men in all financial and business affairs of their communities. They are bankers, railroad men, presidents of great industrial corporations or, if not, then holding some lower offices. It goes without saying that they will be well treated by the people of the city, and by all brother Masons in the country around.

## Farmers Busy.

LAST year was a great one for Southern California farmers. Rains were abundant, frosts unknown, torrid summer heat absent. The crops all grew with amazing luxuriance, yielding abundant returns for the farmers' toil. The demand for everything grown in California was brisk and prices good, adding to the bank account of every follower of Adam's profession in the district. In spite of the abundant crops, the stocks were about all cleaned up and the farmers are busier than bees and ants preparing the ground for new seeding, or cultivating patches already seeded. The seedmen are the barometer that measures the activity on the part of the farmers, and they say that never before has there been such a demand for seed of various kinds. Potato planting began in December, making new potatoes obtainable by everybody in the country by the time March days come

On the Palo Verde rancho, near San Pedro, the report runs that 200 acres have been seeded to early potatoes. This venture ought to succeed well, for it is virgin soil for this crop, and potatoes exhaust soil very rapidly. When the war broke out in Europe The Times market reporter discovered a sensational piece of news in the gobbling up of all the garlic in Southern California by German buyers before England got her blockade in order. They are planting garlic in abundance this spring. Oats is another valuable crop which they are sowing an abundance of, the area promising to be a third larger than all previous records.

Well, nature is doing her share. The ground is soaked with moisture and in the most admirable condition for planting. As has been said before in this department of the Illustrated Weekly Magazine, the war in Europe is sure to continue at least until too late for getting in crops in Europe, and the demand from that quarter will be just as great as it was last year.

## Notes of Progress.

THE people of Ocean Park are after a branch library, trying to induce Andrew Carnegie to give \$10,000 or \$15,000 for the purpose.

Plans are on foot at San Bernardino for the construction of a fine two-story block to cost about \$30,000.

A lemon grove of thirteen acres near Oxnard is reported sold to a San Franciscan for \$625 an acre.

A physician from San Luis Obispo has purchased a sixty-acre tract of beet land from the Patterson Ranch Company for \$285 an acre.

Riverside city officials were entertained as guests at Palm Springs on January 15 to celebrate the completion of the Banning-Palm Springs section of the Oceano-Ocean Highway.

A seventy-acre alfalfa ranch in Glen Avon Valley, west of Riverside, has been bought by people from Los Angeles at a cost of \$60,000.

Angeles Mesa, a suburb just outside the city limits of Los Angeles, adjacent to the West Adams district, had a noisy and pleasant time the other evening in a torchlight procession to celebrate the successful culmination of the campaign for a new lighting system costing \$15,000.

Chief Forester Du Bois of San Francisco has been in Los Angeles planning the surveying of building sites in various canyons in the forest reserve for the benefit of Los Angeles people.

At the Los Angeles harbor an important real estate sale is reported transferring a brick block at \$34,000 and a bunch of lots at \$26,000.

P. J. Dreher, manager of the San Antonio Fruit Exchange, estimates the citrus crop of the Pomona Valley at 4000 cars of oranges and 200 of lemons.

The long-continued showery weather checked the shipping of oranges. This is not an entirely regrettable affair. Those who have oranges in the eastern markets are getting good prices, and meantime the crop is becoming much improved for food. Besides, the northern oranges are getting out of the way and the Florida crop is being thinned out, leaving the markets open to Southern California fruit.

## A Royal "Miracle."

[Pearsons:] The King of Italy has been responsible for one of the most extraordinary occurrences of the war. His Majesty has been constant in his visits to the wounded soldiers, and one day he arrived quite unexpectedly at a certain field hospital.

Among the patients there was a young lieutenant who had been stricken quite dumb by the bursting of an Austrian shell. The poor fellow was lying in bed feeling very miserable, when, all of a sudden, he glanced up and found the King standing by his side.

In a moment he stared up in amazement at the unexpected honor, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"His Majesty the King!" and burst into a flood of tears.

The emotional shock, coming as it did, so unexpectedly, had completely restored his power of speech, and even the King himself was overcome by emotion at this extraordinary miracle.



# THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

## Cold Air, Cool Air, and Fresh Air.

**H**EALTH fads are usually dangerous, largely because, being fads, they are carried to extremes by the confirmed fad-chasers. The votaries of the "fresh-air" fad, for example, who regard sleeping in the open, regardless of temperature conditions or state of bodily health, as a panacea for all ills are usually not the best examples of physical perfection. These persons fall into the error of considering fresh air and cold air as synonymous terms, when, from a hygienic standpoint, there is frequently a marked distinction.

Beyond question cool, fresh air is always beneficial; but cold fresh air is distinctly harmful in certain diseased conditions. Thus, according to Prof. John Lovett Morse of the Harvard Medical School: "In the early stages of acute nasopharyngitis (popularly known as 'cold and sore throat') cold air increases the irritation of the mucous membrane and consequently the symptoms; but in the later stages, when the mucous membrane is swollen, it relieves the discomfort to a certain extent. Cold air predisposes to affections of the ears. Fresh air is of advantage. Children with acute nasopharyngitis should, therefore, be kept in the house in cold weather, in well-ventilated rooms at a temperature of about 60 F. if they are in bed, and between 65 F. and 68 F. if they are out of bed."

## Harmful Effects of Cold Air.

Prof. Morse points out that in the early stages of acute sore throat cold air is distinctly harmful. In acute laryngitis also, where there is hoarseness and pain lower down in the throat, cold increases the symptoms very materially. In the later stages "cold air is not indicated, but does no harm. Patients are more comfortable when the air is moist than when it is dry. Children with acute laryngitis should, therefore, be kept in well-ventilated rooms, at a temperature of about 70 F., the air being kept moist."

"In the early stages of acute bronchitis cold air increases the cough and the sense of contraction of the chest and of the heat under the sternum. The cough is less troublesome when the air is moist than when it is dry. Children in the early stages of acute bronchitis should, therefore, be kept in well-ventilated rooms at a temperature of from 60 F. to 70 F. with the air moistened. During the later stages cold air ceases to act as an irritant, but there is no apparent advantage in cold air over air which is warmed. Moisture is of no importance, because the mucous membrane of the bronchi is already moist. The temperature of the room is of less importance at this time. During the later stages of bronchitis they should, therefore, be kept in well-ventilated rooms in which the temperature of the air is moderate, but not cold."

This does not apply to cases in which the lung substance itself is involved, however, such as pneumonia and tuberculosis. In such cases cold air is comforting and, in the case of tuberculosis at least, beneficial. So it seems pretty clearly established that in acute diseases of the upper air passages, including the bronchial tubes, cold air is harmful, while diseases of the lungs are benefited by it.

## Coffee and Metabolism.

Coffee is one of the substances which affords perennial source of contention among food purveyors. Those who have coffee to sell maintain that it is a useful food, while those who have a substitute to market contend that the coffee bean is a near relative to a deadly poison. Meanwhile the physiologists have added considerably to the mud-gle by disagreeing among themselves as to the exact systemic effects of coffee and its active alkaloid, caffeine.

For many years it was believed that coffee had a distinct effect upon the chemical changes in the body whereby the function of nutrition, called metabolism, is effected. It was thought that coffee retarded the breaking-down process in the tissues. Later a precisely opposite view was entertained. Recently it has been determined, by accu-

rate scientific methods unknown to the older investigators, that "the ingestion of decoctions of coffee, chicory and caffeine-free coffee, and of caffeine itself," has no effect whatever upon metabolism.

"Coffee," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "is one of those dietary adjuncts which modern man has employed, like tea, alcohol, tobacco—and perhaps one ought to add the ubiquitous chewing gum—presumably to increase the pleasure of his existence quite independently of any need which they might serve in the organism. The demand for all these products is created by an artificial appetite. Purveyors of the various articles of commerce have expended considerable effort and money to indicate on billboards and in other advertising spaces wherein the human mechanism is benefited and life made worth living by some particular brand of cigarette, whisky, tea, coffee, etc. There has at length arisen an amusing competition in which alcohol-free beverages, detannated or decaffeinated coffee, and even nicotine-free tobacco are extolled for the supposed advantages without the alleged defects of the respective products concerned."

## Ants and Eczema.

It has been suspected for some time that some cases of eczema may be caused by an excess of formic acid excreted by the skin. The following experience, given by the correspondent of a leading medical journal, offers confirmatory evidence of this action of formic acid.

"One summer," says the writer, "noticing that some of the dahlias in my garden failed to grow well, I went literally to the root of the matter and found there the troublesome insect, *Aphis radicles* with *Formica flava*, the yellow ant, encouraging its depredations. I crushed numbers of the ants with my fingers, noticing at the time the pungent odor which they emitted, which was of course due to formic acid, especially abundant in this species."

"At about this time my hands began to present symptoms of eczema—itching (much aggravated after the taking of salted food) and formation of vesicles, with subsequent thickening and cracking of the skin. I did not associate these symptoms with the handling of ants until they had recurred under the same circumstances for several seasons. I now avoid the annual attack of pseudo-eczema by avoiding the yellow ants."

"The facts appear to me to suggest the dependence of genuine cases of eczema on the presence of formic acid, since this acid has been detected by various chemists in the perspiration."

## Exercise and Nasal Breathing.

It is contended by many, since breathing through the nose is the proper way to inhale and exhale under ordinary circumstances, that this is the only method of respiration to be used even during violent muscular exercises. The Danish athlete, Lieut. Muller, whose little book, "My System," ranks first as a popular exposition of home gymnastics, takes exception to this hard-and-fast rule about nasal breathing.

"The only exceptions I should allow myself," says Lieut. Muller, "are when swimming—inhalation through the mouth, exhaling through the nose under water; and when sprinting—inhalation and exhaling through the mouth. Inhaling through the nose and exhaling through the mouth—as is often recommended, is not good, and, especially in cold weather, will be found to be rather disagreeable, because the warm, exhaled air is required for the purpose of warming the mucous membrane of the nose, which has been considerably cooled by the constant introduction of cold air. If it be found impossible to get a sufficiency of air through the nostrils, a visit to the doctor is to be recommended, as, most likely, the trouble may be caused by the presence of adenoid growths, in which case they should be removed, the operation being very easily performed, and not at all dangerous."

## Rubbing and Muscular Development.

One of the most important features of Lieut. Muller's system of muscular develop-

ment is rubbing. Offhand one does not think of self-massage as an effective means of muscular development. But Lieut. Muller contends that it is; and anyone may demonstrate for himself that it can be made a violent exercise by a very few moments of vigorous experiment. "Rubbing exercises," says Lieut. Muller, "are scientific gymnastic movements, combined with a stroking of the skin, whereby the entire surface of the body by degrees gets thoroughly and systematically polished."

"The rubbing is done with the palms of the hands, and to begin with should be merely simple friction, or stroking, of the skin; but, later on, as one's strength increases, it should be so vigorous that it becomes a sort of massage. If not for the internal muscles more removed from the surface, at any rate for the thousands of small muscles connected with the vessels of the skin, which are strengthened and developed more in this manner than by any other mode of procedure whatever. The limbs, on the whole, get rubbed more toward the body than away from the body; and it should be remembered that more strength should be exerted when rubbing toward the body. If the skin be inclined to chafe, it is a good plan to rub a little vaseline, lanoline or other emollient on the sensitive parts to begin with, until the skin and hair roots have become stronger."

"The usual result of these exercises, when performed for some time, is that the skin becomes healthy and beautiful, firm and elastic, yet smooth and soft as velvet, and free from pimples, blotches, spots and other disfigurements. In addition, these exercises impart a handsome shape to the hands and roundness and graceful symmetry to the arms and breast."

The time required for taking this envigorating exercise, as advocated by Lieut. Muller, is about five minutes.

## Proper Temperature of Foods.

The question is often raised as to the proper temperature at which food and drink should be taken. Americans probably consume more food and drink at very low temperatures than any nation, and seem to be somewhat more afflicted with stomach and intestinal disorders.

Gautier, the French physiologist, makes the following suggestion about proper food temperatures: As a rule foods ought to be taken warm and drinks cool. But drinks need not be icy or foods burning. Too much cold or heat causes the cracking of the enamel of the teeth, which slowly decay. Drinks which are too cold end by weakening the stomach by the constant stimulation they give. They may besides disagree, and many visceral rheumatisms, which are not due to any other cause, disappear when tepid or warm drinks are substituted for icy or even cold drinks.

As for solid foods consumed cold, they only agree with vigorous stomachs. Again warm meals are always better than cold. Foods taken at too high a temperature are not to be recommended in any case. Kosturin made some experiments on this subject in animals and man, from which it follows that all foods reaching the stomach at a temperature higher than 122 F. occasion uneasiness, hyperemia of the mucous membranes, hinder the production of the digestive juices and compromise the efficiency of their ferments. The stomachs of rabbits and dogs which have received water at 140 F., even when it is followed immediately by a dose of cold water, are inflamed, infiltrated and sometimes ulcerated in places.

## Rules for Food Temperatures.

The most appropriate temperatures for taking different foods are the following: Drinking water, 48-54 F.; soups, 104-122 F.; roasted meats, 104-120 F.; coffee, tea, 115-122 F.

It is advisable that one dish, at least, per meal be taken warm, and soup for preference. An entirely cold meal is a condition unfavorable for the liquefaction of the gelatines, fats, etc., or for bringing about their emulsifying and good digestion. Cold meals should at all events be accompanied by a warm beverage, such as tea or coffee. It is thus that the instinctive necessity of re-

warming a stomach which only receives cold foods leads, or may lead, the workman who is often obliged to eat cold things, to the abuse of alcoholic drinks.

It follows, therefore, that persons who indulge in the American habit of eating a sandwich and a piece of pie for lunch, had better add the warming element of coffee, tea or chocolate.

## No Nervous Strain.

[Life:] Crawford: The elephant sleeps only five hours out of every twenty-four.

Crabshaw: Very true; but just stop and consider that the elephant doesn't have to attend lectures, or the opera, or listen to sermons or war talks, or lend an ear to some fellow's description of his newest baby or car, and you will realize that he has a pretty soft time of it, taken all in all.

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*International Complications.* By Frank G. Carpenter.

the Alaskan Americans, will get the chief profits out of the business.

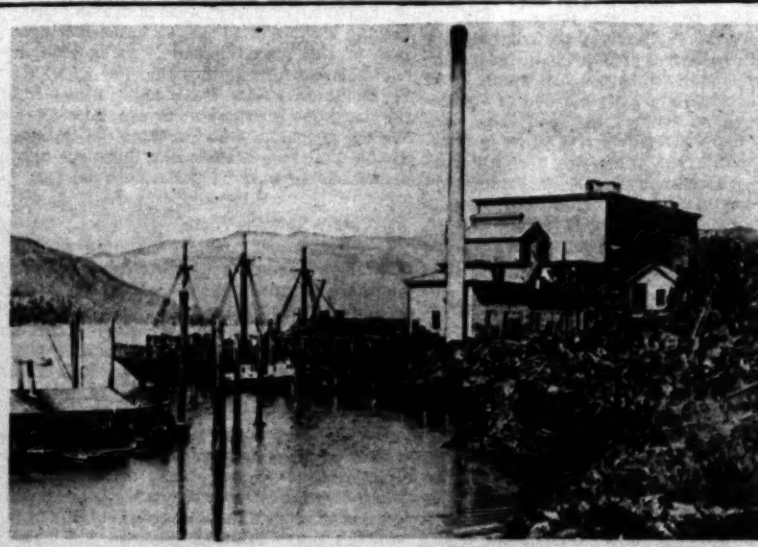
Now the Canadians have established a new fishing port at Prince Rupert, B. C. This port is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It is 600 miles nearer the fishing grounds than Puget Sound, and it is claimed that fish from our Alaskan waters can be landed there and be transported through Canada to our cities two days sooner than when shipped via Seattle. This means that, if other conditions are equal, most of the fresh fish caught in Alaskan waters for shipment to the East will be shipped from Prince Rupert, and that it will become the headquarters of the Alaskan fishing industry. Our fishermen will come here to live, and they will buy their fishing supplies from the Canadian stores. In other words, the Canadians, rather than

### Rapidly Growing Young Town.

From what I see here, the fears of the Alaskans seem well founded. Prince Rupert is the baby port of the Northern Pacific, but it has already become one of the fishing centers of this part of the world. Nevertheless, the town is only 6 years of age, and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which connects it with the East, has just begun to run its through cars. The place already has more than \$5,000,000 invested in its fisheries, and included in that amount are thirty-five canneries and seven large cold storage plants. Prince Rupert has hundreds of sailing vessels that are now going back and forth to and from our fishing grounds. It has ninety-nine gasoline launches used for

The fishing center of the territory is still Ketchikan and there are also fleets that make their headquarters at Petersburg, Juneau and elsewhere. The extent of the fishing grounds is enormous. There are some banks that seem to be paved with halibut, and the vessels bring them in by the thousands of pounds. A single party has been known to catch 100,000 pounds in

One way of catching these fish is by driv-



*Cold storage plant for halibut and salmon at Prince Rupert.*



*A 150 pound halibut  
caught near Ke<sup>t</sup>chikan.*

The most of the halibut are caught with the hook and line. The fishing, however, has nothing gamey or sporting about it. The lines are dropped down into the sea in such a way that the baited hooks rest on the bed of the ocean. The lines are of great length. Some of them are sixty miles long, so long that when loaded with fish it takes the steam engine on the fishing vessel the better part of a day to wind them up. They are divided into sections, each section having a float or buoy that rests on the surface, and is marked by a flag in the daytime, and at night by a light. The line lies right on the bed of the sea. Attached to it are hundreds of hooks and each hook is baited. The halibut swallows the bait and is caught on the hook and held there until the line is drawn up. These fish always feed on or close to the bed of the ocean.



# MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

## MR. BLASTOPHAGA AND LADY FIG BLOSSOM.

An Ugly Rumor Denied. By M. V. Hartranft.

THE botanist or expert horticulturist who could not make helpful suggestions and important corrections to planting plans offered by the writer of this page must needs be a weak member of the fraternity, because we boast the possession of no authoritative pedestal. Realizing the desirability of a home garden revival hereabouts, the publishers of The Time Magazine authorized the writer to take up the work of awakening this Southland to the resources that were neglected in our dooryards; and to also bring out the newer developments of flood prevention work on our watersheds. The rural revival has "taken hold," and the Pentecostal era of gardening is upon us, the message on this page for a year past having spread through all the press and civic bodies of the city. Los Angeles' weed-covered vacant lots are soon going to look like ready money. The taxpayers of the county now understand fully the difference between flood prevention and flood protection. The writer's only regret is that with the reopening of business activities he finds the regular weekly preparation of matter of this kind rather too pressing, which may make it impossible to keep up the steady gait of a page a week.

We have had a great deal of help on these lines from kindred spirits and much valuable criticism. We have just received a slap-bang-smash of the other kind and the temptation to throw it into the waste basket was overcome by the knowledge that a debate is the most enlightening form of education because it is free from that didactic and preachy style that writers too often acquire. We have always with us the soap-box orator who knows all about how to run the government and doesn't believe anybody else does. We also have the soap-box artist in all professions, those who loudly talk their knowledge and skill of law, of salesmanship, yes, and of botany. The following is apparently of that kind; because the authorities quoted show a net analysis of the letter to contain 96 per cent. of vehemence (much of which we have omitted;) 4 per cent. of knowledge of botanical phrases, and zero as to any important facts.

The letter was written in criticism of our suggested list of about thirty trees for the family orchard on the acre homestead, and the critic's fundamental error is in confusing the recommendations thus made for a homestead orchard with what might in some cases be better on a commercial scale. We insert numbers to each topic to facilitate the response, but the caps are in the original text.

Los Angeles, January 30, 1916.

Editor Times:—

I have been quite a regular reader of The Times since I have been in California, and have generally found it quite reliable, but the article on fruit culture published last Sunday is too absurd. The worst feature is that it pretends to give instructions to a class of people—those who are starting small home orchards and know but little, or nothing, of fruit culture—who cannot afford to make such mistakes.

(1.) Take first proposition: "Avocado—Harman, insert bud of Carton for Pollen." Now it is a well-known fact that pollen can only be transmitted through flowers. As the Carton avocado blossoms in early January and the Harman in April, pollenization from one to the other would be impossible. Besides why pollenate fruit like the Harman that is self-pollinating? Next it is said: "Taft—insert Sharpless bud for pollen." As the Sharpless is a Taft seedling it is not suitable fertilizer for Taft any more than breeding a daughter to the father. Besides Taft matures its fruit in the spring, the Sharpless in the fall, therefore not blossoming in same season.

(2.) "FIG, Smyrna, insert bud of Capri for pollen." Who ever heard of propagating figs by buds? I can bud all kinds of trees, but would not know how to look for a bud for budding purposes on a fig tree. Figs are always propagated from cuttings of mature wood from the parent tree, or from root suckers coming up from the roots of the parent tree. The author of that article could not pollenate a Smyrna fig from a Capri if his life depended upon it. The Capri is merely used as the home of the Blastophaga, a minute insect, that makes its home in the Capri fig, and it FOLLICULATES the fig, or rather fertilizes it, for figs do not blossom.

(3.) The same condition prevails all through the article. Scarcely a variety of fruit is of the accepted standard, nor the varieties that have proved commercial successes in this section. For instance, LISBON lemon is advised for planting. There is not one tree in one thousand in California of the Lisbon variety. All are Eureka, and the Lisbons are not even quoted in the market reports.

(4.) The TRIFOLIATA as a budding stock is not a success in this section, although it is used in Florida. There its use is advocated as it produces a large, stocky tree that stands the climate and grows to such large size. This Times Magazine article claims that it DWARFS the (citrus) tree.

It is a crime to mislead people. Only today I stopped a man from following the instructions and put him on the right track.

Respectfully,

(Signed) WM. BROOKS.

Answering Paragraph Four.

The standard authority is Bailey's Ency-

clopedia of Horticulture—which says of Citrus Trifoliata: "It is used as a hardy stock on which to bud certain oranges and lemons. . . . It is said to have the effect of somewhat dwarfing the more robust orange varieties budded on it, and of making them more hardy by rendering them dormant earlier in the fall and retarding them from starting early in the spring."

The manager of the Roeding nursery, in quoting prices on citrus trees, in a letter dated December 18 last, makes the following voluntary statement: "We do have citrus trees on Trifoliata stock, however, in some cases this has a tendency to dwarf trees, but causes them to bear earlier, and the fruit is also sweeter."

The catalogue of Roeding & Wood Nursery Company of Los Angeles, at the head of which is George C. Roeding of Fresno, who was director of horticulture at the San Francisco exposition and who is too well known for further comment, contains the following remarks on their offering of citrus fruits: "We make it a point to grow trees on sweet, sour and citrus Trifoliata roots. This last-named root (Trifoliata,) seems to exert a decided influence in causing citrus fruits to mature earlier, the skin to be smoother and the pulp finer grained and with less rag. It is a noticeable fact that trees on citrus Trifoliata root are very heavy croppers. We particularly recommend this root for locations where early ripening is an important factor."

For the benefit of the lay reader it should be understood that the citrus Trifoliata is a small, commercially worthless orange. It sheds the leaves in winter—and therefore stands cold weather as far north as Philadelphia, as a hedge. When our oranges and lemons are grafted on to this citrus Trifoliata root it makes them hardier, more frost-resistant. Because this stock tends to dwarf the tree from the natural size a citrus tree would be, if budded on sweet or sour orange seedling stock, the growers of California have to an extent discarded Trifoliata, and popularly it is supposed that this root is not a success in California. Its alleged drawbacks in the commercial orchards comprise its principal value for the homestead gardens or the dooryard tree, for the reasons fully set forth in the original story.

Answering Paragraph Three.

As to the authorities on this subject we turn to E. J. Wickson's report to the Bailey "Encyclopedia of Horticulture," which reads as below. Prof. Wickson was dean of our California State Agricultural College, etc. He says: "Some varieties of lemons have enjoyed fleeting popularity in California and now not more than six are largely grown, viz.: Villa Franca, Lisbon, Eureka, Geneva, Messina and Bonnie Brae. The first three probably constitute four-fifths of the crop."

Wickson places Lisbon second and Eureka third, while our critic has counted the trees (being a person of very conservative temperament,) and found only one Lisbon in one thousand Eureka. He probably got in a Eureka grove and stopped his investigations right there. Commercially we would place Eureka first and Lisbon second, but there is a wide difference of opinion existing.

Critic's statement that Lisbons are not quoted in the market reports is true. Neither are Eureka's quoted. Lemons are quoted as lemons, with the name of the brand or packer and not as to variety. The writer will have to quote himself as an authority on this point, because he owns and operates the official system of telegraphic market reports on citrus fruits which is supplied as a press association service to all the daily papers and fruit organizations. We know fruit figures slightly, if we don't know figs. However, other authorities do know figs, as we shall now proceed to quote.

Answering Paragraph Two.

In Bailey's "Cyclopedia of Horticulture" is a treatise on the fig in California by Prof. Charles H. Shinn, who is entirely too well known for comment. He answers our

critic's question very nicely and comfortably, thus: "Budding (of figs) is best done by the annular or ring method so useful for the chestnut and walnut. The fig can also be cleft grafted, say in February, in California."

Prof. E. J. Wickson, above referred to, in his work on "California Fruits and How to Grow Them," says: "The fig may be budded by the common shield method, as used for ordinary fruit trees, and described in Chapter IX, but owing to the tendency of the fig bark to shrink in drying, the bud should be closely bound in with a narrow waxed band, to exclude the air."

"Another method of budding the fig is by annular or 'ring budding,' a method also relied upon with the walnut and chestnut."

We will not argue here the advisability of top-working a branch of the Capri into the Smyrna instead of planting an extra companion tree. It is only a question of garden space, not at all one of commercial horticultural practice.

As to losing our life, as predicted, if we attempted to pollenate a Smyrna fig from a Capri—Bailey's "Cyclopedia of Horticulture" says: "The necessity for caprification as well as the nature of the process was first established by Dr. Gustav Eisen. . . . Another point established by him was that caprification was entirely a process of pollenation."

Our life is saved!

Turning to plain old Webster's Dictionary, we find this definition in an edition dated 1891: "Caprification.—The practice of hanging upon the cultivated fig tree, branches of the wild fig infested with minute hymenopterous insects. It is supposed that the little insects insure fertilization by carrying the pollen from the male flowers near the opening of the fig down to the female flowers," etc.

Our bombastic botanist thus finds that figs are pollinated—and also have flowers. The fig is referred to usually as an inflorescence. It blooms inwardly.

Ernest Brautson, our last word in local botanic authority, said, in comment on this subject, that all trees and plants have blossoms.

Before our critic asserted that "figs have no blossoms" he should have known what the definition of blossom is. Webster says: "Blossom.—The flower of a plant, or the essential organs of reproduction with their appendages."

For the lay reader, let us say that this delightful Smyrna fig will not mature its fruit unless this Blastophaga insect goes into it and carries the pollen from another fig. This insect would die over winter, but in the old countries they had a wild fig tree which carries enough crops of figs to make a winter resort for old Blasty and we imported that tree here. So when you plant Smyrna figs, plants a 'Capri fig number one' with it. If you will plant a commercial orchard, first study the other varieties of the Capri. The inserting of a Capri bud is a short cut for one with limited yard space, but if you have the room plant one wild fig tree along with about twenty Smyrnas.

George C. Roeding of Fresno succeeded in the first successful caprification of a fig orchard in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture, and the government sent him to Smyrna to finish the investigations. In his catalogue of this year under heading of figs, he says: "The Capri figs serve as a home for the minute insect, Blastophaga grossorum, the only insect which can carry the pollen from the Capri fig to the female flowers of the Smyrna types."

You will kindly note that "carrying the pollen" is referred to and that "blossoms" also seem to be in evidence about the fig tree.

Call the Police!

In the face of such evidence this beligerent botanist insists in capital letters that "this minute insect makes its home in the Capri fig, and IT POLLENATES the fig or fertilizes it."

I have heard of the fellow in York State who crossed honey bees with lightning bugs

so as to get a breed that would work night shifts and thereby double the honey crop; but this ugly rumor about the relations of Mr. Blastophaga Grossorum with members of the vegetable kingdom is a new one. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Blastophaga hasn't heard about it, and if known to Anthony Comstock it might make him turn over in the grave.

But it is all a snarling delusion! Mr. Blastophaga is an upright and highly esteemed citizen of the insect world. Even Noah Webster in the foregoing definition says that he is a Hymenopterous insect, undoubtedly meaning that he is a direct son of Hymen, the god of marriage. With this high standing in this community Mr. Blastophaga performs his work with religious zeal, and like the honey bee passing among the flowers, unconsciously carries the pollen of one blossom to the other in accordance with God's beautiful plan. The evidence is abundant that he is a home-loving insect, dwelling all the winter season with Madame Blastophaga and the little Blastys within the crumpled walls of the tiny figs that hang through the cold spell on the wild Capri twigs.

And Lady Fig Blossom, bless her dear soul, enjoys the esteem of the entire civilized world, doing her part in the multiplication of the fig crop, and the production of fig leaves, which have been from the time of the Edenic era accepted by all believers as the emblem of virtue and propriety.

Answering Paragraph One.

The critic shows that he is in no manner informed of the bud variations of the Carton No. 1 the Carton No. 2 and the Carton No. 3, nor the insert budding done by Mr. Carton (a trained French horticulturist,) from parent tree to its own seedlings. The critic makes statements as to period of blooming which are as erratic as emphatic. Many of our avocado trees have double blooming periods, very pronounced in the Northrup, which is credited with making two crops each year. Answering these points, when presented to him, Mr. F. O. Popenoe, president of the West India Gardens at Altadena, and foster-father of the avocado industry in California, said: "The Sharpless and Taft both bloom at practically the same time. The Harman and Carton also both bloom at the same time. Really your idea of inserting buds of those varieties is very good. The cross-pollen is more efficacious, even though a tree is self pollinating." (Note—Credit belongs to Mr. Carton.)

The avocado industry is new, however, and this pretending botanist seems to be the only man who professes to know all about it. Our recommendation was to plant trees; the insert budding was not very essential. This practice is commanding serious attention and may be developed more fully later. The advised planting of Harman and Taft trees is good though there are others that are quite as valuable.

Plant That List.

Make the little family orchard as we recommended. The budding for pollen cannot be done for a year or two anyhow. Change the name of May Queen peach to the May Flower, it was a slip of the tongue. The list has been well studied out but it didn't come from an "expert" for we are "none of the such." The writer never encountered but two or three of these noisy "listen-let-me-tell-you" fellows in the fruit circles of the whole State, and as publisher of rural papers for twenty-five years we have had a wide acquaintance with the orchardists from the region of our "white peaks of glory down to the shining sea." Which one of the pestiferous experts wrote us this letter under the alias of William Brooks we do not know. From the superabundance of botanical phraseology combined with such frightful absence of facts we fear that the whole blamed three of them collaborated; but possibly it is intended as an indirect answer to the our full-page article of several months ago on "The Status of Black Scale Control" which made serious inquiries, very important to the citrus industry, that have heretofore been met with pretended official indifference.



# TRANSPORTATION OF FISH FROM ALASKA.

Los Angeles Times

International Complications. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Short Cut to Market.

## A Change of Methods.

Some halibut fishing is now carried on direct from the ship. A few years ago it was all done in dories or small boats, which were taken out for the purpose in large vessels. The men would go out in the dories to set the lines and later bring the halibut back to the vessel.

The fishing parties usually stay out from ten days to three weeks. They carry ice with them and the moment the fish are taken from the hook they are cleaned and put in the ice and kept there until they reach the cold storage plant. They are washed as soon as they are landed and shipped in cold storage cars direct to the markets, or they may be kept for some time before shipping. In the latter case they are put into freezers, where they remain for twenty-four hours at a temperature of ten or twenty degrees above zero.

The next step is to dip each fish four or five times in fresh water until it becomes entirely encased in a thin sheet of clear ice. It can then be held in cold storage at a temperature of 4 deg. below freezing until it is needed for export. The fish get a fresh coating of ice before they are shipped. They are then wrapped separately in vegetable parchment paper, and are packed in paper-lined boxes of 375 pounds capacity and sent eastward in the cold storage trains.

The bulk of the halibut fishing is now done by independent fishermen in small boats, although there are fishing companies with fleets of large vessels. The companies buy from the independents.

The fishermen who go out with the steamers are often paid by their catch; and a medium-sized halibut vessel disburse about \$50,000 a year in wages. The men get on the average from \$100 to \$125 a month each, although on some of the ships they are paid at the rate of a cent a pound for all that they catch. Many of the independent boats are run in partnership, the fishermen dividing the profits.

Fresh halibut is now selling on the wharves of Prince Rupert for 5 cents a pound. The most delicious are the small ones, known as chicken halibut. Such fish usually weigh less than eight pounds. The fish sent to the East run from eight pounds to eighty pounds or more. The fish are shipped on express trains in cold storage cars; and it takes from six to ten days to get them to the markets in the eastern part of the United States. They are consigned to wholesale dealers, who usually have their sales on Fridays, so that if they arrive earlier in the week they have to wait until then before they go to the retailers. It takes about 20,000 pounds of fish to make one carload.

## Frozen Fish Industry.

Large quantities of fish are now frozen and held here some time before shipping. A great deal of halibut is salted and put in hogheads for shipment. Each hoghead holds about 850 pounds, and when full it is worth about \$100. The halibut intended for salting is dressed before it is packed. It is hung by the gills to a hook and is then sliced in two, the back and the front forming great slabs of snow-white meat. The backbone is cut out; the front of the belly has no bones. After cleaning, the slabs are sprinkled with salt and put into the hogheads in layers, with a layer of salt between each two layers of fish. Some halibut is smoked, and in this form it may be found in almost any grocery store.

During my stay in Prince Rupert and Ketchikan, I have gone through some of the big freezing establishments. Each town has its cold storage plants, where halibut and salmon are frozen to be kept for some time before shipment. The frozen fish are not thawed until they reach the larger cities and towns of the United States, where they are sold. I wish I could take you through the biggest cold storage plant of Prince Rupert. It has a capacity of 14,000,000 pounds of fish. Its buildings are right on the harbor, and the fish are frozen stiff as soon as they come from the wharves.

During my stay I have gone through the freezing chambers, whose walls and pipes are covered with frost. The temperature is far below zero. The cold air is produced by the use of ammonia, and the smell of the ammonia almost overcame me as I walked between the great masses of fish laid one upon another, like so many sticks of cord wood. I took up one of the smallest fish and let it drop on the floor. It was as hard as stone and the noise was like the crack of a pistol. I examined the fish, but there was no bruise or dent in the flesh. I stood

it on and resting the tail on the floor, and it did not bend in the least.

Much of the fish in the cold storage plant was salmon, which had been frozen and stored away to be shipped as needed throughout the year. In some of the rooms I noticed that the noses had been cut from the salmon. The manager told me this was to mark the character of the fish as to its color. Some of the salmon have flesh which is white or light pink, while the flesh of others is red. It is impossible to tell the color of the flesh without cutting open the fish, and so the white salmon are marked by slicing their noses. The manager says there is really no difference in the taste or quality of the salmon according to its color, although the different colors bring a different price in the market.

## Shrewd Advertising.

And in this connection comes a story, which is fairly well authenticated, of how one of the salmon kings started his fortune in the fish industry on the basis of the then-despised light-colored salmon. This man had put up his cannery at a location past which the fish came in great numbers on their way in to spawn. He was right in his selection of a site and the salmon were caught in vast quantities. They were all, however, of the light-pink variety, and the fisherman was in despair. At that time no light-colored salmon had been shipped, and the demand everywhere was for salmon of an almost red hue. The man canned his catch and sold it by means of a label which implied that it was the only sanitary fish on the market. The label read: "This salmon is warranted not to turn red in the can." The most of the catch went to the Southern States, and the drummers selling it did their business so well that in many of the cities of that locality they can hardly sell a red salmon. The people think it is spoiled, and has, therefore, turned red in the can.

I am surprised at the extent of the fishing industry of this part of the world. The ocean floors of Southeastern Alaska are carpeted with fish of many varieties; and there are large fishing industries carried on all along the coast out to the Aleutian Islands. There are many fish in Bering Sea, and the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers are filled with fish of one kind or another. The total value of the Alaskan catch for 1914 was almost \$20,000,000, and, altogether, we have caught enough fish in these waters to equal about thirty times what we paid for the Territory. The total value up to date has been very close to \$220,000,000.

The most of this has been made up of salmon, the catching of which is an enormous industry. I shall write of it in the future. Next to it comes the halibut, which is only in its beginning, although from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 a year are now spent upon that industry in wages and supplies. There are more than 1400 men employed in halibut fishing in Alaska, and the annual catch is almost 15,000,000 pounds, and is rapidly growing.

## Other Sea-food Industries.

There are also large cod fisheries in Alaska, and the cod are said to be equal to those caught on the banks of Newfoundland. Much of the cod fishing is about the Aleutian Islands, and there are many vessels and stations devoted to the industry. The amount of cod caught last year was more than 15,000,000 pounds, which was an increase of 20 per cent. over the catch of the year preceding.

In addition to the ordinary cod, they are now catching black cod, a fish of about the same size as the ordinary cod, but darker in color. The flesh is much richer in oil, but it may be prepared in such a way that it is delicious. It has been eaten for many years in Alaska, and they have been recently shipping it to Seattle, where the restaurants make a special feature of barbecued black cod. This consists of the backs of the fish, which are kippered or smoked, after being salted. They are served with drawn butter.

There is a prospect that an extensive industry will some time arise in the shellfish of Alaska. They have oysters near here as large around as a saucer, and there are many places among the Alaskan islands where you can catch crabs as big around as a dinner plate. There are clams, large and small; little butter clams that are delicious, and others good to eat as big around as your hand. There is a man at Petersburg who has shipped this year sixty cases of one-pound cans of clams; and clams and clam juice were formerly packed at Klawak. I am told, however, that one has to be

very careful as to the source of his clam supply. Some of these bivalves feed in the water near the copper deposits and the copper poisons their meat. The captain of one of our Coast Survey steamers, in speaking of this recently, told me how his life was saved by a pussy-cat. Said he:

"It was a narrow escape. I had bought a fine mess of clams and was just about to eat some of them raw when I decided I had better test their edibility by giving one of them to my cat. The pussy ate it, and a moment later she rolled over and went into convulsions. She kept on kicking until every one of her nine lives had departed. The clams were poisoned by copper, but they looked as sweet and healthy as any I have ever seen. Had the cat not been near, I would have tried them without question, and I really believe that that cat saved my life."

[Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

## "That Other Stuff."

### A LESSON THE WAR TAUGHT A VOLUNTEER IN THE ENGLISH ARMY.

By KENSETT ROSSITER.

The real reason why a man quits liquor is sometimes odd; in the face of all the vain entreaties from his family, his friends, and even the dictates of his own conscience. For years Graydon had been a hard drinker. His health had been undermined; his business had suffered, and he had become a physical wreck. His mother, his sisters, his brothers had pleaded with him vainly. The girl to whom he had been engaged, and whom he might have married, had broken with him because she refused to marry a drunkard. Any one of these reasons ought to have been sufficient to induce Graydon to quit; but none of them was.

The real reason came when England declared war on Germany. It was not that Graydon was a whit more patriotic and ready to serve his country than were thousands of other young men who rushed into the training camps when the nation called for volunteers. It was because any man who amounts to anything is convinced that if he were only there on the firing-line he could do a little more than anyone else. And that's what Graydon thought.

Before England's first transports had landed troops on a foreign shore, Graydon had climbed the steps of one of the London recruiting offices. He waited in turn, and, in fifteen minutes, was passed by the recruiting sergeant. Then came a longer wait, and, finally, he stood before the army surgeon, stripped for examination.

That man took forty seconds for looking him over, then he waved his hand. "Am I passed?" inquired Graydon. The surgeon laughed: "Lord, man!" said he, "you're all shot to pieces. We need men, and we need them badly, but a fellow like you wouldn't last a day at the front, and the army's got more to do than to look after those who can't stand up in the thick of it. Quit drinking six months; then come back. Next!"

Graydon dressed and went sadly back into the street. He hadn't realized it was as bad as that. Later, he tried at two other recruiting offices, but the examining surgeons threw him out. In desperation, he went to Manchester and Liverpool and again tried to enlist; but the nation didn't want him. He returned to London; he saw the men marching away and heard the bands playing. Graydon had a heart and that heart was broken. He didn't sign a pledge; he didn't tell any one of his intentions, but he resolved to quit drinking and get himself into shape. He couldn't do it in London; that was too much to expect. Finally he thought of a fishing village on the Solway Firth. Once he had gone there for a week-end and he had cursed the little hamlet ever since; because it was about the only place he had ever been where he couldn't buy a drink. But in the morning he packed some of his things and bought a ticket for the little hamlet he had cursed.

It was a hard fight, those first days. More than once he was tempted to return to London and forget what he had started out to do. He had not realized how alcohol had undermined his system, nor did he realize how difficult it was going to be to get it out of his system. But Graydon was determined. He wouldn't quit for the sake of his family or his friends or his own well-being, but he was going to quit for England, because England needed men.

A month passed and Graydon kept his promise he had made to himself and his flag. He had taken long walks into the

country; he had filled his lungs with pure sea air; he had put himself on a diet and had even limited the number of smokes that he took in a day. When the old craving came hardest he got into his bathing suit, tore down to the surf and swam until he was exhausted. Nature and clean living had done much for Graydon. He was still far from restored to a normal physical condition; but they were accepting men now who wouldn't have stood a chance in the early days of the war.

Graydon waited two weeks longer; then he returned to London. And when he came up for examination the surgeon shook his head doubtfully once or twice, but finally he passed him. The next four months were spent at one of the training camps. At last there came that day the camp had so long waited for, and his regiment entrained for the troop ships. A few days later Graydon saw war in all its damnable glory.

Exactly six months from the day he landed on French soil they shipped him home with a badly shattered knee. When he was able to hobble about a little he went down to the club. The place was almost deserted; but there were a few old codgers sitting about, and Graydon was soon recounting some of his experiences to a small group. As he talked his expression was animated, his eyes were bright, he was thin, but his muscles were as hard as those of a horse, and there was a healthy flush on his cheek. After a while someone touched a button and, presently, a waiter appeared.

"What will you have to drink, sir?" "Nothing," replied Graydon. Then he turned to the others: "Look here!" said he, "out there on the firing line, where the shells are breaking overhead, machine guns are tearing up the earth, liquid fire is squirting out of a hose, poisonous gases are settling over a trench, and bombs are dropping from the sky—every man still has a chance—but when that other stuff once gets a good hold on him, he hasn't any."

## Famous Old Ararat.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] "Mount Ararat, where there has been hardly a moment's peace since Noah and his ark grounded upon its massive shoulder, is at present the huge, troubled boundary mark between the Ottoman Empire and Russia, and under the shadows of the historic peak the fighting lines of Osmanli and Russia have been awaying back and forth, never far beyond the lines of the frontier," begins a bulletin issued by the National Geographical Society.

"Ararat is the hub of Armenia, of the original home of the Haik people. It is also the center of what has ever been the most troubled area on earth. Tribes of Europe and of Asia have fought each other here from the dawn of history, and the remnants from the battles have settled as neighbors, hating, despoiling, massacring one another.

"Ararat is one of the most impressive of earth's mountains, for it rises sheer to the clouds out of an immense plain.

"The dominant mountain is split into two peaks, Great and Little Ararat. Great Ararat rises to a height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Little Ararat, where the boundaries of the Ottoman Empire of Russia and of Persia meet, reaches an altitude of 12,840 feet. Though the snow line here is very high—14,000 feet—the dome of Great Ararat is covered with glittering fields of unbroken white.

"A vast wealth of legend surrounds the mountain, which has always deeply impressed the imaginations of the peoples who have wandered, passed or settled beneath it. The Armenian priests long believed that the wonderful mysteries of its summit might never be surveyed by human eyes, and all thought of scaling Ararat was considered almost in the light of sacrilege.

"The Armenians have also held that they are the first people after the flood, the immediate descendants of Noah, so to speak; for the first village that Noah founded after the abandonment of the ark was Nakhichevan. So the Armenian thinks that his people were the first race of men to grow up in the world after the flood.

"The name Ararat means 'high.' The Persian name for the mountain, Koh-i-Nuh, means 'Noah's Mountain.' It has been determined by the natives that the Garden of Eden was placed in the valley of the Araxes.

"Noah's wife was buried in this valley near the mountains, and grapes are still grown there whose vines are the direct descendants of vines planted by Noah."



THE botanical or expert horticultural... who could not make helpful suggestions... It is used as a hardy stock on which to... bud certain oranges and lemons.

# MR. BLASTOPHAGA AND LADY FIG BLOSSOM.

An Ugly Rumor Denied. By M. V. Harriman.

Illustrated Weekly. Saturday, January 22, 1916.

## MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Branton.

**I**N SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA the sun shines so continuously and the climate is so equable, especially in temperature, that one may get about the garden nearly every day in the year. With the reinforcement of a garden house, such as is here illustrated, there is no day so disagreeable that one cannot sit out of doors under a shelter of this kind. Such a garden house would not seriously tax the ingenuity of anyone in the building thereof, and a vine or two would soon hide any imperfections left by the amateur builder. In a land where eucalypts are quite common there should be no dearth of suitable material.



RUSTIC GARDEN HOUSE.

### Small Beginnings.

**E**VERY movement must have a beginning, but the success of some is so nearly instantaneous that we scarcely realize a small beginning could have been recorded. All civic reforms have small beginnings, to use a phrase sanctioned by custom. The school garden movement had a hard struggle in Los Angeles for the first two years; so had playgrounds, yet what notable success both have achieved.

The one particular hobby of the present writer is municipal control of street trees and in watching this phase of civic beautifying it has been noted that all successful efforts met with a feeble response at the outset. It is now more than a dozen years since the writer aided in introducing a compulsory street-tree ordinance in Pomona, the pioneer work of its kind in Southern California, and considering the start the city had in that respect none has made a more rapid or substantial advance.

To be sure, Riverside has become more noted in this line of improvement, but Riverside had a far better start. She had many streets of many miles of grand old trees before municipal control came about. In addition she had J. H. Reed, and readers of this department, unless newcomers, do not need to be told that the success of the movement was largely due to his energy and enthusiasm. Still back of him, more than twenty years ago, G. M. Loring, "father of the Minneapolis park system," planted streets with uniform rows of peppers and other trees. Others did good work also, but this grand old team, now several years past fourscore in age, accomplished so much good that the names of Reed and Loring will long be remembered as able pioneers in the making of Riverside the city beautiful.

To return to Pomona (figuratively,) when the writer first went there to confer with the City Trustees there was but one street heavily planted with trees, and that one (Holt avenue) was not well or uniformly planted.

The movement had its ups and downs, yet the idea once firmly launched never quite died out and though taking an occasional nap it also had an occasional spurt of activity. But a leader was needed and when J. M. Paige took charge of parks and street trees he brought to the task a supply of enthusiasm that no amount of discouragement could exhaust. The work of Mr. Paige has not been spectacular, nor noised abroad. A graduate of the noted Shaw Gardens at St. Louis, he came with a splendid practical experience upon which to build for the beautifying of Pomona, so that the humble beginning of a dozen years ago is bearing splendid fruit, and few cities may justly lay claim to so much beauty in park and parkway as progressive Pomona.

Some work has been done in Redlands and elsewhere; some close at hand, as the splendid advance of street planting in Pasadena will attest, but we wish to return for a brief moment to reiterate that none should

be discouraged by the smallness of such movements at the outset. A mere half-dozen usually carry on the fight for the first year. In every town there are a few of taste and purpose who will take the helm. To thoroughly arouse public interest is a long and arduous task. Make a beginning. Results will attract attention and gain support. It was Gladstone who said: "One example is worth a thousand arguments." Organize, interest the local press, interest this department, your efforts and progress will cheerfully be given place and encouragement in these columns. Every year of the past decade Mr. Reed has written thanks for substantial aid given "Reed and Riverside" in city beautification. In a very recent letter, in reviewing the progress of street planting in Riverside, he writes: "I remember very distinctly the very efficient aid I received through the City Beautiful Department of The Times." Let us hear of your work, no matter how humble or how small the community—aid and encouragement will be extended alike to all.

### The Handsome Heaths.

**D**O NOT be afraid to purchase potted heaths now in flower through fear of having them for a season only, for if planted in the garden you may have them for aye. In any ordinary soil, in sun or shade, they appear at home and it is a wonder that more are not grown, for they are not new, neither have they ever been scarce in local plant depots. Both foliage and flowers keep well in the house and when in full bloom the dainty little pink bells make as fine a vase plant as any small-flowered shrub grown.

### Plant Anemones.

**N**OT the bulbous kind, however, is here meant. The herbaceous sorts known as Anemone Japonica, or Japanese wind-flower, grow from two to four feet high, occasionally higher, and are at all times much more beautiful than the bulbous sorts. They are shade-loving plants and thrive even in cold, dark, uninviting corners; where they will bear a crop of flowers in autumn that is not surpassed in simple beauty by any other inmate of the garden. The flowers are only to be found in white and varying shades of pink. They may be planted any time during the rainy season, will store up vigor during summer and in autumn will attract all who visit the garden.

[Richmond Times-Dispatch:] "Did you ever aim at a deer in the Adirondacks and bag a guide?" "I did more than that. I aimed at a deer in a drawing-room and bagged a bride."

### Eupatoriums.

**I**N MANY gardens may be seen small-flowered, weak-colored eupatoriums that are less showy than scores of wayside weeds native to California that no one thinks of cultivating. Why will garden owners buy such vile weeds when good plants are common in all plant depots? Eupatoriums, as a rule, are very trashy plants. Out of a hundred species less than a half-dozen are

worthy of garden space, and not one is considered beautiful by at least half the people who garden. If you will have such plants buy the best, but we have hundreds of this class of plants that are better than any eupatorium.

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—the one big garden and farming book of the year. Bigger and better than ever this year. Leading agricultural experts depend on this complete and highly educational catalog.

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## Garden Beautiful

COLUMN



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In flowers at 25 cents to \$1.50 per dozen, we offer perfectly developed specimens of Verbenas, Fancies, Salvias, Heliotropes, Geraniums, Pelargoniums, Petunias, Daisies, Delphinium, Cannas, etc.

In flower seeds and bulbs we recommend Digitalis, or "Fox Glove," an old garden favorite—5 cents package; the hardy Larkspur perennial hybrids—they thrive in any good soil—25 cents package; Japanese Lilies, the large pure white flower, 15 cents each, \$1.50 doz.; Golden Banded Lily, white spotted crimson variety (Lilium Auratum) 15 cents each, \$1.50 dozen.

### Fertilize Lawn and Garden Now.

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**COLLECTION FOR \$1.00**

1 clump Rhein Nixe, violet bordered white...	.50
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1 " Gerda, cream...	.50
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## HOMESTEADING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Mixed with Literature. By Arthur Preston Hankins.

SO MUCH attention has of late centered upon homesteading in the forest reserve of Southern California that a few words from one who is trying the venture may prove of interest.

On September 26, 1914, I filed a homestead claim on a piece of land in the San Bernardino Mountains. The land borders Baldwin Lake, at the extreme east end of Bear Valley, and is eight miles from Pine Knot and Knight's Camp. The elevation of my land is 6773 feet. I have 160 acres, eighty of which, perhaps, are suitable for agricultural purposes.

Our nearest postoffice is Lucerne Valley, about eighteen miles distant down on the Mojave Desert. We are forty miles from Victorville, our nearest railroad point.

Some thirteen or fourteen locations have been made in this vicinity. All the available land has now been taken up, I understand.

For the past six years I have followed magazine fiction writing. The scenes of the

traveling into obscure corners of this wonderful State in search of material, and for silver-mounted bridles, hand-made morocco-top riding boots, and such conceits. I wanted a home.

After I had filed and was preparing to move from Los Angeles to the claim the European war began assuming gigantic proportions. Immediately many of the magazines began buying only what material they needed for forthcoming issues. In those first stages of the war it took a mighty good story to find its place. I had several in circulation, and was counting on one in particular to bring me \$300. With this money we expected to move to the mountains and establish residence on our homestead.

But the story came back to me. They always do when one needs the money for some definite purpose. Ask any writer—excluding the before mentioned few of course.

Well, the weeks dragged on, the war

on the burro—christened "Mono," Spanish for "monkey"—and vaulted into the saddle on the crisp morning of November 23, nearly two months after I had filed.

The days were short and the burro, after the manner of his race, slow. We could travel only about eight hours between camps. It is not pleasant getting into camp after dark, saddle weary and hungry, and unacquainted with the lay of the land. Then, the second day the Child of the Desert sprung a leak. That is, the pavements so admired by autoists, but so thoroughly detested by the sane few who prefer a horse with a thinking apparatus to any old machine of steel and near leather cushions—these pavements, I say, made the burro's feet sore. We were obliged to rest him half a day.

Leaving our camping ground, in Live-stock Canon, we fortunately struck the original old baseline road, every inch of it composed of delightful old Mother Earth. The remainder of the journey was prac-

falfa on hand. He valued it at only \$60 a ton! But he generously loaned me three flakes, and our stock enjoyed a better feed than they had since we left Hesperia, the other side of Victorville.

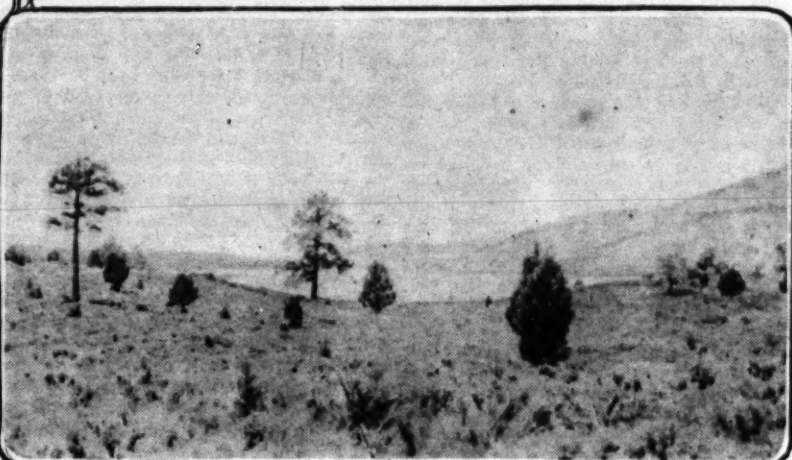
As for ourselves, we took up our abode in a deserted cabin to wait for our goods. Next day they would come, we felt confident. There was no stove in the cabin. But there was a big stone fireplace. It had not been properly constructed, however, and, horrors! how it smoked! Every five minutes we would be forced to open doors and windows to prevent suffocation. Outside the wind was howling, bitter cold. We couldn't warm the cabin when obliged to open up so often.

There was little grub left, as I have said. There was nothing to sleep on but the floor. If I may be permitted to say it, it was hell!

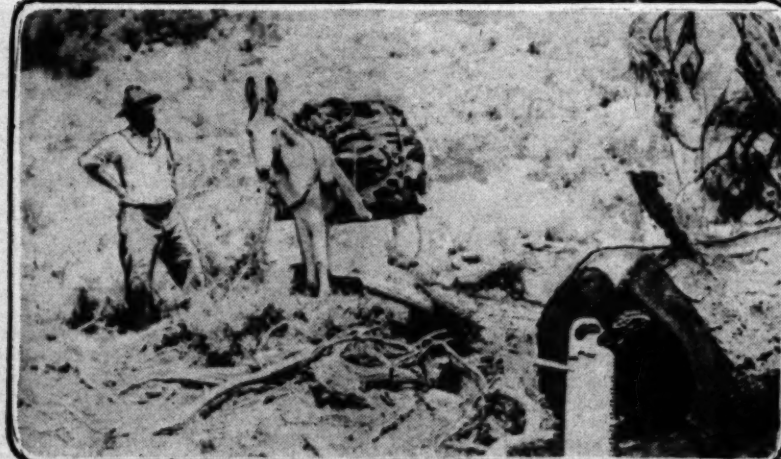
I have been a wanderer all my manhood days. I have served in the army and navy, driven teams for railroad-construction com-



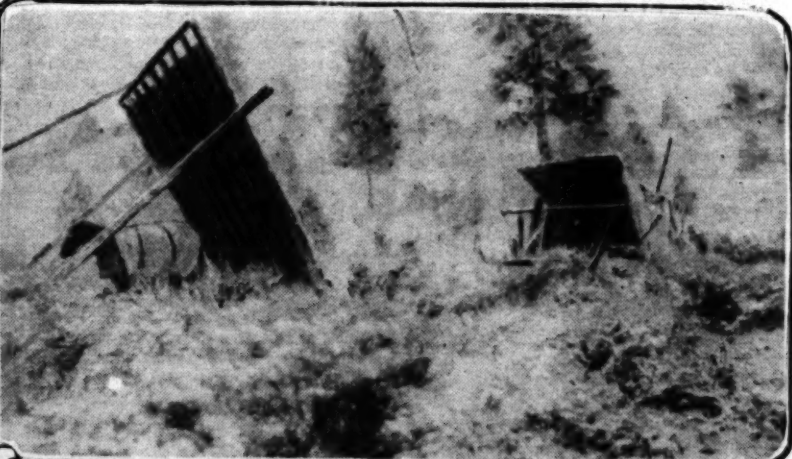
"We struck the Baseline road"



"She has not wearied of the view"



"Packing our wood on the willing burro."



Protection from the wind

majority of my stories have been laid in California. The western type of tale appeals to me. So when I learned that there were situated near the land I was contemplating a cattle ranch, a sawmill, several mines, and other distinctly western institutions, it at once occurred to me that I should be right in the center of a country I wished to write about, and that no other place on earth would offer a better field for my double purpose.

There on the land I could write my stories as well as or perhaps better than elsewhere. I write only half a day, as a rule. The other half could be given to the development of my claim. It seemed to me that no profession offered a better chance for proving up on a homestead than that of writing. While others without capital would be obliged to leave their claims every seven months to earn money to keep things going, I could remain right on the land and be assured of my regular income.

I had no money. Writers seldom have—excluding, of course, a fortunate few. I had spent too much of my earnings in

still raged, editors still were shy. Winter was coming on. And winter in the mountains means more than in Los Angeles. If I was going to establish residence on my claim without an extension of time, I would have to hurry to get in before the snows. There was nothing on the land, remember. I had to get there, throw up a shelter, and get in wood and winter supplies before snow began to fly. For after that all such proceedings would be an utter impossibility.

And still the weeks dragged on, and stories continued to come back to me.

Then, on November 18, there came the long-looked-for pink envelope. In it was a pink check for \$211. Our shackles were burst asunder. We could go to our own!

My wife and I own a saddle pony each. We think existence would be a poor thing without saddle stock. There was no way to get the ponies to the mountains but ride them. For \$10 we bought a burro, and cut our pony pack-saddle outfit down to burro size. We shipped our other few but much-loved belongings by freight to Victorville. Then we packed our camp outfit

typically easy.

At 1 o'clock Monday afternoon, December 1, we rode into Bear Valley from the desert side, and my wife got her first view of our future home. She has not yet wearied of the view.

A miner whom I had met when I first looked over the land took us in at Doble. Doble is about three miles from our claim. It is a place of rats and cans and old rusty stoves and corroded picks and shovels. At one time Doble was the largest town in San Bernardino county. It is now a deserted mining camp—one example wherein the late Lucky Baldwin was not lucky.

We were short of feed for the stock and short of grub for ourselves. We had shipped supplies with our household goods from Los Angeles and had expected them to reach Doble ahead of us. They were not there.

It was cold and growing colder. Ice was forming on the lake. We put the ponies and the burro, heavily blanketed, in an old deserted barn and gave them a big feed of rolled barley. The miner owned a horse, and had a little baled al-

panies, tramped it over half the United States, done everything out of the ordinary, almost. I've been up against some pretty rough stuff. But this was before I was married. Now I had a wife to care for and make comfortable.

Well, she made me as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and cared for me patiently. Leave a good woman alone for that! When it comes to undergoing difficulties such as these—things one would suppose altogether out of her ken—a woman will make a man ashamed of myself. My fervent wish is that every homesteader had a wife like mine.

We slept on the hard floor. That is, the wife did, and advised me to do so, too. I lay beside her, but didn't sleep. I was worried about the animals and our general predicament.

Next morning the ground was covered with a sheet of snow, beautiful, untarnished. The junipers and piñon pines were loaded with it, fluffy as cotton.

That day the coffee ran out. So did the flapjack flour. And the eggs. We had a



Los Angeles Times  
WHITE LEGHORNS WIN AT SAN DEIGO.  
Campines in California. Henry W. Kruckeberg.

THE MYSTERIOUS SECRET OF THE GODS.  
Elixir of Life. By Harold H. Scott.

THE last light had blinked out in auditorium and foyer; the last echo of speech and laughter had died away and the house lay wrapt in that dark silence which betokens the end of another day. On the stage behind the big asbestos drop a solitary super hustled about his duties, impatient to be off, and presently, his work completed, he flung on his coat and let himself out into the night.

But with his going there was still one who lingered. Below stage in the dressing-room, which was devoted to the common use of the chorus of the Gaiety Company, a woman sat gazing intently at the reflection in her mirror. To see her now one would not recognize her as "the third from the end on the right." Shorn of the artificial beauty which nightly delighted the audience and brought the spotlight to bear upon her more than once during the performance, she was not beautiful—not even pretty. One saw a woman whose features were regular, perhaps a trifle harsh, though by no means coarse; whose hair showed the faintest traces of gray; whose otherwise fair skin was marked about the eyes and mouth with just a suggestion of tiny lines.

As she gazed at her reflection she communed with herself:

"Mirror, tomorrow is my birthday. Another year has fled and I am getting old. Tomorrow I will be—no!" Her voice, raised in protest, startled her and she shuddered nervously. "No, I will not say it! I am not that old! It cannot be!" There was a note of anguish in her voice as though she were crying out against the injustice of age. "You alone, mirror, know how many years I have gazed into your depths. You can remember when I was young—as young as any of the ponies here. Then I did not have to spend many hours with you seeking to hide the traces of age. Then I was content with a bit of pencil to accentuate the jet of my brows and lashes; a dash of rouge to heighten the carmine of my cheeks and lips—that was all. But you can remember, too, when the time came that I must resort to other means; when the bit of pencil and the dash of rouge were not sufficient, and I must use other tricks to fool the public and myself. But still I grew older. Age seemed to reach out for me like some hideous demon seeking to tear from me the youth I tried in vain to keep. As the merciless years rolled by I turned to you, mirror, and to my make-up box for solace. Oh, the crimes I have committed against myself; the base self-deceit I have practiced in the battle to keep my youth against the relentless assault of time! I have used every artifice known to woman to dam the incoming tide of age, but the battle is lost. It is a hopeless battle at best, but a battle that will be waged as long as woman lives on this earth. I cannot delude myself longer. Tomorrow I will be—" The very thought made her shudder. The years of her life seemed suddenly to sweep down on her with overwhelming force, leaving her weak and powerless to continue the game. She turned her eyes from the mirror and her glance strayed to the empty chair at her left and then to the next and the next—along the whole line where a short time before her companions had sat removing costume and cosmetic after the last curtain.

Some of them, one or two, were as old as she, and their days, too, were numbered. It would not be long, she ruminated, until they all must give way to younger, prettier girls. And what would they do then? There was Bert. (What an absurd nickname for a woman she thought. Though she had known Bert for a long, long time it had never occurred to her before how perfectly ridiculous was the name by which they all addressed her.) What would she do when the stage cast her out? But then she was married and had a dear little girl. Perhaps when the stage could use her no longer she would be content to settle down with her family. Yes, that made a difference. She sighed. But there were others. What would become of them when their stage days were over? To what honest pursuit were they capable of turning their hands when youth replaced them?

Youth! Yes, there was youth again, mocking her, while age grinned maliciously at her from the mirror. She buried her face in her arms there on the table before her;

but she did not cry. She could not cry.

Presently, as she sat thus, thinking, her fingers, toying absently with the toilet articles on the table, came in contact with her make-up box. The touch brought her erect instantly and she recoiled as though a serpent had struck at her. Yes, she had been thinking of that and the one who had given it to her. For a moment she sat staring at it stupidly. It was odd how that little casket affected her. At times she wanted to cast it away and with it all the memories it held. But when it came to actually parting with it something within her cried out as though at a desecration. Once when the feeling was on her she had given it away, but, after a miserable, sleepless night, she had requested it back again at no little cost to her pride. But have it she must. It was as though some occult power were vested in the curiously-carved antique which bade her retain it even though at times it seemed that the very sight of it would drive her mad.

Allyn had given it to her many years before. They had been walking one evening and had come quite unexpectedly into one of those out-of-the-way streets of the city which resemble nothing so much as a bit of the Old World set down in the New. They lingered to glance into the window of an antique shop, and there, in the midst of an odd conglomeration of old china, medals, bric-a-brac and ancient implements of war, she had seen this curiously-wrought oriental casket. When she had exclaimed about it Allyn had insisted on buying it for her. "It's just the thing for your make-up box," he had said. She knew the little antiquarian, undoubtedly actuated by Allyn's eagerness, had demanded a ridiculously high price for it—many times what it was really worth—but Allyn had paid it gladly. Allyn was always that way—nothing was too good for her; nothing too costly.

This, however, was by no means the complete history of the casket. When they had returned to her rooms and were idly examining it and exclaiming over its weird, almost grotesque, beauty she had, in some unaccountable manner, touched a hidden spring which disclosed a secret partition. Within they found a small packet, mildewed and faded with age. At first they were inclined to throw it away, believing it had been used merely as packing, but on closer examination they were surprised to discover that it contained faint tracings which were perhaps inscriptions of some ancient language, Egyptian, Sanskrit or Chinese. But a greater surprise awaited them, for on carefully opening the packet they found a small quantity of luminous, slate-colored powder.

"A mystery of the ancients," Allyn had exclaimed in jest. She recalled how he had pored over the inscription seeking to fathom its meaning, first in mere curiosity, and then as the mystery of the strange hieroglyphics gripped him in earnest the desire to translate them became almost an obsession. To this end he sought the aid of linguists whose specialty was the translation of ancient writings. He had spent much time and she knew not how much money, to find that the packet and its contents were the work of some so-called Hindu mystic who had lived 3000 years ago—a man of magic, whose mind, distorted by a lifetime of delving in the mysteries of the unfathomable, had conceived a weird, unearthly potion which would enable man to conquer the wonderful forces of life.

Seated before the casket, as a heathen might sit before a shrine, moved to devotion by the fear of the superstitious, the memory of all this passed in review before her. "How absurd," she mused aloud. "How utterly fanciful; the dream of a lunatic." She reached out almost timidly and drew the box toward her. It was all there still—the little packet with its slate-colored powder and the strange characters of a language long dead and forgotten, and, too, the translation which anyone might read. It was long since she had pressed that hidden spring. For many years she had sought to forget its existence; and even tried vainly to rid herself of the casket, but something, a something as mysterious and intangible as the antique itself, had forbade her doing it.

Well, she remembered the last time she had read the cryptic message. It was on the night that Allyn had taken his leave.

He was going West where a great opportunity awaited him—the western management of a new chain of vaudeville theaters—and when he was settled he was going to send for her. There had been a gay party in her rooms that night, where many of their friends gathered to wish him success in his venture. He had lingered after the others had gone and together they built their dream castles. The little casket had played its part, too, for they had jested about it and— She broke off in her reverie. "It really was not so very long ago," she thought. "No, not half as long as it seemed."

She had waited expectantly for the word he would send, but the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months; a whole year sped by and no word came. Her letters were returned by the postal authorities, uncalled for. Later she had learned, through a theatrical journal, that the men backing the circuit which he represented had failed dismally in their project, but from him she heard no word. Rumors she heard a-plenty, to be sure. He had been suddenly stricken ill and had died; he had married and settled somewhere in the great West—these and many other things she heard and would not believe. But, beyond denial, he had been swallowed completely by the world—just one of the many who venture forth never to be heard from again.

As her thoughts lingered over these things her fingers idly caressed the little casket. Gone suddenly was her feeling of revulsion toward it and her fingers played with its grotesque carvings almost lovingly. Sometimes she felt this way toward it—as though it were a cherished friend; and again it filled her with a dread horror which she could not explain. The miniature images which supported its four corners seemed smiling at her now, where then they had appeared as demons of fury racking her soul. The serpents entwined on its sides lay submissive and still, those same serpents whose writhing bodies had at times seemed struggling to strike at her and bury their poisonous fangs in her bare arms.

Quite unconsciously her fingers found and released the hidden spring and the little age-worn packet lay revealed. Without seeming conscious of her actions she drew it out and with it the key to its mystic message. She bent closer to the electric light dangling from the ceiling and studied the translation. Once a draught of cold air seemed to rise from nowhere and sweep through the room. She shuddered convulsively, but her eyes did not leave the manuscript before her. And this was the message set down by the Hindu mystic some 3000 years before:

"Many years have I labored seeking to wrest from the gods the secret of the greatest of all things—life. Deeply have I studied of the magic and witchcraft of the East until at last the desire of my life is realized and all lies revealed before me—the secret of that marvelous force which men call life. I alone have fathomed the deepest of mysteries which since the beginning of time has baffled the wisest of men.

"Sealed within the casket is a wonderful decoction which shall be a boon to mankind. The Elixir of Life! This powder made—" (Here was a series of dots in the manuscript, evidently indicating the omission of the ingredients which defied translation.) "—eight drams of water, will give to him who drinks of it perpetual youth. It will guard him for all time against the onslaught of age.

"It is well that I have at last achieved the work of a lifetime, for my eyes are dimmed and my body grows weak with the burden of years. It is too late for me to reap the reward of my labors, for already I feel the hand of death upon me. I can only give the world the benefit of my wonderful discovery that others may profit by it and save themselves from death—death, whose inexorable power shall henceforth be broken by the wisdom of man.

"My life ebbs fast . . . it will be but a short time now . . ." (Here again were the dots, and then an odd character, probably the Hindu's signature, for which there was no English equivalent.)

Having finished reading the manuscript she sat silent for some time, her gaze fixed before her, unseeing. Staring thus, as though in a trance, her hands sought the packet and she spread it out until the slate-

colored powder glistened in the light, ominous, foreboding. Mechanically she rose and going to the washstand drew some water in a glass. As mechanically she returned and sat again at her dressing table. There was a queer, indefinable light in her eyes, neither exultation nor fear, neither triumph nor dejection, only that light which one might imagine shining in the eyes of an immortal.

She emptied the powder into the glass and immediately there was a strange vapor which filled the air and she was dumbly conscious of an overpowering odor. It seemed not a disagreeable odor—rather, it was strangely sweet. She looked into her mirror, an odd little smile curving her lips. What mattered it all—to live or to die? Perhaps this man of the East knew, after all; perhaps he had spoken truly—he who had mastered the mystic lore of untold centuries. Who was she to question the wisdom of his witchcraft, which hundreds of years of civilization had failed to fathom? If it meant youth, why, was that not what she desired? Or death? Death were a thousand times less bitter than age—hideous age—which was stalking her, lying in wait to reach out and claim her for its own. After all, what mattered it?

She took up the glass. Its contents seethed and bubbled as though it held the very essence of life, but she gazed into its mystic depths unflinchingly. She put it to her lips.

And then suddenly she started. Her whole body trembled and the glass slipped from her nerveless fingers and crashed to the floor. Someone had opened the door unheard and was standing on the threshold transfixed.

Allyn had returned. In the next moment she found herself in his arms and, while she wept and laughed by turns, the Elixir of Life stained the rough, bare floor of the dressing-room. Thus did the secret wrested from the gods by a lifetime of unflagging zeal return to their jealous guarding once more, to remain the greatest of mysteries until the world shall produce another genius such as the Hindu mystic.

[Detroit Free Press:] "Why is that squaw putting on so many airs?"

"That squaw is some punkins. Regent of the Daughters of the Aborigines."



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# HOMESTEADING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Mixed with Literature. By Arthur Preston Hankins.

little chunk of bacon and potatoes, nothing more.

Nimrod to the rescue! Down by the lake I captured with these two strong hands a wild duck which some hunter had crippled. I borrowed more hay from the miner. Night came on again. Our goods had not arrived!

For breakfast bacon and potatoes, and baking-powder bread, which the miner gave us. More hay borrowed. There was only a little supply in the miner's cabin, and how I dreaded to face him and ask for more! But it was for the stock. As for ourselves, we were going hungry rather than rob his winter store.

At 10 o'clock the teamster drove in—drunk. I stared in astonishment at his outfit. He had two ponies scarce bigger than our saddle stock, and a small wagon which could not transport a thousand pounds. He could not have hauled our truck in four loads.

"Where are my goods?"

"Hic—who are you?"

I told him, and I was modest about it, I trust.

"No orders to get anything for you."

I tramped through the snow to carry the terrible news back to my sword and buckler.

I was stuck, literally stuck! I had always argued that there is a way out of every difficulty, but there seemed no way out of this. I asked the old miner's advice.

"You're welcome to half I've got," he said. "But I think the best thing you c'n do is to get to hell out o' here!"

"Where?"

"Go down on the desert to Box-S Ranch and find somebody goin' in to Victorville. Send word by him to the Talmages to haul your goods at once."

"How far is Box-S Ranch?"

"Eighteen miles."

We turned the burro loose to pick a living with others of his species running free in the mountains; and at 1 o'clock we had picked the last scrap of meat from the bones of that ill-fated widgeon and were in the saddles for Box-S Ranch.

It was a long, cold trip down steep grades slippery with snow, which balled on the ponies' feet and made traveling slow and precarious. We reached Box-S, an old landmark on the Mojave Desert, just at dark.

While I was helping the heir of the rancho to make our stock comfortable for the night a machine passed, bound for Victorville, twenty-six miles to the west. We hailed the driver and by him sent a message to Talmage Brothers to get the goods, and load up to six-horse capacity with baled hay. So that was off my mind.

At dinner in the ranch-house I learned that I had a cousin living a mile and a half from there. I knew this cousin was homesteading in a place called Lucerne Valley, but had not known where Lucerne Valley was, and was until then unaware that we were in this valley.

So next morning we called on Cousin.

Now, I was again suffering with writer's cramp—that financial cramp I mentioned earlier in my tale. There had been debts to settle before leaving Los Angeles, supplies to buy, freight to pay, etc. I think I had left of that wondrous \$211 some \$30. I didn't know whether I would have enough to pay the Talmages for that hay and the six-horse hauling. I didn't know the Talmages from Adam. I had taken a chance on having enough, that was all. So when Cousin suggested that we find an empty cabin and camp on the desert till the snow was out of the mountains I jumped at the idea. The hauling to that point would be much less than for the load to continue on up the steep grades to Doble.

Cousin owned a Ford. You know what a Ford is—something like an automobile. In it we scoured the desert and at last found a cabin which was unlocked. Cousin said he knew the owner—a man who had proved up on his claim and was now in Victorville waiting for the more progressive settlers of the valley to develop their land, and thus increase the value of his without any effort on his part. Cousin said we would be welcome to use the cabin as long as we cared to.

In the end we drove to Victorville that night in the machine, saw the owner of the cabin, and countermanded the Talmage order. Cousin had a team, and offered to haul the things. I knew he needed the money, and perhaps thought I had it; but what's a cousin for if not to wait till a

fellow sells another story for pay for such trivial services?

We returned to the mountains next day, roped the burro, and brought him down. And the following day we moved, bag and baggage, into the cabin on the desert, and stored my hay and provisions in the little cellar underneath. Soon my typewriter was staked out, and I was at work on yarns which were destined later to smooth out some of the ruts that were still ahead of us.

I have presumed everybody knows that a homesteader is allowed six months after filing in which to establish residence on his claim. It was now about the 5th of December. I had filed September 26. We still had until March 26 to get onto the land. We were only about sixteen miles from it. It seemed that nothing other than financial difficulties could keep us back. So I settled down to write and dig greasewood roots for fuel till March 15, when we should break camp and wend peacefully to our new home.

But up in the mountains it began to snow again. The long range stretched before us over the level desert to the southward. And farther and farther down crept the blanket of white.

"You'll not get up there and build a cabin before the 26th of March," the old-timers prophesied. And they were right.

But, unperturbed, I kept on with pencil and typewriter. Our adventures had given me much fresh material to work on. I struck a streak, as I call it, and stories grew fast under my hand.

Then, as the months passed, they began to sell, one by one. I bought a cabin, which my wife and I wrecked, intending to have it hauled up when we went. I ordered \$150 worth of groceries, calculated to last us till fall, to be hauled from Victorville.

But still I continued to snow in the mountains.

By March 10 I was fully convinced that no loads such as we now would have could get into the mountains before March 26. So on the 10th we rode on horseback to Victorville, and, before a notary public made application to the Land Office for a three months' extension of time. This went to Washington, and we did not hear of it's being approved and granted until long after we were settled on our land. But it forestalled any attempt at contesting our claim for failure to establish residence in time.

In the middle of April I rode up into the mountains. The snow had melted, and the weather was like summer. I returned to the desert cabin, and we began our preparation for departure.

April 26 we were away, arriving on the land with one load of goods—our household things and a few supplies—at dusk. A cold wind was blowing off the lake, which chilled to the bone. Quite different from my last trip up. We camped and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and the next day our teamster returned for the lumber.

That day I contracted a terrible toothache. And about noon it grew bitterly cold and began to snow. We hadn't the ghost of a shelter till the cabin should arrive. I have suffered some pain, but never before anything like that toothache. There was no place to go to get warm, and the torture increased with the ever-increasing cold.

From April 26 till May 5 it snowed and rained and blew by turns. And that tooth kept steadily on the job. But the weather did not daunt that indomitable teamster I had engaged. He himself was a homesteader, and he said he "knew how it was." His four weary animals fought the storm and within four more days had brought in our remaining two loads.

When the cabin lumber came we threw up a lean-to, using the two-by-fours for props and the long twelve-inch stuff for roof. This kept out a great deal of snow and wind, but we had to hug the rusting stove constantly. And our \$150 worth of groceries out, unprotected, in the storm! And, oh, that tooth!

One day it cleared. Immediately we went to laying the floor of the cabin. We got the joists down and spiked in place, but had no time to nail on the flooring before it began snowing again, harder than ever. Our ponies and the burro, though blanketed, were suffering from the cold west wind blowing a gale over the lake. So we took the rolls of tar paper destined for roofing and nailed them to the frame of the floor, already laid. Then we hoisted this up against the wind and let our animals stand behind it. And thus we lived like cave man and cave woman till the storm had passed, packing our wood and water on the

willing burro, the latter from the lake a quarter of a mile away.

With the passing of the storm accomodatingly went my toothache. Bright days followed. We built our cabin and moved in, and we had a home which we felt that we had won.

We have been here now seven months, and again winter is upon us. The ground, as I write, is white with snow. But our little cabin, lined with old tenting, is warm and cozy, and our heavy Navajo rugs lend a touch of brightness as well as a hand to keep Father Winter in his place. We have bought and built a small stable and a tool shed. The ponies are comfortable, with five tons of native hay stacked just out of their reach. We have started the fencing of a pasture down by the lake, and about ten acres immediately surrounding the cabin are fenced. We have dug by hand forty-five feet of well, striking seepage water at thirty-four feet—enough to supply us through the winter. Next spring we shall dig on down to lake level, and no doubt obtain a good flow. In the cave that we have dug and covered with slabs and earth is stored \$165 worth of groceries for the winter. Ten loads of pinon pine are piled close to the tent door. The lake is black with wild ducks. The magazine publishers seem convinced that this country will hang together in spite of Europe's folly. We have cleared only about three acres of land. The well took most of our spare time. We have seeded a little wheat to get grain for chickens next summer, and have had a garden plot plowed.

This is all we have accomplished in seven months. So little, compared with the great works we had planned! Any way you take it, though, we live the free, untrammelled existence of the mountains, and we have only pity for the poor city dwellers who spend their uninteresting lives in the same old, every day narrow groove of common-placeness. Things happen to us. If they don't, we make 'em. And this means life.

The only thing I have raised so far is a crop of whiskers, the pride of my existence. But next year—just wait!

## Clever Fat Men.

[Tit Bits:] It is frequently averred that fat is deadening to the brain, and consequently a foe to intellectual activity. But is this so? Some of the greatest men the world has ever known were plump even to obesity. Napoleon was decidedly rotund. Dr. Johnson was fleshy even to flabbiness. So was his biological shadow, Boswell.

The world and an overcoat, it is said, could hardly contain the glory of Victor Hugo's frame. And the embonpoint of the author of "Les Miserables" was most richly deserved, for his plate was a conglomeration of veal cutlets, lima beans and oil roast beef and tomato sauce, omelets, milk and vinegar, mustard and cheese, which he swallowed rapidly and in immense quantities, washing down the whole with huge draughts of coffee.

Rossini, the celebrated Italian composer of operatic music, had not been able to see his feet for six years ere his death. He has been described as a "hippopotamus in trousers," and yet his enormous bulk did not prevent him giving to the musical world such operatic treasures as "The Barber of Seville," "William Tell" and "La Gazza Ladra."

Jules Gabriel Janin, eminent as a French dramatic critic and a most prolific writer, would have broken down any twentieth-century sofa on which he might have happened to sit. Then, take the passionate Alexandre Dumas, author of "The Three Musketeers," "Monte Cristo" and a host of other famous works. He could eat three beefsteaks where any other man ate one.

The most fertile of all French romancers, Balzac, is said to have looked more like a hoghead than a man. Three ordinary persons, stretching hands, could hardly reach around his waist.

## When the Earth Was Young.

[Indianapolis News:] Borings made by the Central Pacific Railroad in 1881 in search of water, near Huxley, Nev., encountered at a depth of 1700 feet a bed of petrified clams, and at 1900 feet a quantity of redwood timber in a remarkable state of preservation.

## Old-fashioned.

[Life:] "She's an old-fashioned girl, isn't she?" "Dear me, yes! She had on a frock at least six months old."

## The Old Sea Clock.

METHODS BY WHICH TIME WAS MEASURED IN EARLY DAYS.

BY EDWIN TARRISSE.

Clocks came into use in Europe during the thirteenth century. There is evidence to show that they were employed at a much earlier period than that, although it is probable for the most part that they were regarded as mere curiosities. The first form was that of the "balance clock," the construction of which rendered it impracticable for use at sea. Its movements were irregular and its utility was nullified by the rocking motion of the vessels.

Huygens had used pendulums for the regulation of clocks on shore so early as 1656, and in 1675 his application of spiral springs as regulators of watches made them in a measure available for use at sea; but the fact remains that the real introduction of timekeepers, whereby standard time could be carried to any part of the world, and longitude, as well, be determined, came at so late a period as the eighteenth century, with the inventions of John Harrison. The rise of modern navigation may be dated from the improvement of the sextant in 1731 and the invention of the chronometer in 1735.

With the chronometer of today, and the ingenious instruments on board every ship, there is now no difficulty in ascertaining the time, and, consequently, the longitude.

But such was not always the case. On the vessels of the old days, before the inventions referred to, and when only the crudest sextants were known, seamen frequently had recourse to curiously clumsy devices. These, nevertheless, saved the mariner from chaos and destruction; and, even though he could not name the hour with any degree of certainty, and was often mixed as to his longitude, he at least knew the day of the week—no small comfort on the high seas.

Eclipses of the moons and positions of the stars afforded some assistance to the old-time skipper. He was, however, greatly handicapped by his lack of astronomical knowledge and the inferior quality of his "spyglass." Moreover, eclipses could not be arranged for every night in the week, and there were dark nights when the stars could not be seen.

A popular form of sea clock in the old days was the sand-glass. Many of these glasses were timed to run twenty-four hours, and, prior to the departure from port, the ship's glass was set at exactly noon. If it were carefully watched and turned as soon as the sand ran down, the skipper could reckon the days with a fair degree of accuracy.

Side by side with the large glass were placed half-hour and minute glasses. The man at the helm carefully watched this sea clock and announced the time at regular intervals by striking a bell. It was customary to estimate the duration of any incident by so many glasses. "To flog the glass" was an operation very congenial to lazy seamen. It consisted in turning the glass before all the sand had run down, so that the watch was appreciably shortened.

The twenty-four-hour glass was even employed, aside from keeping a rough account of time, for the purpose of estimating longitude. The difference between the twenty-four-hour glass and the time by the sun was estimated; and this difference was held to represent the longitude east or west, according as the sun's time might be before or after the "time" returned by the glass.

"Taking the sun" was a queer operation in the old days. Clumsy quadrants and sextants were utilized. Toward midday the captain appeared on deck to perform his solemn function. After much screwing of eyes and wagging of the quadrant, the master would bawl out to the mate, "Make it bells!"

## Disillusionment.

The child will weep  
By fate rebuffed  
To find the doll  
With sawdust stuffed.

The dreamer mourns  
That he was bluffed  
To find most men  
With gold dust stuffed.

The saint will mourn  
Ideals scuffed  
When heaven proves  
With stardust stuffed.

—[McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.



THE last light had blinked out in aud-  
torium and foyer; the last echo of  
speech and laughter had died away  
and the house lay in that dark silence  
which befalls the end of another day. On  
the stage, the last of the audience  
was making up. The touch brought her erect  
for her. There had been a ray party in her  
hat and again as her dressing table. There was  
a new chain of vanderbilt theaters—and  
ing to the washstand drew some water in  
the western management foreboding. Mechanically she rose and so-  
colored powder blushed in the light, ominous.

# THE MYSTERIOUS SECRET OF THE GODS.

Elixir of Life. By Harold H. Scott.

Saturday, January 22, 1916.]

Los Angeles Times

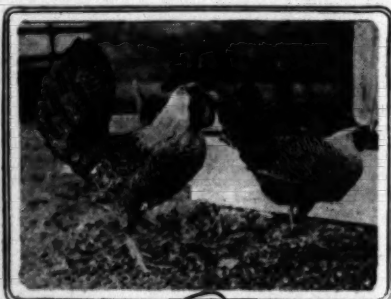
## WHITE LEGHORNS WIN AT SAN DEIGO.

Campines in California. Henry W. Kruckeberg.

### An Old Breed Revived.

**A** MONG old breeds that have been re-discovered none have commanded more attention, nor given wider evidence of economic values, than the Silver and Golden Campines. Imported from Belgium into England and the United States, they soon gave evidence of good laying qualities, while in the matter of type and color of plumage the breed has been much improved by the fanciers of both countries. The breed takes its name from the fact that it is largely bred in the Campine district—a dry, sandy plain lying between Antwerp and Hasselt, in the provinces of Antwerp and Linburg, where prevailing conditions render activity an essential to any breed, as forage is quite apt to be scant. Allowing for this, it is no wonder that the Campine suggests the Leghorn in type; that it is an alert, active bird; that it is a comparatively small breed; and that its maintenance is one of low cost in comparison to some of the larger breeds.

The Campines are rated as hardy, small eaters, good foragers (and yet not averse to confinement,) rapid growers, and splendid layers of good-sized eggs, those of adult hens



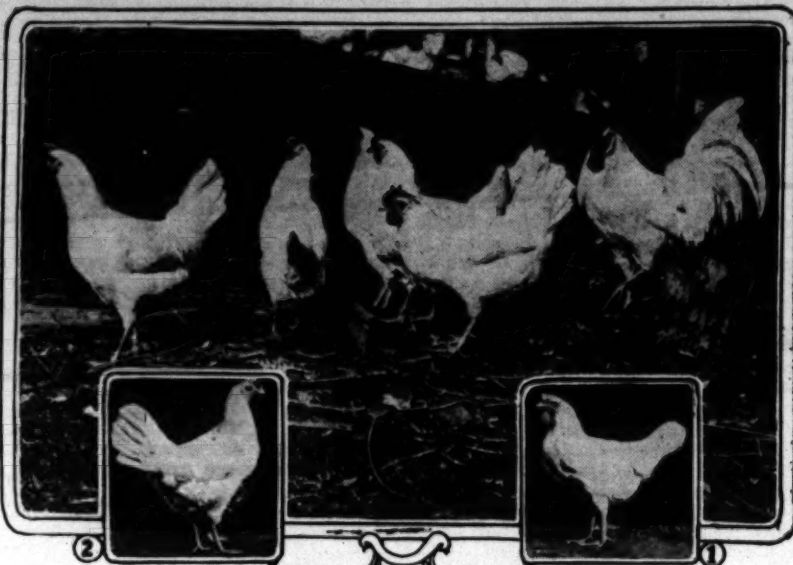
First Silver Campine cock and hen, Los Angeles show, 1916, bred and owned by B. F. Hance, Glendale.

going two ounces each. The carriage is proud, and the color scheme in plumage one of the most beautiful of all our domesticated fowl.

In this section the Campine seems to find ideal conditions, its acclimatization being easy, and its introduction among fanciers and breeders quite rapid. At late shows throughout the State, both the Silvers and the Golden have been pronounced features. Its permanency in the industry and still wider dissemination is assured. Being of the egg breeds it naturally takes its place along with the other breeds constituting the Mediterranean class.

### White Leghorns Win Again.

During the past year there has been going on an egg-laying contest at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, which has only just closed and the record made public. In this contest there were six pens, each consisting of six females and a male, representing six different breeds, consisting of Buff Minorcas, with a record of 791 eggs; R. I. Reds, 961; Buff Orpingtons, 974; Barred Rocks, 1058; White Wyandottes, 1064; and S. C. White Leghorns, 1095. On the whole, this is certainly a splendid performance, and is highly creditable to all the breeds represented, and especially those whose record runs into four figures. In a previous number of The Illustrated Times Weekly we referred to this contest, calling attention to the conditions, and especially the feeding rations, under which it was carried on. We return to the subject again at this time in order to afford our readers information touching the winning pen of White Leghorns, the property of C. H. Hosford, an experienced breeder of Riverside and the owner of the Magnolia Poultry Farm. The illustration shows this pen as it appeared soon after reaching home at the close of the contest, and most of the birds had not fully recovered from the moult. No. 1 is a picture of one of the grandmothers of the present flock from which the winning pen in the contest was picked. This hen has a trap-nest record of 219 eggs in a year and also took second prize at the Riverside poultry show in 1912. No. 2 is another grandmother of the present flock and



Upper seven, winning pen S. C. White Leghorns in the Panama-California egg-laying contest at San Diego. Nos. 1 and 2, heavy layers of the same strain. Bred and owned by C. H. Hosford, Riverside, Cal.

has a trap-nest record of 243 eggs in a year. Another hen (not in the contest) bred by this establishment has a trap-nest record of 242 eggs laid during twelve months. Mr. Hosford's aim has been for several years to breed a strain of standard birds, the hens of which will also be profitable layers, and while these exceptional specimens represent the pick of his flocks, it goes without saying that he certainly has evolved a fine strain of birds that meet alike the ambitions of the fanciers as well as the commercial breeder.

### Why Green Feed is Essential.

From a late bulletin of the Department of Agriculture we take the following two suggestive paragraphs:

Green feeds for poultry contain only a small percentage of actual food nutrients, but are important, because of their succulence and bulk, which lighten the grain rations and assist in keeping the birds in good condition. The poultryman should secure a sufficient supply of such feeds to last through the winter months in sections where growing green feeds can not be obtained. When chickens are fattened without the use of milk, green feed helps to keep them in good condition.

Cabbages, mangel wurzels, clover, alfalfa, and sprouted oats are the green feeds commonly used during the winter. Cabbages do not keep as well in ordinary cellars as mangel wurzels, so where both of these feeds are available the cabbages are fed first. They are often suspended, while the mangel wurzels are split and stuck on a nail on the wall of the pen. Clover and alfalfa may be fed as hay, cut into one-half to one inch lengths, or may be bought in the form of meal. Alfalfa meal has a feeding analysis equal to bran, but is not as digestible on account of its larger percentage of fiber. Clover and alfalfa should be cut while slightly immature, if they are to be cured and fed to poultry. The leaves and chaff from such hay are especially adapted for poultry feeding.

### Praise for Sir Hubert.

So high an authority on pure-bred poultry as Franklane L. Sewell, the foremost poultry artist in America, gives much praise to the fine plumage and type of many of the standard breeds grown in California. Especially enthusiastic is he when considering the fine qualities of the California productions in the Mediterranean class. He says:

"They have splendid quality of plumage, which poultry breeders are able to produce in this Pacific Coast climate. The quality of plumage exists abundantly and the special breeding problems have been mastered by leading breeders on the Coast—a fact that is plain to be seen.

"All breeds and varieties of the Mediterranean class seem to thrive. This was noticeable in the Leghorns, Minorcas, Anconas and Campines. On the other hand, the loosely-feathered breeds, especially the

Asiatics, do not appear to thrive quite so well. Cochins are not in particular favor. Yet there are some very good Orpingtons and it is evident that they are decidedly popular. The Buffs and Whites, as produced on the Coast, show numerous good birds.

"Coast poultrymen like the Anconas. This was proved by the birds on display, also by statements made to me by fanciers of the breed.

"You ask about Silver and Golden Campines. It is clear that some of the best stock in the East has been brought to the Coast. For example, the first prize Golden Cockerel was as good in color as any specimen I have handled. He was remarkably clear in hackle, considering his fine body color. His plumage was brilliant and the bird showed that he was well-reared and capably conditioned.

"As before stated this climate appears to be especially adapted to the welfare of the Mediterranean breeds and varieties. These birds like to escape the cold winters of the eastern States. They show this on their own account. In California 'eggs are money' and the Mediterraneans appear to occupy the front rank in egg production."

### Economic Influences in 1914-15.

That prices of feed have an influence on the poultry output is forcibly shown in the annual volume of carcass and eggs in the Petaluma district. When the prices of feeding stuffs advance beyond a certain point there is usually a corresponding decline in egg-production, due to the fact that poultry in such cases fails to remain profitable. The result is that quantities of chickens find their way to the butcher. This was largely true in Southern California about a year ago. Up to 1914, Petaluma had been gaining right along in her output of eggs and poultry, but she fell down that year, the total shipments being only 9,432,333 dozen eggs—a decrease of 1,030,411 dozen from the total of 1913. The output of 1915 redeemed the break of 1914 and made the general result 11,681,134 dozen eggs, which does not include the vast number of eggs used in the hatcheries or in the home incubators, the baby chicks sent away, nor the eggs raised and kept at home. In 1903 the shipment of eggs and poultry in dozens from Petaluma were: Eggs, 3,407,333; poultry, 32,535.

With the return of normal conditions it is fair to assume that the output of poultry products for 1916 will show a healthy increase and a corresponding profit to the industry alike to the commercial poultrymen and the growers of breeding stock and exhibition specimens.

### Pin Feathers and Wing Flights.

Poultry authorities at the Wisconsin and New York experiment stations have learned from several years' trials that while the early moulting hens sometimes do lay a week or two earlier, they also quit laying, as a

rule, from two to three months sooner than the late moulters.

From a Colorado Experiment Station bulletin we learn that a good dusting material is composed of equal parts of fine sand, road dust and sifted ashes. A cupful of kerosene and a handful of sulphur thoroughly mixed with the dust will make the dust bath still more effective. During the rainy season nail an ordinary grocery store box in one corner of the house. Elevate it above the floor so that it will not get filled with straw or litter and put in six or eight inches of dusting material. In dry weather hens will usually find their own dusting place, generally in the shade of trees and shrubs. By keeping the soil spaded up and in fine tilth both hens and plants will thrive.

Anent what has been often said in these columns against the promiscuous introduction of "new" breeds, the following pertinent remarks at the Panama-Pacific show by Judge Robert H. Essex of Canada, is certainly pertinent: "If we keep on we shall have about a thousand different varieties in the Standard of Perfection before long. Meanwhile old and established breeds and varieties need far more attention than they are getting—need many new breeders to do justice by them. If the old and valuable breeds and varieties had been perfected, I should not object as strongly; but to spring so many of these new kinds on us at a time when we need additional help to improve the old and established breeds and varieties, strikes me as being a mistake."

The beginner in poultry culture will do well to bear in mind that the mongrel eats as much, and occupies as much space as the pure-bred. But when it comes to salesmanship, it brings only market price for carcass, while the pure-bred possesses a breeding and exhibition value that is peculiarly its own. These facts tell their own story.

The growing of fine poultry is easily within the means of the average person, and when conducted along intelligent lines is invariably profitable, and also a source of pleasure.

The St. Louis postoffice has published a neat booklet known as the "U. S. Parcel Post Produce List," for distribution in that city to consumers who may desire to purchase butter, eggs and general produce, direct from the farmer, dairyman or poultry raiser, via parcel post. Would not a similar effort on the part of the Los Angeles postoffice be a good thing for this town and section?

### Caught on the Wing.

The poultrymen of the Pomona Valley are a progressive lot, and enjoy an association possessed of initiative and purpose. It proposes to do co-operative buying as well as selling, the idea being for the membership collectively to buy their grain foods this season right from the field during the harvest period. At the meeting held during last week the following officers were chosen: Cornelius G. Ross, president; Henry W. Boone, first vice-president; R. H. Condee, second vice-president; Dr. E. W. Harris, secretary; Carl Tribing, treasurer.

Collapsible poultry coops are the subjects of recent patents. That devised by John C. Bledsoe has sides of wire netting, and that devised by Robert A. Vivins has sides made of runs of rods but does not use any wire netting. Both can be collapsed into compact form when they are to be returned in an empty condition to the shipper.

The American Cornish Club is indeed a growing institution, the memberships totaling over 450. Of this number there is a strong representation from Southern California.

### Staite's Lice Killer Food

A preparation which, when fed to fowls, will rid them of Lice and Mites, keep them in absolute health, prevent disease and increase the egg yield.

### THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD

No Spraying, No Dusting, No Greasing  
"JUST FEED IT TO 'EM, THAT'S ALL."  
Does Not Affect Eggs or Flesh.  
Try this new Lice Killer, it is a wonder.  
Mix in the feed three times a week.

### Aggeler & Musser Seed Co.

115 NORTH MAIN STREET.  
Los Angeles Agents.



# MYSTERIOUS RUIN IN NATIONAL PARK.

Big Find in Mesa Verde. From "Our National Parks."

THE report just submitted to the Secretary of the Interior by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution, who conducted the excavation of last summer in the Mesa Verde National Park, shows that the ruins then unearthed were of extraordinary interest. In fact, Sun Temple, as it has been named, is an altogether new and mysterious type of ruin, the discovery of which Dr. Fewkes calls a service to American archaeology.

The mound which Dr. Fewkes, at the request of the Interior Department, opened last summer lay on a point of the Mesa directly across Cliff Canyon, and opposite the celebrated prehistoric ruin known as Cliff Palace. Stones strewn on its surface had shown signs of having been worked artificially, indicating the character of the masonry of some ancient building undoubtedly buried below. Cedar or piñon trees of great age grew upon the mound. Indications pointed to a building of large size. Dr. Fewkes had reported these facts as long ago as 1909 and it had become his great desire to penetrate the mystery.

During the prosecution of the work last summer nothing reached print, although a ruin of large size and unknown character was rapidly emerging and hundreds of national park tourists visited the spot and listened to Dr. Fewkes's camp-fire talks at night. During the autumn a few hints of the importance of the discovery became public; but the official report, here epitomized, contains the first definite information on the subject.

## Of Entirely New Type.

All his hopes, Dr. Fewkes reports, were realized. "The results of three months' work," he says, "were more striking than had been expected."

"There was brought to light a type of ruin hitherto unknown in the park, and, as was well expressed by a visitor, the building excavated shows the best masonry and is the most mysterious ruin yet discovered in a region rich in so many prehistoric remains. Although at first there was some doubt as to the use of this building, it was early recognized that it was not constructed for habitation, and it is now believed that it was intended for the performance of rites and ceremonies; the first of its type devoted to religious purposes yet recognized in the Southwest."

"The ruin was purposely constructed in a commanding situation in the neighborhood of large inhabited cliff houses. It sets somewhat back from the edge of the canyon, but near enough to present a marked object from all sides, especially the neighboring mesas. It must have presented an imposing appearance rising on top of a point high above inaccessible, perpendicular cliffs. No better place could have been chosen for a religious building in which the inhabitants of many cliff dwellings could gather and together perform their great ceremonial dramas."

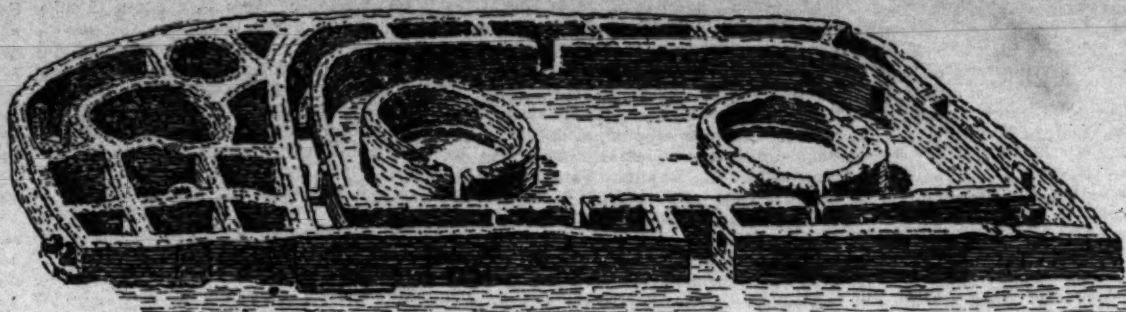
The ruin has the form of the letter "D." The building is in two sections, the larger of which, taken separately, is also D-shaped. This is considered the original building. The addition enlarging it is regarded as an annex. The south wall, which is straight and includes both the original building and the annex, is 121.7 feet long. The ruin is sixty-four feet wide.

## Sacred Rooms and Others

There are about 1000 feet of walls in the whole building. These walls average four feet in thickness, and are double, inclosing a central core of rubble and adobe. They are uniformly well made.

"The rooms in this building," continues the report, "vary in form and type, one kind being circular, the other rectangular. The former are identified as kivas, or sacred rooms; the purpose of the latter is unknown. There are two circular rooms or kivas of about equal size in the original building, and a third occupies the center of the annex."

"There are twenty-three other rooms, fourteen of which are in the original building, the walls of which are parallel; several curved, others straight. Three of the former had entrances from the roofs, four had lateral doors into the plaza, and the remainder are arranged in two series, the members of which communicate with each other."



Prehistoric Sun Temple discovered under a mound in the Mesa Verde National Park.

None of the rooms of the annex have lateral doorways.

"Not a single room, either of circular or rectangular form, shows any signs of plastering, but all joints between stones, from the bottom to the top, are carefully pointed with adobe and generally chinked with stones. The impression of human fingers and palms of small hands of the workmen, probably women, still show in the clay mortar."

"The principle of the arch was unknown, but the corners were practically perpendicular, implying the use of a plumb bob. The curved walls are among the best in the ruin."

## New Light on Pueblo Culture.

Outside the main building is a circular building with walls four feet thick which closely resembles the base of a tower. This was probably intended, like the "tower" in Cliff Palace, for ceremonial rites.

One of the most interesting features is the embellishment of the walls by geometrical figures cut in their surfaces—a rare form of decoration. Several stones with incised figures were set in the walls. Generally, the designs are geometric, but there are others, including the figure of a ladder leaning against a wall, turkey tracks, and the conventional sign for flowing water.

"The importance of these incised figures on stones set in walls," says the report, "lies in the fact that they seem to indicate an advance in architectural decoration not represented in other prehistoric buildings in the Southwest. They may be regarded as first steps in mural sculpture, a form of decoration that reached such an advanced stage in old ruins in Mexico and Central America. Each figure may have had a special meaning or symbolic significance connected with the room in which it occurs, but they seem to me to have been introduced rather for ornament or decorative effect."

"Their existence would certainly imply that it was not intended to plaster the walls over them, and I think there is a reason to believe they were cut on the stones before they were laid. One or two similarly incised stones have been reported from walls of the Mesa Verde cliff houses, where, however, their existence is very rare."

## Mystery of the Fossil Palm Leaf.

"The fine masonry, the decorated stones that occur in it, and the unity of plan stamp Sun Temple as the highest example of Mesa Verde architecture."

The walls were constructed of the sandstone of the neighborhood. Many stone hammers and pecking stones were found in the neighborhood.

One of the most remarkable features of the structure is a stone fossil set in the outer wall near the southwest corner. Mr. F. H. Knowlton, of the United States National Museum, has identified this as the fossil leaf of a palm tree of the Cretaceous epoch. The point is that the rayed leaf resembled the sun, and the ancient races were sun worshippers. A natural object resembling the sun would powerfully affect a primitive mind.

"At all events," says Dr. Fewkes, "they have partially inclosed this emblem with walls in such a way as to inclose the figure on three sides, leaving the inclosure open on the fourth or west side. There can be no doubt that the walled inclosure was a shrine, and the figure in it may be a key to the purpose of the building. The shape of the figure on the rock suggests a symbol of the sun, and if this suggestion be correct, there can hardly be a doubt that solar rites were performed about it."

## Mystery of the Temple's Age.

Naturally the two first questions asked about this structure concern its age and its uses. Both are mysteries.

"It is impossible," says the report, "to tell when Sun Temple was begun or how long it took for its construction or when it was deserted. There are indications that its walls were never completed, and from the amount of fallen stones there can hardly be a doubt that when it was abandoned they had been carried up in some places at least six feet above their present level. The top of the wall had been worn down at any rate six feet in the interval between the time it was abandoned and the date of my excavation of the mound. No one can tell the length of this interval in years."

"We have, however, knowledge of the lapse of time because the mound had accumulated enough soil on its surface to support growth of large trees. Near the summit of the highest wall in the annex there grew a juniper or red cedar of great antiquity, alive and vigorous when I began work. This tree undoubtedly sprouted after the desertion of the building and grew after a mound had developed from fallen walls. Its roots penetrated into the adjacent rooms and derived nourishment from the soil filling them."

## May Have Been Built About 1300 A.D.

"Necessarily when these roots were cut off, thereby killing the tree, I was obliged to fell it, but the stump remains, cut off about a foot above the ground. A section of this tree at that point was found by Mr. Gordon Parker, supervisor of Montezuma National Forest, to have 360 annual rings; its heart is decayed, but its size suggests other rings, and that a few more years can be added to its age."

"It is not improbable that this tree began to grow on the top of the Sun Temple mound shortly after the year 1540, when Coronado first entered New Mexico, but how great an interval elapsed during which the walls fell to form the mound in which it grew and how much earlier the foundations of the ruined walls were laid no one can tell. A conservative guess of 250 years is allowable for the interval between construction and the time the cedar began to sprout, thus carrying the antiquity of the Sun Temple back to about 1300 A.D."

"From absence of data, the relative age of Sun Temple and Cliff Palace is equally obscure, but it is my firm conviction that the former was later, mainly because it showed unmistakable evidences of a higher sociological condition of the builders; but here again we enter a realm of speculation, which, while it adds to the mystery of the building, is beyond our knowledge."

## The Mystery of Its Purpose.

"Many theories have been advanced to explain the purpose of this structure, but most of these can be eliminated without difficulty. The theory that it was a prison, a Spanish mission, a theater, may be dismissed without serious consideration."

"The position of the ruin has led several visitors to suggest that the building was constructed for a fortification—defense against hostile invaders. This theory is not a fanciful one, but, while it might have been constructed in part for this purpose, protection from foes was only a secondary consideration. The care given to its construction, its shape and size, absence of portholes, and height of walls are not such as we would expect in a fort."

"There is no good evidence supporting the theory that it was erected to serve as a habitation. The rooms have not a form adapted

for any such utilitarian purpose. They are destitute of windows, and it was not intended to plaster their walls, as the incised stones clearly indicate; there are no evidences of fireplaces, no smoked walls, no ashes or charcoal, no metates for grinding corn, no piles of debris, such as are usually formed about a habitation. Few household implements, such as bowls and baskets, were found. There were no burials, no animal bones, remnants of former feasts."

"While it is not impossible that it might have been intended to later add an upper story for dwellings, attention may be called to the fact that, although some of the rooms have walls about twelve feet high, they show no evidence of floor beams or holes for their insertion. The lower rooms were too high for dwellings, for a dwelling room over six feet from floor to ceiling is anomalous in cliff houses or pueblos."

## The Argument That Counts.

"The argument that appeals most strongly to my mind supporting the theory that Sun Temple was a ceremonial building is the unity shown in its construction. A preconceived plan existed in the mind of the builders before they began work on the main building. Sun Temple was not constructed haphazard nor was its form due to addition of one clan after another, each adding rooms to a pre-existing nucleus. There is no indication of patching one building to another, so evident at Cliff Palace and other large cliff dwellings. The construction of the recess in the south wall situated exactly, to an inch, midway in its length, shows it was planned from the beginning."

"We can hardly believe that one clan could have been numerous enough to construct a house so large and massive. Its walls are too extensive; the work of dressing the stones too great. Those who made it must have belonged to several clans fused together, and if they united for this common work, they were in a higher state of sociological development than a loosely connected population of a cliff dwelling."

"In primitive society only one purpose could have united the several clans who built such a structure, and this purpose must have been a religious one. This building was constructed for worship, and its size is such that we may practically call it a temple."

## A Temple for Sun Worship.

"On the theory that it was intended for that purpose, we can easily interpret one or two facts that otherwise are without significance. The shrine at its southwest corner stone is worthy of notice in this connection. It bears on its floor a symbol resembling the sun, which implies complex ceremonies."

"No one doubts that the three massive, circular-walled rooms, two in the main plaza and one in the annex, are religious rooms, and a glance at the ground plan shows they are prominent architectural features. They show from their prominence that whatever theory of the use of the Sun Temple we adopt we must not overlook the ceremonial object. The existence of many rooms entered from the roofs and the absence of external doors in all implies secrecy. The mysteries here performed were not open to all; only the initiated could enter."

"Comment has already been made on the fact that practically no household implements were found in the rooms, which has been interpreted to mean that the building was never finished. It also signifies that the workmen did not live in or near by during construction; the question is pertinent: Where did they live?"

## Theories

"On the theory that this was erected by







# MYSTERIOUS RUIN IN NATIONAL PARK.

## Big Find in Mesa Verde. From "Our National Parks."

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 23, 1916.

people from several neighboring cliff dwellings for ceremonies held in common, we may suppose that the builders came daily from their dwellings in Cliff Palace and other houses, and returned at night, after they had finished work, to their homes. The trails down the sides of the cliffs which the workmen used are still to be seen. The place was frequented by many people, but there is no evidence that any one clan dwelt near this mysterious building during its construction.

"Other questions arise: Was Sun Temple constructed by an intrusive people of different stock from that of Cliff Palace? Is it the work of a migratory band that entered the region from the valleys surrounding Mesa Verde, or was it built by an alien people not closely allied to those of Cliff Palace, but more like Pueblos of New Mexico? The difference between the architecture of Sun Temple and that of the neighboring cliff dwellings and its similarity in form to some of the ruins in the Chaco Canyon, N. M., would seem to lend support to the theory that the builders were aliens, or culturally different from cliff dwellers.

"This theory seems to me untenable, for where did these incoming aliens live while building it? How could they work there unmolested?"

### The Mystery of the Builders.

"The argument that cliff dwellers in the

neighborhood built Sun Temple and that incoming aliens had nothing to do with its construction seems to me very strong. The architectural differences between it and Cliff Palace are not objections, for the architectural form of Sun Temple may be regarded as a repetition, in the open, of a form of building that developed in a cliff house; the rounded north wall conforms with the rear of a cave and the straight south wall reproduces the front of a cliff dwelling. The recess midway in the south wall of Sun Temple could be likened without forcing the comparison to a similar recess which occurs at the main entrance into Cliff Palace.

"Sun Temple was not built by an alien people but by the cliff dwellers as a specialized building mainly for religious purposes, and, so far as known, is the first of its type recognized in the Mesa Verde area.

"I am confident that the group of mounds around a circular pueblo, now called a reservoir and known as Mummy Lake, and the great mounds near it, will furnish a key to unlock this mystery, for these show evidences of having been inhabited, and if their ground plans resemble that of Sun Temple they must be akin to it."

Dr. Fewkes took special pains to protect the walls from the action of ice and frost by covering the upper surfaces with small stones, over which he laid a roof of adobe, and over all a cap of Portland cement, into which he set a series of stepping stones for visitors who desire to walk on top.

In this connection he makes this significant statement:

"Too strong language can not be used in depreciation of the butchering of architectural features of our southwestern ruins by pot hunters, either private individuals for gain or representatives of institutions under the name of scientific research."

Mesa Verde National Park as a Mecca.

This remarkable discovery marks, in his opinion, merely the beginning of a still more remarkable development.

"The Mesa Verde," he says, "is unique in its educational importance. It is destined ultimately to be a mecca for all students of the prehistory of the Southwest and an object lesson to all visitors who wish to see the best preserved buildings of pre-Columbian times in our country. It is self-evident that the excavation and repair of all the ruins in this park can not be accomplished in a few years, even were it desirable to attempt it; the work means many years of arduous devotion, intelligently directed, and a large sum of money. It is desirable to open up these precious remains of antiquity carefully, following a definite plan, availing ourselves of methods acquired by experience. The work should be done with care, and it will be an additional attraction if visitors can see how the work is done.

"Three good representations of the type of ruins called cliff dwellings have already been excavated and repaired, viz., Cliff Palace,

Spruce Tree House, and Balcony House, to which I have this year added another of the same type, viz., Oak Tree (Willow) House.

"Although we have always thought of the ruins of the Mesa Verde as cliff dwellings, the work this summer has greatly broadened our ideas of the architecture, and hence the culture, of the aborigines of Mesa Verde.

Nine More Mounds.

"There has been brought to light a new type, which is a new attraction and adds a new zest to the study. Two or possibly three other types await the shovel and pick of the explorer pleading for their turn. The great mounds near Mummy Lake, which itself is a new type of ruin, should be excavated and repaired.

"Work on the group will reveal important architectural features and add much to our scientific information. The Mummy Lake cluster of mounds lies on the main road from Mancos, Colo., to Spruce Tree House, and with this advantageous position work here will from its inception arrest the attention of visitors and increase interest in the park.

"But excavation and repair of the nine large mounds in the Mummy Lake cluster will be a work of greater magnitude than any in this line yet undertaken on the park."

Dr. Fewkes constructed an automobile road around Sun Temple so as to give free access. Many cars were run to the spot last year and made a road for themselves up to the road he constructed.

## Following the Trail of Tomorrow. Arrow of the Desert.

BY AMATA ABIAH DUNNING.

THE MISSION bells of San Luigo rang out clear and bold; but who was there to hear them? Father Kent looked across the parched and neglected fields and tears filled his eyes. Gone were the glories of the past when Indian converts gathered about in endless numbers and Spanish conquistadores filled the land with romance.

With a quick and silent step, an Indian, bronzed and wiry, swung around the corner and stood speechless in the glowing light of sundown.

"Well, Kanelo," asked the aged priest in a melancholy tone, "what is it?"

"Father, you have taught me to read, to write, and to think."

"More than that, son. Have I not taught you the salvation of the soul?"

"Yes—and did you not baptize and name me?"

"I have been the only priest in this vicinity for more than forty years."

"You have records?"

The old man nodded and a questioning look flickered in his keen gray eyes.

"I would see them."

"Impossible; they are the secrets of the church. Come," he reminded, "it is past sundown and the goats are out. I hear the coyotes barking in the distance. Begone to your work."

The young Indian sprang to the side of the priest and raised his hand in anger.

"Lower thy hand, son, no one strikes a priest."

"Father—forgive me," and a look of shame overspread his face. "I wish to know the secret of my birth."

"Secret—is there one?"

"Mother Maria, an old Indian wine maker."

"Troublesome old woman," muttered the priest. "I sent her hence years ago. What ill-fated day crossed her path with yours?"

"Even an Indian has a father and a mother. You have taught me to think—and now you forbid me to do so."

"You misunderstand me. I ask that you think only of your soul and of our work here at the mission."

The Indian did not answer. The priest looked upon him with tenderness and noted his discontent. Their eyes met in a mutual steadfast gaze that went deep into the heart of each.

"Kanelo," the Father spoke slowly, "I am going to break a promise made to your mother and tell you of your own people. Your father was a white man and—"

"A white man!" with a cry of rage the Indian repeated the words and leaped into the air. "Why, then, did he not give me a white skin rather than the curse of a red one?"

"Calm yourself, and listen to my words. Your father was a trapper and your mother

a Kaliwa Indian. He came down the Colorado River headed for the plains of San Felipe. The little village of Trinidad was ablaze with Indian festivities when he came riding by. The white man was welcomed and a few hours later he slipped out of camp taking with him a beautiful girl whose marriage would have been celebrated on the morrow."

"And did her people not follow?"

"Yes, but whisky is the undoing of the savage. By the time they awakened the runaways were well on the trail."

"You have taught me the ways of my pale-faced father. My Indian mother loved a white man and now her half-Indian son loves a white woman."

"No, son, she never loved him."

"No?"

"And she died of a broken heart."

"My mother," breathed Kanelo. "Tell me more."

"Your father married her at the San Telmo mission. Later she fell ill and he abandoned her on the desert of San Felipe. I found the two of you and brought you here. She soon grieved herself to death. Ah, my boy, this crossing of the races brings naught but sorrow and despair."

"What became of my father?"

"I had hoped you would not ask. He feared the Kaliwas and married her thinking that would save him. When they learned of the desertion they hunted him down and a coyote would have fared better at their hands."

The young man moaned and his strong features were distorted with suffering. He hung his head in shame.

"A white man may love an Indian woman," his voice vibrated with emotion, "but a white woman never loves an Indian man. Curses on the race which produces such as I!"

"My boy, I had hoped that you would some time wear the robe of brotherhood, but—go to your people to the north of here. It is many miles—but go. Choose an Indian maid and bring her here. A wife will turn the current of your thought and cure the madness which now tears your heart. The blessing of the church goes with you."

It was summer time in the vale of the Trinidad and the descendants of the ancient Kaliwas were gathered in merry-making. Broken were all tribal ties and the pure blood of centuries past was weakened and degenerated by that of the alien, but enough remained to magnetize into one group the few who remembered the customs of their forefathers.

Kanelo stood apart and refused to dance. They were his people and to please Father Kent he had come among them. He looked for the first time upon his own kin and felt a great chasm yawning between. Their slovenly appearance and methods of exist-

ence repulsed him. The girls were passable but the mothers—lazy, gossip, unclean creatures and just such would the daughters become when the bloom of youth had fled. He would have none of them because Father Kent had taught him to clean his teeth and brush his hair.

Kanelo, as a cultured Indian, stood alone, a mongrel product of his time, a white man's heart and an Indian's body, the brain of the one lifting him up and the tendency of the other holding him down. He loathed his own people as the white race loathed him. The good mission Father, in his kindness, could not take the curse of the half-breed from off his shoulders.

The unhappy half-Indian watched his chance and slipped away from the camp of the Kaliwas. He turned his back on his mother's people and faced the desert. Swift as the arrow unto which he had been likened, he shot out into the night and was soon lost in the sheltering gloom.

The July sun, like a ball of fire, hung low in the western sky. The hot sands scorched the feet of Kanelo and the next waterhole was several miles beyond. He sank down beside a giant cactus and closed his eyes.

From out the mystic silence of the desert loneliness there came a sound which brought him to his feet with all the primitive alertness of his nature. The howl of the coyote, the cry of the wild cat, the muffled jump of the rabbit, the hiss of the reptile—all such sounds he understood and could name before the first note died away. He listened—it came again and he knew it to be the crazed moaning of white men lost in the burning wilderness.

The instinct of the savage led him to the spot and he looked down into the blood-shot eyes of the white girl who had unconsciously made him realize the difference that existed between her race and his. He knelt at her side and raised his water carrier to her lips. "No—no, the others first," and she pushed it from her.

"Water—water," moaned her father, holding up his hands in pleading.

Kanelo looked at the supply, scarcely a cupful, and four people dying from the need of it. Calculated the drops and gave the first to the father, who clutched his hands and sobbed words of gratitude. To the aunt next he gave a portion and then turned to Lieut. Rogers, the man who had won the heart of Mariquita. He hesitated to give him the life-saving drops.

"Let him die," he hissed between his teeth.

The white man sensed the hatred of the red one and cringed beneath his burning stare. He summoned all his remaining strength and snatched the water bottle.

"No—no, Mariquita," cried Kanelo, but it was too late. Not a drop remained for the unselfish girl.

The Indian's body quivered with rage and he reached for the white man's throat.

"Oh, spare him, he is crazed with suffering and not responsible for his act." And the girl fell unconscious at his feet.

With a cry of distress Kanelo snatched the modern water carriers from the white man's outfit and disappeared in the gathering dusk. Ten miles to the nearest waterhole and ten back. The Arrow flew over the boundless waste. Mariquita should have water before the midnight moon crossed the cloudless sky.

The Indian had returned and there was water to spare. Even the trusty burros had slaked their thirst. The two men and the aunt were sleeping and Mariquita had regained consciousness.

"Kanelo, where are you?" and the girl groped in the dark.

"Here, Mariquita, what is it?"

"I—I thought we were going to die. I prayed for you and—"

"How came you here?" interrupted the Indian.

"Auntie insisted on visiting the rancho of the Savellos and Mr. Rogers said we could save time by cutting across the desert."

"Stupid," mumbled Kanelo. "No white man can cross these trackless sands in summertime."

"I begged father to send for you to guide us over but he said it was quite unnecessary."

The girl could not see the look of hatred, emotion, cunning and triumph—one after the other, which stole across the face of her dark companion. She trusted him and closed her eyes in rest.

The light of stars was dim but Kanelo continued his task with crafty skill. Into a cup of water he trickled the milky juice of a plant he had gathered on his return from the waterhole.

"Sleep! Sleep!" he whispered into the night air as he placed the cup to the lips of the white men. "Mariquita, too, shall have a drop and when you—men of the white race—waken—"

"Kanelo—another drink, please, and what is that terrible noise—it hurts?" And the voice of Mariquita interrupted his thoughts.

"Tis only the coyote calling to his fellows. Go to sleep, then Indian will keep watch. Tomorrow you will need strength."

"Tomorrow—will there be a tomorrow?" sighed the girl, as drowsiness overcame her.

"A tomorrow? Yes." The voice of the Indian thrilled with happiness. "A new day will dawn for the hated redskin." And he sat down to keep watch and bide his time. A film of events and emotions, like a moving picture passed before his closed eyes. The girl of his dreams lay sleeping near and her keepers were in his power. Many hours would pass before they awakened and then

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)



*The Hate House.* By E. Niall Breene.

"There was little of the Indian about Adrienne unless it was in her lithe, young body. She was tall and straight as a sapling, with big black eyes and wonderful dark hair, a queer, almost transparent complexion and a mouth like the bud of a crimson rose, but what I loved most were her long, white hands—Ah! they were things to dream of. Pretty faces were plentiful in those days, and dainty feet, too, but there were few hands like those of Adrienne. She had a queer little habit of

looked as much alike as brothers, but there the likeness ended, for John McVane was a weak-kneed man and crooked as could be at cards. When I told him that Bob was over in the north pasture and would not be back until late in the afternoon, John frowned a moment and then asked me to deliver a note. I was tempted to refuse, for in those days a man did not write notes. He asked you to tell so and so, and that was all. McVane was already writing the note, however, so I promised to give it to Bob. I put it in the bunk-house and forgot all about it until evening when I was getting ready to go to town. Then suddenly I remembered, and giving it to McVane, I went on to the house to get a note that I was to take to the Señora Ybarra for Adrienne. As I stood on the porch with the vines almost hiding me from view, I saw McVane come out of the bunk-house and go straight to the barn. In a moment he was back again leading his horse. He went into the bunk-house again for a moment and then came out. Springing lightly into the saddle, he rode out to the road, and as he passed I noticed that he wore a heavy frown. Just as he went through the gate, he put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out his long gauntlet gloves. As he did so, a little piece of paper fluttered to the ground. I called to him, but he did not seem to hear.

"I had a letter for Julian, and as I came up the steps leading into the bare white-washed dining-room where he had his desk, I stopped short, for Adrienne was coming toward me. Her eyes were as the senora had said, 'like some wild thing,' and under her arm she had tucked the coat that Julian

"With all these years of strain, Adrienne did not age. She went about her work silently, caring for her flowers, always calm, cool, serene. Only when her eyes rested on old Julian came a flash of anger and that look of undying hatred that robbed her of her grace. She wore black always, and her



Recent Notable Cartoons.

AND THERE'S A NEW CRISIS EVERY DAY



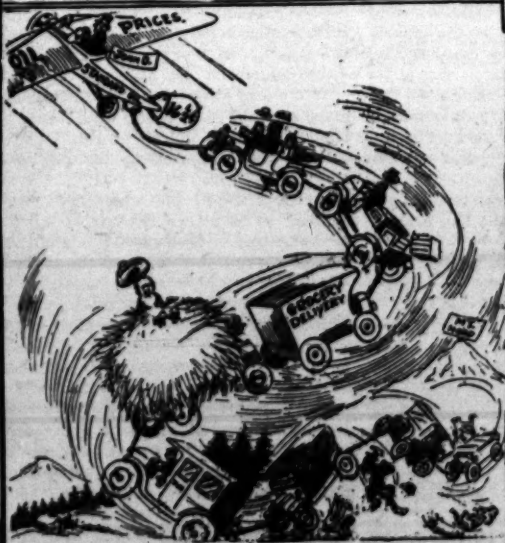
-Oklahoma Times.

HANGING 'ROUND AGAIN.



-Deseret News.

GOING UP!



-Portland Oregonian.

HOW FAR WOULD YOU SAY THEY WOULD GET WITH IT



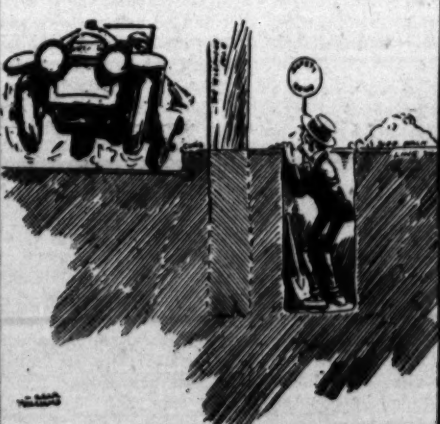
-Des Moines Register and Leader.

"DRILL, YOU BEGGAR. DRILL!"



-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Cross Section Showing Plan to Intrench The Citizen While Waiting for The Car.

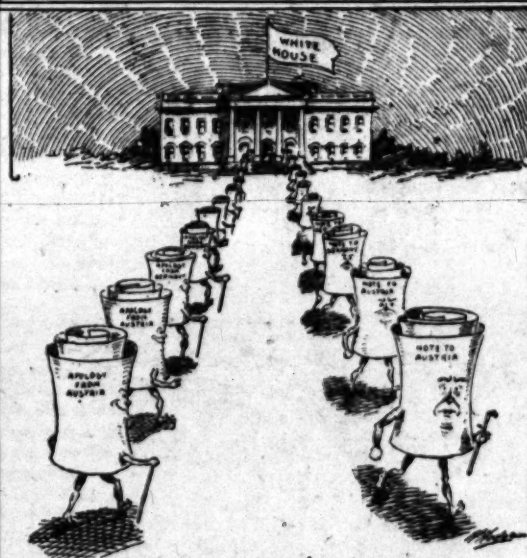


-Indianapolis News.

HOW UNCHRISTIAN!



-Baltimore American.



A continuous performance.

-Sportsman Review.



-Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Los Angeles Times

was about 18. I think he made a steam-  
brack of it. He soaked off on a Mississippi  
River steamer and gambled his way to New  
Orleans, where he soon lost his pile and  
sent home for help. As it happened, there  
wasn't a penny in the house; so Mr. Lew  
had to shift for himself. He finally made  
his way around to New York, and then to  
Boston; and that was the last I heard of  
him until today."

"He told me he came from Bath, Me.," Joe volunteered.

"Likely as not. He probably shipped from there when he came to California. But he doesn't belong anywhere."

Joe thought of Martha's long struggle. His mind pictured her as he had last seen her, strong under the burden of her own suffering, forgetting herself and thinking of the welfare of others. "My best wishes go with you," she had said. What did this portend?

"How did Miss Hamlin get out here?" he asked.

on. "My experience has been that when a man gets to talking that way, he's just about ripe for another risk—don't sputter. This is free information; I'm giving it to you as I pass along."

"You asked about Martha. I don't know how she got out here, I'm sure. I haven't seen her since I lost my wife, over two years ago. I left Ottawa then, and haven't been back since. I heard, though, that she married a lawyer by the name of Woodley, a fine young fellow. I knew him very well."

"Where is he?" Joe asked, forgetting his spleen.

"wonder if—" and he could get no further; for even as he began to speak, Joe turned back; had turned a deaf ear, and hurried onward. In that way the younger man stubbornly fought against the new influence until the companions crossed the ferry and separated at the embarcadero, Pitney to make his preparations to set out for the northern mines, Joe, to seek his friends in the "city."

[To be continued.]

BY FREDERICK HAROLD BEACH.

dear little red ribbon tied on its tail, and makes it rattle for the ladies."

"Ugh!" shuddered the girl, "what a nasty pet!"

The talk drifted on, still about snake (which upon occasion offer as wide a field for imaginative anecdote as fish) until the girl arose.

"But, if I go up the canyon in the morning, I'll look at Tom's snake—from a distance."

"A stunning girl," Merriway admitted.

"Stunning is right!"  
The cynical man of medicine chuckled.  
"The joke being," suggested Claydon  
"that she is now plotting my capture."

"She has to," retorted Merriway, "before some other scheming female stages a touching scene, and——"

"You make me tired! I may be an ass  
a tongue-tied simpleton when it comes to

modern courtship, but I'm primitive enough to insist upon being the pursuer in the game. The girl I marry I'm going to win—not succumb to!"

"Oh, you'll think so," persisted the doctor. "You can trust—er—Miss Enderly, for instance, not to pull off anything so trivial as a sprained ankle, or—"

he minded, he stooped and picked it up, giving it a tug to free its length from the leaves. It snagged somewhere under the brush, gave

gradually, then sprang loose bringing  
light a dangling rectangle of thin wood.  
Half hidden beneath the chaparral a small  
box lay embedded in the soil.

Before he had time to conjecture as to the nature of such a contri-

the box followed by a diamond-marked body. The doctor raised his stick and started a hasty retreat. Then, abruptly, he stopped, lowered his cane and stared

ward him was tied a faded red ribbon.

which it could be released at the pull of a string conveniently placed.

The doctor wheeled. Ralph was at his elbow.

"Crime?" stammered the boy, flushing.

"It's harmless," the doctor hastened to assure him. "It's Tom's old fangless pet."

"This snake! Then you knew that——"

the doctor the dead body of a five-foot diamond-back. His face was pale as he gazed at the snake's crushed head.

his never have dared try to snap him," he said quietly. "I seem to be a bloomin' hero after all."

to you cynical old idiot! So that's why you lied so outrageously just now! Bless you all old heart—I bought Tom's snake and

"I thought that if there was any truth in your theory, it ought to work both ways," murmured Claydon, naively.

of it may come in handy—for a future generation?"

embrace.



## Recent Notable Cartoons.

Saturday, January 22, 1916.]

Los Angeles Times

[Saturday, January 22, 1916.]

## THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL OF EAGLE ROCK.

Della of the Dahlias. By Henry Christeen Warnack.

**D**ELLA BANSHEE, a child of twelve, lived with her parents in a small cove near Eagle Rock, a suburb of lovely Los Angeles. Her father, a kindly invalid about 37 years of age, had been a college professor in the East, but broken health had forced him to seek the softer clime of Southern California, and this picturesque little nest he had selected for his small family because it was within easy reach of his meager means.

After paying for the five acres the place contained, and building a little two-room California house upon it, his resources were exhausted, but by working in the garden through the day and by writing at night, he managed to make enough to keep his wife, his little daughter and himself from actual want.

Mrs. Banshee, like her husband, was a New Englander. She was a frail little lady of thirty, who might have been Della's elder sister, and of a type utterly unfit to cope with the world when the shadow that was over her husband would have finally taken him from her side.

In this environment little Della was growing up, a thoughtful yet happy child with a pensive way about her that made an instant appeal to strangers.

It was the habit of Della's parents to send her into the city about twice a week with a market basket on her arm. She carried to town eggs or choice vegetables and returned with the proceeds invested in household necessities.

One day the child's eyes were surprised and held by a dahlia of great beauty in a show window on South Main street. The dahlia was a combination seed and implement store with a window full of blossoms, placed there for the purpose of advertising the seeds, plants and bulbs.

Little Della was looking with longing at the queenly flower when a clerk in the door noticed the child and inquired if he might serve her. She was fingering some pennies which she held in her open hand and she now eagerly inquired if she might not buy one of the dahlia roots for the money she had. The clerk paused a minute in amusement and was on the point of telling the little girl the value of the tuber when a gentleman, who was a liberal patron of the place, emerged from the store.

John Vandemere had succeeded in life while life was at its best and, although only 40 years of age, he had retired to enjoy his hobbies of golf and gardening. He had built for himself a little castle on a delightful hill near Eagle Rock, which gave him the advantages of the Country Club at Annandale, plenty of room for gardening and a college for his young son, since Occidental lay almost at the foot of his castle hill.

Vandemere's keen eyes were swift to comprehend the little drama being enacted before him, and, quite without Della suspecting anything of the situation, he nodded to the clerk to give her the coveted dahlia root and to charge it to his own account. A minute later the child had departed with her treasure and there was an added drop to her cup of happiness because the clerk had given her not only the root but the blossom as well. Mr. Vandemere was poorer by five dollars in cash but richer for a blessed experience.

That evening as John Vandemere stood on his hilltop to sweep the splendid view with his field glasses, he saw a golden-haired child planting something with love and delight in a tiny corner of an old garden. And the man smiled, not because he recognized the child or remembered her dahlia, but because he, too, was a gardener.

Two years later as the sun was setting on another golden day in California, little Della stole from the tiny vine-clad rustic house with a handkerchief to her eyes and hurried to confide her grief among the many stately dahlias, now blooming in the corner where she had planted the one root which she had brought home with such triumph in what now seemed the long ago.

Inside the cot, her gentle father slept, and, child though she was, she knew what it meant that never again would he stand at the garden gate to welcome her return in the evening as she came swinging through the lane of pines, her market basket on her

arm. As she thought of all his love had been to her, there was in her grief no selfish thought of the hard days in store for her mother and herself, now that her father had laid aside the bread-winning pen and the irksome garden tools.

As she wept out her heart among the dahlias, a strange yet gentle hand touched the glory of her loose-blown hair.

"I beg your pardon," a sweet voice said, "but your flowers are so beautiful, I stopped to see them and I wanted to know if you would sell me some."

Slowly lifting her head, the child, looked upon her gracious visitor's loveliness, and said, "Won't you please help yourself? Take all that you want."

The woman smiled. "It is not the blossoms I want," she said, "it is the roots I wish to buy. This one," and she pointed to a rare beauty, "is exceedingly valuable. You can not dig them now, but when you have cut the flowers and the roots are seasoned, I want you to send me four of them to this address."

She handed the child her card and with it twenty dollars.

"Oh, I couldn't take so much," Della exclaimed, but the lady waved her a pleasant good by as she said, "But surely you know their value. These are worth five dollars a root, wherever they are to be had, and not many are on the market at any price."

Della sat stunned. For the moment she almost forgot the great sorrow within her heart. Then, as she yet pondered, there somehow came to her mind a logical idea that related what the woman had told her about her flowers to her own difficult position. She and her mother had nothing now to keep them from need, other than their little garden, but if what this beautiful lady said was true, then they need never want for anything.

"Why, I could even go to college," she said half aloud, and she turned her eyes to where the last sun rays beat in golden billows against the window panes of Occidental until each window was like a sheet of flame.

A week later Della went to the Main street store with some of her blossoms and asked the clerk what the roots were worth.

"I should think you could get five dollars apiece for as many as you can spare," he told her, "and for the cut blossoms, you ought to get from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. Any of the flower shops will give you one dollar a dozen for them."

Then he pointed out other dahlias she had in her bouquet and told her of the respective worth of these. The roots of some readily brought from one dollar to three dollars among florists, while others might be had for fifty cents. "You are a very rich little gardener," he told her.

Now this was the same clerk from whom she bought her first tuber, but he did not recall her until she reminded him of the incident.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "now I remember very well. That was Mr. Vandemere's doing, but you must never, never tell. I would only lose a good customer for talking so much. I took your pennies because he told me to and he paid for the dahlia."

"And I can't even thank him?" she asked. The clerk shook his head in sharp negation. "It would never do in the world," he assured her.

That night Della looked at the card of the lady who had left her order and the money. "Mrs. John Vandemere, Castle Hill, Eagle Rock," it read.

The next spring Della sent the four dahlia roots to the lady and with them a twenty-dollar bill, but she made no explanation. She felt that she was paying a debt on which she would owe interest all of her life, but the twenty dollars was no great matter for her now because her dahlias brought independence and she was planting her whole garden with them.

At fifteen, Della's great dream came true. She was a pupil at Occidental.

Entering his freshman year, and in Della's class, was John Vandemere, Jr., aged seventeen, and, despite Della's diffidence, a fine boy-and-girl friendship sprang between them.

They were friends and rivals at once. In class debates they easily led the rest, but it

hurt John's gallantry that he must sometimes win over Della, and Della's loyalty was often wounded because she must win from John. Thus they went through their four happy college years. If John was captain of the football team, Della became captain of the basketball team. If John won the junior gold medal for oratory, Della would win a like honor in composition. In their final year their names alone came up for first honors and John, being the better politician, was not a little responsible for the fact that Della was class president.

There was only one cloud to shadow John's happiness. It was that he had never been permitted to accompany Della home or to call upon her in the evening. In a vague way he knew that she lived somewhere beyond the line of pines that led to where some curious people had a big garden in which they grew nothing but one kind of flower. This much he knew because after class hours Della sometimes graciously permitted him to carry her textbooks halfway down this enchanted lane, but there she always dismissed him and stood laughing at his reluctant retreat. At the other end of this avenue of stately old pines John would pause for a final glimpse of her as she flashed by the shadow of the last kindly sentinel, but never could he see whither she disappeared.

Sometimes, when their class was spreading a picnic upon the broad wings and bald head of Eagle Rock, he would tease her to point out her home, but she never would.

Once, during the last vacation, between their junior and senior years, he had actually strolled by her garden and had stopped to inquire of a pretty boy in overalls if he knew where Della lived.

"Nope," sang the boy without looking up from the gasoline engine which helped the irrigation process along and which he was industriously mending. When John disappeared the boy looked up with shining impudent face and lifted his big straw hat to let down a luxury of light brown hair.

"Folled," hissed Della in mock earnestness, and then she burst into peals of laughter. Meanwhile, John had proceeded on a quest that proved vain, for he appeared no more that summer.

Came graduation time with all the glad days of commencement. There was a big party that last merry week and it was held in John's splendid home. The hour was late and the moon was high, when, upon the veranda, among fragrant blossoming vines, John told Della of how the only commencement in life for him would be their wedding day.

Without answering him, Della, swiftly as a swallow's dip, darted from his presence. For the minute he did not follow her, but sat with bowed head, asking his heart many questions.

Straight to John's father went Della now. She found him in a little study quietly smoking, the lamp turned low, and an open book lying across one knee. Della's entrance was soft, but Mr. Vandemere looked up with a smiling welcome.

"Did I disturb you?" she asked. "You never could," he answered. "Oh, please don't be gallant," she said, "this is terribly serious."

Whereat, her host assumed a mock earnestness and then with twinkling eyes, inquired: "Not come to ask for the hand of my only son in honorable wedlock, surely?"

Della's answer was to burst into tears. Vandemere arose and tried to comfort her in a delicate, fatherly manner.

"You don't know, you don't know," she sobbed. "Oh, I ought not to have come, I ought not to have allowed him to go on. You won't believe me, but I have tried to play fair. Why, he doesn't even know where I live."

"But what of it?" asked Mr. Vandemere in all seriousness now and with a touch of severity. "Doesn't he love you, has he hurt you, where is he now?" he demanded, all in a breath.

Then he started to leave her as if to find the boy, but Della detained him with a delicate hand laid lightly upon his sleeve.

"You don't understand," she said. "I don't really belong—I haven't a fine home, nice clothes and beautiful friends like your

son and the rest. I am just a flower girl."

"Yes," responded Mr. Vandemere, "that is just what you are—a flower girl. No, by George, you are more than that! You are a flower yourself—and I think if I were John's age, I would call you the flower of the world."

"But, Mr. Vandemere," Della insisted, "you still do not understand. I am a flower girl—I am the dahlia girl. I sell dahlias for a living for myself and my mother. That is how I paid my way through college. And it was all you and only you—to you I owe everything. It was you who bought me my first dahlia and from it has come all the good my life has known since the death of my own dear father."

"I" he questioned, amazed.

"You," she answered, and then she told him the story.

"And now," she concluded, "can't you see your son from you?"

"Take my son," he almost shouted, "by Heavens, if you don't take him, he need never show his face to me again."

With a little cry of joy, Della started to leave the room.

"Wait," called Vandemere, "I want two things first. Since you have been sitting here, something comes back to me. Your name is Banshee. It couldn't have been—no, no, of course not—I couldn't have been gold old Banshee, of Yale?"

"My father taught there," she said, simply, "until—"

"Until," broke in Vandemere, "his health broke and he dropped out of sight and buried himself with that pride of his until the hearts of a dozen of us were half broken by the loss of him. Now, where is that boy?"

"But," said Della, timidly, "you said two things, did you not?"

"I certainly did," he answered, "but the other does not need words." And then he cheated young John out of Della's first kiss.

## Curious Ways of the Cassowary.

That natural boxer, the cassowary, is the only species of bird, except perhaps the ostrich, whose methods of defense and attack are forward kicks. The cassowary kicks "straight out," like a man, and his ability in this relation might well be envied by any athlete.

Another peculiar characteristic of the cassowary is seen in his fondness for performing a sort of war dance over any object that attracts his attention. A cassowary once came upon a piece of gaudy ribbon blown inside his inclosure in a zoological garden. Now this cassowary was one of the smallest of the collection, but he was of a martial temper. After a careful examination of the ribbon he began his war dance, maintaining it with great vigor for some time. While he was at the height of his pleasure a larger cassowary approached and endeavored to interfere with the dance. The smaller bird suffered this interference for a few minutes, but finally he determined that it was no longer to be endured. When the larger bird tried to oust him from the spot in order that he, in turn, might prance about the ribbon, the younger resented the intrusion in no uncertain fashion.

The two creatures were ill-matched in height, one being about five feet and the other a foot or more shorter. But the battle that ensued demonstrated that among birds, as among men, weight and height do not always turn the balance. Forward kicks were the main feature of the combat. At first the blows were delivered chiefly on the breast, and did not do much damage; but eventually the smaller bird knocked the other out with a masterly stroke delivered by the long, sharp claw of the inner toe on the wattles of his antagonist.

No fatal injury was done, but the shock must have been terrific, since the big bird retired in confusion, and the smaller resumed his war dance over the ribbon.

[Washington Star:] "Are you sure you thoroughly understand that question you attempt to decide?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum, "but I fancy I expressed myself in terms sufficiently obscure to prevent anybody else from taking enough interest to call me down."



Illustrated Weekly  
Los Angeles Times  
Saturday, January 22, 1922

# THE GOLDEN GLOW OF PIONEER DAYS.

## A Crew of '49ers. By A. T. Heintz.

### CHAPTER III.

JOE'S heart was filled with longing for a glimpse of his green New England hills as he crossed the bay to Sausalito, and started on that lonely, roundabout journey afoot. He trudged slowly along under his heavy burden, frequently turning aside to avoid the clouds of choking dust that enveloped companies of eager, hurrying horsemen, or trains of heavily-laden freight wagons. Now and then he passed a party wearily prodding their way along under the propelling power of a loitering ox team.

Early in the afternoon of his second day out, Joe saw ahead of him an object that stirred up his bitter feelings, and forced from him a vehement oath, as the shortening distance enabled him to distinguish the sex of one of the two fellow wayfarers just ahead. Would he never get far enough away to be rid of the women?

As he drew nearer, he keenly noted the general characteristics of the couple. The man, strong and broad-shouldered, slouched pettishly along, turning his head to one side and angrily vociferating over his shoulder, while the slender woman limped painfully after, exerting herself to the utmost in her efforts to keep up.

"I tell you I've had enough of this everlasting poking along, and I'm going!" the man cried, pausing and waiting for her as he reached the bank of a shallow stream. A woman's a damned nuisance, anyway," he added, in a sullen growl.

The woman sat down and mechanically took off her shoes and stockings. Without a word, clutching her skirts firmly with one hand, and balancing herself with the other, she followed the man, picking her way among the boulders, her jaws set tight, her whole body cringing with pain as her tender feet came in contact with the rasping surface of the rocks.

The man covertly watched her out of the corner of his eye. Angered at her silence, he resumed his snarling complaint, louder than before: "It's just my cussed luck to have you tagging along now, when every minute may mean a fortune to me. I'll stand it no longer, I tell you." Another pause. "If you have anything to say, you'd better say it now while you have a chance."

The woman half way reached out a pleading hand. Then, recovering her spirit, she drew her drooping figure to its full height, and, turning aside to the shelter of a large live-oak, dropped her roll of blankets from her back and stood calm and erect in the strength of her pride, her large eyes studying the shifting glances of her companion.

"It is much better that we should part, Lewis," rang out the woman's clear, deep voice, a voice that rivaled the meadow lark's notes in its sweet, rich purity. "I see that I was wrong in coming to you; but we can right that wrong without further controversy. Don't wait for me. You know I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

An appreciative, admiring look lighted the man's face as he stood hesitating. "Good-by, Lewis," came the steady young voice.

Seeing that the man still waited, Joe moved down the stream behind the fringe of young alders that overhung the water, and sat down to rest until the disputants should have adjusted their difficulty and moved on. He would go far out of the way to avoid seeing a woman suffer.

When Joe again sought the trail, to his great relief not a human being was in sight. With a lightened heart he grasped his staff and leaped from boulder to boulder across the stream. As he recovered his balance after the last jump, the cool, trusting muzzle of a dog was thrust into his partially closed hand, while a loud bark bade him welcome. As he stepped out from the hiding shelter of a clump of bushes, a pair of startled, dark brown eyes looked inquiringly at the intruder, while their owner called "Prince!" and drew her bare feet back under her smoothly spread skirts, at the same time carefully corking a small bottle from which issued the unmistakable odor of opodeldoc.

In spite of the fact that she had waded, not only through numberless streams, but also through miles of finely-powdered dust, yet her plain gown was neat and unwrinkled, and her stiffly-starched sunbonnet framed a plump oval face which, though blanched by pain and fatigue, presented a skin of the

smooth, delicate, creamy tint of newly-polished ivory.

Martha welcomed her visitor with a faint, drawn smile. "I must ask you to pardon me for sitting," she said. "I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle this morning, and am consequently taking a short rest."

Joe looked his sympathy. "If you will allow me," he said, taking a step nearer, "perhaps I can do something to relieve you."

"Thank you very much, but it isn't necessary. I have an excellent liniment. I'll keep the bandage saturated with it, and after a night's rest I shall be on my feet again. Please don't worry about me. What a good Samaritan you are! You always happen along to help those who fall by the wayside."

Joe looked ahead along the vacant trail. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I shall rest here until my foot is better, and then go on to Sacramento."

"But you can't stay here alone," Joe protested.

"I'm accustomed to being alone, and to care for myself. Besides, I should be safe anywhere with Prince."

"Not in this country," Joe persisted. "You don't know what you're talking about. I admire your pluck, but—" he ended with a shake of his head.

A strange, whimsical expression flitted across Martha's face as her sad, far-away eyes came back to the present. "I shan't mind it at all," she declared. "You don't understand. Indeed, I prefer to be alone. It is better so, I assure you, and much more comfortable for me."

"Where is—he?" Joe jerked out, with a quick nod of his head toward the trail.

"Lewis has the gold fever, and could not be content to loiter on the way with me; so he hurried on. But don't give yourself any concern about me, sir. I appreciate your kindness, but I have everything I need. I have a good pistol, and I know how to use it. Please don't waste any more of your precious time on me. We are already greatly in your debt."

"But you don't understand the conditions of your surroundings!" Joe cried in desperation.

"I understand more fully than you think. I have no fear of my fellow-man. Believe me, sir, there are others besides you who are kind and courageous."

Joe flushed, and Martha hastened on:

"I admit that at first I was appalled at the idea of being left alone; but now I see the wisdom of it. I assure you that this arrangement is the only way out of a great difficulty." She ended her sentence with considerable effort, her face white and drawn with pain.

Joe chafed at his helplessness, but he saw that he was torturing her by remaining. "I'll go," he said, "and give you an opportunity to care for that foot. You're sure you have all you need—plenty to eat?"

"Yes, thank you, I have everything; and I'm very grateful to you. Good-by. My best wishes go with you."

Joe thanked her with a low bow, and turned reluctantly away. He walked slowly a few paces, until the large bole of the oak tree hid him from Martha's view. Then quickly divesting himself of his pack, he leaped forward at a brisk, uneven run. Stumbling over half-hidden roots and snags, slipping into deep ruts, he hurried on until he came in sight of a heavily-laden figure toiling along ahead.

Joe hastened his pace. "Hello!" he called, when he got within hailing distance.

The man turned and waited.

"Where are you going?" Joe peremptorily demanded.

"What business is it of yours?"

"You infernal yellow—I was going to say cur—but that would be an insult to the pup. A dog will stand by you through thick and thin. I don't know what to call you. Where do you come from, anyway?"

"I don't know that it's any business of yours to call me anything," the man sullenly retorted. "I come from Bath, Me. If it does you any good to know."

"I don't believe it," Joe fiercely cried. "No State-of-Maine man would bring a woman to such a place as this and desert her. God! What a hell-hole this is for a woman like her!"

"If I'd known what a country it was, I'd never have come here myself," the man

whined. "I've had nothing but bad luck ever since I started. It's all a man can do to look out for himself, without having a woman hanging on to him. She had no business here, anyway. It's her own fault."

"I don't care whose fault it is," was Joe's stern declaration. "You were only too willing to have her tramp along with you as long as she could be of service to you, you ungrateful hypocrite! When you played off sick back there she stayed with you like a man, and rubbed and comforted your worthless carcass; and at that very time she was in far greater need of care than you were. And now, the very first minute she gives out, you go whining about like a sick monkey, and leave her alone to starve or die, for all you know or care—leave a woman alone to spend night after night on a trail which you know is infested by ruffians from all the countries of this earth—Chinamen, Hindus, Indians, South Sea Islanders, Mormons, and the Lord only knows what! You—"

"She needn't be alone, or without care, either," the man interrupted. "There's a family back there with an ox team—a man and his wife and two boys. They offered to take her in with them yesterday, and she wouldn't have that way. They'll probably catch up with her this evening, and bring her along in the morning."

"You can't shift your responsibility upon strangers. It's your duty to stand by and protect her, and by heaven, I'll see that you do it, if it takes all summer. If I catch you—"

"I wasn't going to desert her," the man glibly changed his tactics. "I just wanted to see what she'd do."

"You've seen now," Joe gave the man a contemptuous look. "Don't try it again. That's all. It's time to go back."

"I'll leave my load here," the man tentatively suggested, "There's no need of carrying it over the road so many times."

"You'll take it with you," Joe sternly asserted, "and you'll stay there with her until she's fit to travel."

"You needn't be so damned hard on a poor devil," the man grumbled. "You've got me now, but I'll fix you for this some time. I suppose you want her for yourself's the reason—"

"Stop right where you are!" Joe cried in his mighty anger. "Another word like that and I'll see that you have cause for complaint. Step up lively now."

The two men proceeded in single file until they neared the oak tree, when Joe drew to one side after pushing his captive forward.

"Here I am, Martha girl," the man began in a light, bantering tone.

Martha paid no attention, but sat leaning her head against the tree, her eyes staring into vacancy.

"Did you think I'd run away and leave you?"

"It's of no consequence, Lewis. You are free to go at any minute. I have no wish to keep you against your will."

The man gave a sly glance around the tree to see if his captive was still there. "Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, "can't you take a joke? I was just teasing you, to see what you'd do. We'll rest here a day or two until your foot gets well."

Joe shouldered his pack and quietly slipped away, following the trail along the border of the swamp, from which arose swarms of twanging, torturing mosquitoes.

As he fought his way along he smiled grimly at his new role of knight-errant. But his smile changed to a look of concern as he thought of the sad-faced woman who would soon be forced to follow in his footsteps. Besides the annoyance of the insect pests, the hot rays of the sun oppressed him, absorbing all the moisture and strength from the traveler's body, leaving his dragging feet heavy as lead, while fine particles of dust filled the air and nostrils, depositing a dingy gray coat on all exposed surfaces. Every tree, every bush, was overhung with a pall of it.

Joe fought against thoughts of Martha; but in spite of his opposition, visions of her earnest, hopeful face and independent bearing continually appeared before him. His mind was full of inconsistencies. Why should he be interesting himself in any woman? They were all alike. But still it was very strange that she should so often cross his path. Notwithstanding his practical

New England training, he was possessed with the superstitions of a sailor, and he could not ignore the omen. He pitied her for her very self-reliance, for he knew that to the self-reliant, even in their hour of extreme distress and need, seldom comes any but unwilling help from outside sources. What would be her lot, tied to such a beast as that man? Doubtless she was satisfied, though. That was the kind of men that the women wanted. Look at Linda.

Giving himself an impatient shake, and summoning a lively whistle to his aid, Joe plodded stubbornly onward, planning for the next stage of his journey after he should reach Sacramento.

But when he pitched his camp in the somber stillness of the approaching night, the thoughts again turned inward. He thought of the four captains and his separation from them. Especially his heart longed for Căp'n Ed—the "Uncle Ed" of his childhood days. He felt like an abandoned wreck, feebly beating out its vitals on an unfriendly, foreign shore. The dismal croaking of the frogs among the tule reeds in the swamp filled his mind with the very acme of loneliness.

Peering forth from the dense haze of his mosquito smudge, he saw another lonely traveler make his halting way to the shelter of a near-by sycamore. The man's proximity comforted him.

"Come over and share my smoke, neighbor," he cried. "My name's Gardener, Joe Gardener of Calais, Me."

"I'm glad to meet you, Gardener." The stranger extended a cordial hand in greeting. "I'm Abraham Pitney. I came from Ottawa, Ill."

The two wanderers supped together, lighted their pipes, and stretched themselves on the dry, hard earth, from whose barren surface not even a green weed protruded.

"Doesn't look much like the blue-grass country," Pitney commented.

Joe ejaculated a short, contemptuous "H-m!"

As the shadows lengthened, the oppressive heat abated; a soothing coolness pervaded and stimulated the enervating air. A vast silence hovered over the earth.

Pitney drew himself to a sitting posture, and looked meditatively at his companion. "I suppose you didn't see that couple back there?" he asked, "a man lying down and taking his ease, and a woman crawling about on her hands and knees cooking the supper?"

Joe's hands clenched tight. Here was the fateful woman again. "N-o-o," he hesitated, "I didn't see that."

"You saw them, though?"

"Yes."

For a long time the peaceful silence was unbroken, save by the measured puffing of the two pipes.

"It's very strange, the way he's dogged her life," Pitney mused.

Joe kicked savagely at a clump of dry sage. "I presume he's the sort she wants, or she wouldn't be with him," he jerked out.

"Do you think we're always responsible for the company we keep?" Pitney mildly asked.

"Women are all alike," Joe persisted, "She probably chose him, and threw over some good man who would have been kind to her. That's the way they do; and then, when trouble comes of it, they go around whining and begging the public to help them out."

There was a shrewd twinkle in Pitney's eyes as he looked keenly at Joe, upon whose face the firelight sent a vivid glare. "Had lots of experience, haven't you, son? By the way, has this particular woman been whining and begging for help? If she has, it's the first time she ever did such a thing."

"How do you happen to know so much about her?" Joe's eyes snapped as he asked the question.

"I happen to know so much because I've known Martha Hamlin ever since she was born. But it's the people who don't know who seem to be able to give the most startling information. By your words, I infer that you understand her to be that man's wife?"

Joe leaped to his feet, clenched his fists tighter, and started toward Pitney. Then he paused and turned away.

"It's nothing to me what—I don't care—"



## [110]



ARMY ELLEN, the colored maid, had been carefully instructed by her new mistress in a number of things connected with the operation of the new house. Her full rights. His Full Rights. Roped and Tied. The Money in Stock. A CHICAGO packer said once that the public seemed to think that the end of the world was at hand. The men engaged in cutting off the end of the world were not at all concerned. The men engaged in cutting off the end of the world were not at all concerned.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.  
**GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.**  
Saturday, January 22, 1916.  
**WHEN THE EARTH QUAKED FOR ENID.**  
A Special Providence. By Myra Nyc.

"ENID!"

"I can't help it, Keith; it is your pride that is keeping us from being married, and you know it." The waiter had placed Enid's oysters before her and while he turned to the omnibus, Keith Douglas replied in a low tone:

"Oh, Enid—not today, don't let's go over that again—our last day together."

"Dear, forgive me." The quick change which now transformed her face into tenderness was one of Enid's chief charms. Keith met her look with accustomed responsiveness and the waiter retired to a discreet distance.

"I know I have been altogether horrid; but, Keith, please believe when I say it is because I am so distressed at the thought of another long year of engagement. I loathe long engagements."

In spite of her stress upon the disagreeable verb, the loving look that accompanied her sentence made Keith inwardly imprecate the barrier of a grillroom table, together with all the ill-advised people who had chosen that time and place to satisfy their hunger.

"It is this weather that makes me so uncomfortable to get along with," Enid went on with continued penitence. "It gets on my nerves—so hot and dry and electric. My lovely new furs are nothing but a travesty. As for oysters"—she piled them on her plate with a disdainful little push of her fork—"why, they are absurd."

"Poor innocent oysters!" Keith rejoined, "they have a right, January has an 'r,' you know."

"And then all of the extravagant mess you have ordered—broiled turkey, avocado salad, nesselrode pudding—does that look like the order of a young man who tells his sweetheart he can't afford to be married?"

"But it is our last day before you go, Enid; everything must be right today. We can't let it be any other way."

"Yes, you dear old boy, and you know I love to eat with you anywhere. I am quite shameless in my expression of preference for you as a table companion. When we are through gourmandizing at your expense I am going to treat you to something you like. Now don't say a word—" As he began to remonstrate. "Turn about is fair play; and if you won't grant a poor lorn maiden in distress the favor of marrying her at her request and living upon her income which is indecently large even for two, instead of waiting to make an orange ranch pay, why then you will at least have to do as I say for the rest of this day before I leave you to your orange ranch and go to the 'frost-bound East.'"

For the same reason that he had given twice since they sat down in the grillroom of this fine Spring street hotel, he did not now argue the point. It was, however, with a rather distressed expression that he followed her after their luncheon to the entrance, where there awaited them at her order, a chauffeur with a handsome touring car.

"Where, Enid?" he asked when he had handed her in and was waiting to give orders to the chauffeur.

"Never mind, he knows: just get in and look pleasant. You are not the villain in this moving-picture show, you are the hero and I am your 'affiliated bride.' Some day, I suppose, we will 'marry and live happy ever after,' but it's a long way off." She sighed with mock sentimentality, but at the same time thrust her hands into her muff with an emphatically protesting gesture as Keith tucked the robe about her.

"Yes, it is January in your California and we must be warmly wrapped even if it is ninety in the shade."

"But I like to wrap you. Besides you will feel the cold when we get out of Los Angeles and it is by no means ninety in the shade. I doubt if it is more than eighty."

"For heaven's sake, don't let's talk climate, as if we had just been introduced. Did you hear what that woman said at the table next to us?"

"No, I heard only what the woman at the same table with me said. That was the only thing worth listening to."

Enid smiled her pleasure but could not be turned from her thought; and she said solemnly: "She said this was earthquake weather!"

For reply Keith laughed so heartily that

the chauffeur in front wished that he had heard the joke, too.

"Isn't it, Keith—earthquake weather? Honestly, I am afraid." She was so thoroughly in earnest that now Keith responded in like tone.

"The last thing you need to be afraid of, Enid, is an earthquake. There is positively nothing in it. You know how long I have been here—well, as much as I would like to experience a shock, I never have—not the least tremor. When they do come off half of the people don't even know it till they read about it in the paper."

"Keith, please do not laugh at me now, will you?" Enid's hand crept from the shelter of her muff to the exposed position of his arm and there was easily captured.

"Of course, I won't." And he drew her as close as daylight and a crowded boulevard would permit.

"I know I am desperately silly, but always I have had an overwhelming fear of earthquakes. That and nothing else is the reason I do not want to live on the orange ranch."

"Oh, Enid, dear! If I can only make you know how groundless your fear is. There is absolutely nothing in it—nothing at all. You are this minute in a thousand times more danger from accident than you would be from earthquake if you lived in California all your life. Believe me, dearest, it is true. Why haven't you told me before?"

"Because I know how foolish my fear is and I am ashamed of it. Now I do believe you—that is, my reason does, but—I hardly know how to express it. I suppose everyone has a pet fear and this is mine. When I am in California I think of it often. In every other way, in spite of my teasing you, I love this lovely country and, Keith dear, I would be most happy here with you if it were not for that. It isn't because your ranch is not in bearing, nor because you did not strike water when you dug your well, nor because you refuse my money to make your ranch pay—it is just this one foolish reason—Enid Cameron is afraid of earthquakes. That is why I was trying so hard to get you to give up, come east now, be married and start in some business with my money."

"My, but I am relieved!"

"Relieved?"

"Yes, because I know I can knock that reason into a cocked hat, but those other ones you were agitating before lunch were almost too much for me."

"But you can't begin to understand how I have fought that fear, Keith, and how, instead of lessening it has become a regular obsession with me. When I heard that woman say 'earthquake weather' I actually shuddered."

Again Keith restrained his laughter, for he saw how serious it was with this mercurial, impressionable girl whom he loved. He knew her to be in most regards fearless, and even adventuresome in danger.

Later, when they had crossed the wash of the San Gabriel, they turned south into the denser orange district of the valley.

"I know where we are going," Keith guessed tentatively.

"Well, isn't it the place you best like to go—to your own orange ranch?"

"Yes, I'll have to admit it. If earthquakes are an obsession with you, my orange trees are more than a hobby with me. But I have every faith in the orange business, Enid. I know it will pay me some time and pay me well. But while the trees are coming into bearing, it isn't in me to let my wife support me. If I had struck water as I hoped to do, it would be quite a different matter. If I had more than enough water for the ranch—enough to sell we—why, Enid, we could be married tomorrow and—but what's the use?" He broke off abruptly, then added—half to himself—"If the ranch was only under the ditch or with the lines of one of the water companies."

"Under the ditch—what do you mean by that?"

"In a place where gravity brings the water down from one of the mountain streams. All the ranches under the ditch in this valley get water dirt cheap."

"Why don't you buy stock in some company?"

"I have some, but not enough." Keith immediately changed the subject; for he did not like to say that he had sunk so much money in the well that he was not warranted

in the purchase of more stock; nor could he admit that at present the stock was not available for him, as the company had not yet piped the district where his land lay.

When they reached Keith's ten acres they had walked from the automobile in the road down one orchard aisle and up another, when Keith himself was compelled to admit the unusual warmth.

"I wish it would rain," he said anxiously. "The trees need water even if it is winter; see how the leaves of this tree are beginning to curl."

"I do not think anyone but you would notice their need and we did not see anyone irrigating as we came along." Enid was speaking to reassure him. She stopped to pull off her old-gold sweater, whose light weight of silk even was too much. Keith had thought she made a most harmonious picture with his trees for a background and the gold of the pliable garment to match the fruit whose wealth gleamed thickly from the glossy leaves. But now in the intimacy of some lace and chiffon she was more bewitching than ever. The warmth from her body became caressingly his own as he carried the discarded sweater and anxious thoughts were completely dispelled.

"Keith, Keith, look at that beautiful sight!" She recalled him, "There down the road; don't make me point."

High on a wagon seat with a background of young citrus trees "balled" ready for setting out were two beautiful youths radiant with happiness. Both were bareheaded, shirt and shirt-waist tucked in at the throats and the girl's yellow hair half loosened and curling about her face.

"They are lovers, I know. They look like an idyllic painting called 'Lovers.' And see, they have their own trees back of them in the wagon. They are going to be married, too."

"They are married," Keith laughed. "They are our nearest neighbors."

Enid could have hugged him for saying "our" instead of "my." She would have embraced his arm then and there had he not at that instant lifted his hat and called:

"Mrs. Haskell, Haskell, I say! I want you to meet my-my—" An American does not say fiancée when he is calling eagerly and Keith could not offend Enid by shouting "sweetheart," so he ended rather lamely, "I want you to know Miss Cameron."

Without so much as an instant's help from her husband's hand Elsie Haskell was over the big wheel and with a lithe bound she ran quickly to the two within the orchard boundaries. She stood before them flushed and smiling. Instantly Enid felt her heart going out to this California woman who, with her flying hair and short skirts, looked little more than a child.

"I have heard all about you before you came to California this time; and you don't know how much I have wanted to know you, ever since Keith was our neighbor—we both call him Keith, you don't mind? We want you to—to—" Elsie paused, realizing that she was "spilling over" as Jim would say, a little more than was necessary before this richly clad stranger. "We want you to marry him and come here to live," she ended with an engaging smile.

Enid, too, smiled with her answer. "I'll confess to you that I have similar desires."

"What do you think, Mrs. Haskell, is keeping her from her desires?" Keith interposed. By this time Jim Haskell had tied the horses to a eucalyptus tree and as he came up to the group he heard Keith answer his own question. "The fear of earthquakes." When he was introduced he said.

"Earthquakes are the last thing you need to fear, Miss Cameron."

The four turned and walked toward the clearing where was a little shack which accommodated Keith occasionally when he stayed overnight. There were two magnificent live oaks and a group of five well grown palm trees; in fact, this homestead suggested delightful possibilities, situated as it was in the midst of the beautiful grove with the rolling hills to the south and the majestic Sierra Madres to the north.

"Too bad you didn't get more water than that. I could have sworn there was water in this vicinity," Haskell was saying as they watched the thin, weak little stream pour itself languidly over the rim of a pipe which led from the engine-house.

"Why, I was sure of it; and that is all that

came of the expensive digging." Keith shrugged with disgust as he pointed to the water so inadequate in this unexpectedly dry winter.

"If you had lots of water we would be only too glad to buy to use in this new orchard we are setting out."

"Mrs. Haskell, I think you and your husband are mighty plucky to venture so far," Keith said, while Enid listened almost with envy to their intelligent and familiar conversation concerning water rights and orange culture.

"But you know how I love California, I have as much faith in this section as Jim has, and Jim can't get along without me." The little wife stepped through the growing mellotus cover crop to stand beside her husband, who looked down into her glowing face affectionately.

Now Enid was facing the three who had turned their backs to the pipe which showed the low capacity of the well. Suddenly the trees where no breeze had been moving were moving visibly, the tall eucalyptus bent and its bark snapped from it with pistol-like reports, then curled like great brown snakes, alid to the ground, and there straightened. Elsie hid her face against her husband. An alarming rumble sounded loudly in their ears. Keith strode toward Enid with arms outstretched and face pale for her. She stood unconcerned and before he reached her she heard Elsie's half-sobbing exclamation: "Earthquake!"

"Why, that was the wind in the trees," Enid said quietly while Keith's arms came protectingly about her.

"Earthquake," Elsie insisted.

"What did you think that noise was, Miss Cameron?" Jim Haskell ventured to ask.

"I thought it was some wagon going over a bridge near here." Still Enid's tones were calm, unafraid.

"But there isn't any bridge near here. That was the noise of an earthquake." Jim spoke with authoritative knowledge.

"And you aren't half so afraid as I am, Miss Cameron." Elsie laughed. Enid looked up at Keith for assurance.

"It must have been an earthquake, dear."

"The worst one I ever felt," Jim added. "Usually you have to be in a house to feel them at all."

"But look! look!" At last Enid's voice was full of excitement as she pointed up in the air above the water pipe.

The three whirled about to see before them, some fifteen feet in the air, a fountain of crystal water where a moment before a thin stream had disheartened its owner.

"Whatever can that mean, Haskell?" Keith's question was voluminous with hope.

"It means that earthquake has made you a present of some four or five or six miners inches of water if I don't miss my guess. That earthquake belongs to Miss Cameron. Anyway the stunt seems to be pulled off for her especial benefit."

Jim Haskell, the Californian, had not missed his guess; for not an hour had elapsed before Keith had brought an expert mining engineer to confirm Jim's guess.

"So I'll not telephone for berth engagements after all, for I am not going East tomorrow," Enid said as the four of them stood on the porch of the Haskell cottage after they had celebrated the advent of the earthquake in a country supper prepared by Elsie.

"When the earth quaked for Enid, it surely brought good luck right away," said Keith with a happy laugh.

"And when the earth quakes for Enid next time she won't be any more afraid than she was this time," added Enid.

**Baled Hay for Forts.**

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] It has been found that baled hay, subjected to sufficient tension to compress about three times as much hay to a bale as in the ordinary bale of commerce, is impenetrable to shrapnel and other missiles, and forms an excellent protection on the firing line when properly placed along the trenches. Large export orders of it for this purpose are reported.

With baled hay as a munition of war, what can prevent the farmer, who is already a large beneficiary of the European unpleasantness, from grabbing off profits that will put him in a class with the record-breaking "war brides" of the stock exchanges?



# A PILGRIMAGE TO THE MUIR WOODS.

Over Mr. Tamalpais. By Nectia Marquis.

use of the grove, although largely influenced by the fact of its chill and dampness. In this grove there were seventy-eight trees which were over eight feet in diameter. In some storm, a bay tree had fallen and caught on the limb of a redwood in its descent, and was still growing in that recumbent, supported fashion. There were pools of mysteriously deep green water in the stream bed under the azaleas and the bays. I haven't a doubt that each one was the haunt of some nixie lovely enough to lure one to the brink of madness. In spring or in high summer, when the wealth of mountain flora is in bloom, the place must be heartbreakingly beautiful, but I cannot imagine it gay under any possible circumstances. Beyond, when wandering alone, I came upon the Emerson tree, dedicated to the philosopher and poet at the time of the centenary celebration of his birth, in 1903. Not far from it is the Pinchot tree, one of the most imposing and beautiful, dedicated by the Sierra Club to "Gifford Pinchot, the friend of the forest." Not far from here I discovered a lovely open glade where the distant sky could—and did—look in. It seemed like an old friend I had unaccountably lost for a while. The spot was lush with ferns, sweet with bay aroma, feathery-soft with redwood plumes, and filled with utterly breathless hush. I felt amazingly alone in it, with only one insect chirring faintly, and one bird twittering far up toward the sky. Ferns sprang like fountains all the way up

the slope leading from quiet Sequoia Creek. Every tree, even up in the light, had a sorrowful droop. The solemnity of the forest seemed to weigh everything else down as it did me. The long feathery gray-green branches fairly dripped with melancholy beauty, but the somberness of them filled me with panic, alone there beyond sound of human voices, and while I loved the beauty, I shrank from the chill and the loneliness of those sad arboreal presences. I hastened back to where a few human forms appeared in the distance, then lingered along again, loth, after all, to forfeit this silent communion with the ancient, reserved spirit of the woods. There was a wonderful play of light on the varied greens above and yellows below. A canyon maple in the full glory of its autumnal turning almost deceived one into thinking the sun was shining upon it for a moment. A leaf-carpet of warm hues lay beneath it. There was the merest tinkle from the thread of stream, and the air was filled with a damp, sweet, chilly smell. In the deeper spots, a shadowy, gray-green atmosphere again completely engulfed me. This twilight of the trees was instinct with mystery. It made me feel that the ghost of something very beautiful and a long time dead was constantly at my elbow, seeking to whisper some mournful secret into my ear. When I came across a wild rose bush and some graceful sprays of wild huckleberry, with long runners of blackberry decorating the trail, their familiar forms gave me a

happy sense of companionship in a foreign land. A fern frond of deep lacy green upheld a fallen maple leaf of palest yellow, which appeared as if applied upon it. An ancient redwood root in the middle of the stream was a sort of altar, with moss and ferns growing in its hollows, while new shoots were starting upward from it in showers of growth, even as the Four Sisters sprang from the prostrate body of their parent. But evening in the redwoods! If November afternoon was awe-inspiring, what was November dusk! All I could think of was "the twilight of the gods"—the close of an epoch—the dimming of glory on Olympus, if Grecian deities can even be thought of in association with such northern somberness. Such mournful, chilling beauty I never expect to experience again. It could not thrill so searchingly more than once. The silver face of an early-risen moon was already looking down through the trees, veiled with the lace of those long-fringed branches. The beauty seemed primeval—elemental—as if belonging to an elder world, a world of shadowy realities and long, long thoughts. Dusk of the redwoods—twilight of the gods! We went aboard the gravity car, and a stout engine began to push us up to the ridge down which we should go on the other side in order to reach Mill Valley again. As we came out higher, the tree-laced skyline toward the sunset—the western wall of Muir Woods Canyon—was black against a glow of crimson shading into orange, maize and pale

green. Again we plunged into an abyss of redwoods, and again the moon looked down through the midnight shade of those wonderful spectral trees. We emerged, to see lights in the valley below, and the distant lights across the bay. Then, bereft of our engine, we hurried on downward again, rocketing around curves, with the keen wind whipping our faces, with the trees rushing by and the moon sifting her light through them. That wild night ride was one long gasp. Clear of the trees, the moon hung like a white lantern in a vast sweep of luminous sky, then peered at us again like an impassive face through the engulfing shadows of the redwoods. At last we were on the valley train again, with lights of homes twinkling against the blackness of the hills. On the ferry, with the fresh wind off the water challenging our southern blood, we faced the dazzling San Francisco shore line, with the exposition buildings glowing red above the dark line of the bay. It was a brilliant sight. The moon, still poised just above us, was lost to thought now because of these contending earthly charms, which were so much nearer, so much warmer in promise, so much easier to understand. But when the thoughts went back, there was nothing, after all, in these lower human lights to stir the very soul of imagination like that moon's pure, cold, white beauty looking down through the mystery of the somber redwoods of the wonderful forest called Muir Woods.

## An Episode at Hamden Seminary. A Privilege Won.

BY ABIGAIL RONNE.

I WAS an old girl at Hamden Seminary when she matriculated there. Her room was next to mine and she came in the afternoon of the last registration day to ask about a notice on the bulletin-board. The notice was common enough, being of one of the fortnightly house meetings of Glenn Hall. There apparently was no variety to the form of the summons unless the reader were an "old girl." To her Miss Minier's pleasure or displeasure in us was registered barometer fashion in the term "girls" and "young ladies." My explanation to Jean Marquis contained this side bit of information. While I was working over my semester's schedule, just before dinner, a group of girls gathered about the bulletin board on the second landing. They were awaiting the opening of the dining-room doors. The voice of Jean Marquis rose above the hum and gay laughter. She was imparting to the others the hint she had gained from me. Most freshmen are tearful and dazed the first few weeks of school, but my mental note of Jean Marquis at her first house meeting recorded her as having even more than a well-bred composure. My eyes rested quite naturally upon her throughout most of the hour Miss Minier kept us. Jean's face was earnestness itself, and, slightly lifted, it seemed to reflect an inspiration from the talk. We all liked our preceptress, but I don't think any girl had ever loved her extravagantly, nor even with a slight bit of sentiment. And when she told us about not singing in the corridors, explaining that if she had only one girl instead of forty-six the regulations would be different, as she would be only too glad to have that one go singing from cellar to attic, I noted a beautiful pathos leap into Jean Marquis's eyes and creep around the corners of her mouth. Most of the girls smiled indulgently at this would-be concession of the staid Miss Minier. That night Jean, in her bathrobe, stole into my room. My light was out and I was sitting in the window-seat gazing at the stars as I said my prayers. "Tell me about her," was Jean's greeting. "About whom?" I asked. "Oh, Miss Minier. I love her already." "Why, I don't know much about her," I answered, "save that she has been here a long time." "I know," replied Jean. "That fluffy-haired girl at the end of the hall says that her sister told her that Miss Minier was called the 'permanent fixture of Hamden' a whole college generation ago. I think it's mean! But I've a crush on her already, and nothing anybody says about her will ever make her any less lovable to me."

"Look here, Miss Marquis," I hastened to advise, "such loyalty is beautiful, but omit the crush phase of it. The girls won't tolerate that; besides, any abject devotion even to a worthy superior is detrimental to the interests for which you were sent here." "Father sent me because Aunt Christine doesn't like youthful company, and I had become so lonesome." I made no reply to this confession. Jean pulled up her knees, embraced them for a head-rest until after the retiring bell. We sat in silence until her inquiry as to whether that was the last song. She had barely had time to get to bed when I heard Miss Minier going the rounds for the night, as she did at very uncertain intervals to see if all lights were out and all noise ceased. She lingered a while at Jean's door, then entered. It was a long time afterward that I heard a soft "Good night," then Miss Minier's departing footsteps. Perhaps my little advice had the desired effect, for Jean made only a pleasingly moderate demonstration of affection for the woman of whom the rest of us stood in awe. But I could see that the checking of such a flood of emotion was little less than painful. Once when asked how I thought my instructions were holding out, I replied: "Very well, Jean. Just remember about 'still waters.'" "No, I don't think that truth holds always," was the answer. "Even the Bible says, 'Out of the abundance of the heart, you know.'" That night I became interested to note the effect an amusing episode had. Poor Jean was proceeding toward the bathroom singing jubilantly. It was study hour, and she encountered Miss Minier. "Miss Marquis, indeed!" was the icy greeting. "And what does this mean?" "Oh, Miss Minier," came the frank response, "I'm so happy here I just can't help it. Pardon me this time, please, Miss Minier." Mirable dictu! Miss Minier's feet beat a hasty retreat. The sound of the next gong had scarcely died away when Jean stole into my room. "I met Her Majesty and feel vanquished," she explained. "It appeared to me the result was otherwise," I answered. Jean Marquis became a very popular girl. She would be out in the corridors for the recreation romp before the gong had silenced. And there she was the merriest of the merry. Her bear dance was an unforgettable stunt. But even when her merry mood seemed uppermost, she would become heedless to the girls' pleas for more fun, and regularly would steal into my room five

minutes before the retiring gong and perch herself upon the window-seat. Though both of us were noncommittal about it, each knew the other was saying her prayers gazing into the "wonder and beauty of night." One evening when she left the romping earlier than usual, I expressed admiration for her hearty enjoyment of life and for her sympathy with its various moods. "Well," she answered, "it's just as if I had gotten outside the gates for the first time, and do you know, I believe I like it here because—because—well, because previously there was really only Daddy who cared because of me. And now to have Miss Minier come up every night to see that I'm inside all right, why, I like it." "Does Miss Minier visit you every night?" I asked in pleased amazement. "Why, yes, I rather asked her to when it's convenient and not too selfish of me to have her." "So that's the reason your friends don't entertain you at their midnight spreads? Really, Jean, you're halo-crowned, but if 'twas known that you are the cause of the forced limit to those spreads that used to be so frequent when Miss Minier's pilgrimages to this floor were rarer, you'd be ducked." The next afternoon I was startled out of my study by the sound of a man's voice. A few moments previous Jean had hurried songless down the hall in response to a summons to the parlor. Her gay laughter mingling now with the masculine voice led to the conclusion that Dr. Marquis had surprised her. And he had. He took dinner at the hall that evening, and he and his daughter remained chatting with Miss Minier as the rest of us passed to our rooms at the alarm of the study hour. Jean came in as usual before retiring, nor was she humming, but I recognized her step. "Miss Minier told Daddy that I have an almost irresistible desire to burst into song ever and anon," she sighed. "If only you could attune yourself to the music of her soul," I commented, making a clumsy reference to what Jean had said that morning. When Grace Thode had likened Miss Minier's appearance, when walking to a fish line cork, Jean blazed forth this defensive retort: "Why, Miss Minier walks as if she were keeping step to soul music!" The expression had gone the rounds. Three weeks before vacation, we were shocked to hear of Miss Minier's resignation, to take effect in the summer. It was something none of us had anticipated. I think we were all struck with a desire to make some atonement for the ungracious treatment we had given her authority. At any rate, we gathered that night in room 7

and decided upon a farewell gift. Even the seniors wished Jean to present it, as her excessive devotion to Miss Minier merited the honor. But Jean strangely refused to be our mouthpiece. Then, as I was one of the very oldest girls, the presentation honor was bestowed upon me. At the last house meeting of the year Miss Minier made a formal announcement of her change, and I presented the "tokens of our esteem." Perhaps my "few well chosen words" savored too much of seniority, for at their finish Jessica Nelson of the juniors delivered her class of an expression of their devotion. A bunch of sophs straightway nudged Grace Thode into speaking in their behalf. The freshmen, not to be outdone, called out in characteristic vehemence: "Jean Marquis! Speech! Speech!" Jean's consternation was puzzling. Ever she had been so ready for laudation of her beloved. Were the deep waters to run still too far? She cast an appealing glance into the misty eyes of Miss Minier, then backed by the loyalty of her class, she said clearly but calmly—not to the preceptress but to us: "Girls, I feel the embodiment of selfishness tonight for it was left to a freshman to outdo you all. Again I can't keep still! I soon am to gain the blessed privilege of 'singing from cellar to attic!'" As we fled out in dumb amazement, Dr. Marquis approached us from the east parlor. With a hint of Jean's calmness in his voice he said yet happily: "I have the privilege of inviting you—I shall say, 'young ladies,' but say it with the significance of the term 'girls' implied—I request your presence in the dining-room." The spread was magnificent! We proposed a toast to Dr. Marquis. Then the class president—ours—overstepped the tradition of Miss Minier's dignity and proposed one to her. A third was proposed to the "bereaved of Glenn Hall," and lastly, a prolonged health was drunk to the "victorious songstress of the cellar-to-attic." Jean came in as usual that night and after a long, silent gaze at the stars, she commented: "Dear Daddy! He would have been conscience-smitten had he heard your presentation speech, Nell. But as it was, he made a successful attempt at a peace offering, didn't he?"

**Discovers an Injustice.**  
[Ladies' Home Journal:] "Pa," inquired a 7-year-old seeker after the truth, "is it true that school teachers get paid?" "Certainly it is," said the father. "Well, then," said the youth, indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when us kids do all the work?"









A Peaceful Flock on California Hills.

SUNDAY MORNING

YUM

DEFENDS  
HIS K

Denies Nicholas  
Sold Out.

Montenegrin Consul  
York Insists the Monarch  
is Loyal to People

Austrians Reiterate Their  
Disarming Hardy Monarch  
tain Warriors.

Timing Ruler Reaches  
En Route to Temporary  
Capital at Lyons.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—  
Yakovlev, Montenegrin Consul in New York,  
statement today defending  
the monarch had "sold his  
to the enemy."

"The Montenegrins have  
for all of 500 years," he  
said they never have had  
and is rocky and poor; there  
agriculture and no industries.  
people always have lived the

"At the beginning of the  
our population was about  
with an army of 20,000 to  
about 10,000 more who  
America, a total of 30,  
ages from 12 to 20. Our  
we have but a third."

Capt. Petrovich declared  
the Montenegrin military was  
old type and that the industry  
with old Russian arms  
and guns taken from the

THE WORLD  
HEART OF IT IN

The Foremost Events  
Meeting of the Montenegrin  
Meeting of the Security  
Council of a Great Northern

INDEX.

1. Colorado River Floods Yuma.  
2. Russian Autocracy at Stake.  
3. Agitators' Grip on the House.  
4. Storming Along Pacific Slopes.  
5. Army's Shylock to be Executed.  
6. Russian Breached Again.  
7. When to Play Important Role.  
8. New Candidate in Marble Hills.  
9. Lacks Advance at Villa Man.  
10. News from Southland Counties.  
11. Weather Report: City in Brief.

12. To Make Our Seaboard Secure.  
13. All His Life with Indians.  
14. Editorial: Pan Politics: Verse.  
15. Cost of Drugs Vastly High.  
16. The Political Watch Tower.  
17. Public Service: City Hall: Council.  
18. Women's Work: Women's Club.  
19. Going After that Million.

20. Plays and Playhouses.  
21. Musical Notes and Comments.  
22. All the Moving Picture Houses.  
23. Lines of Art and Artists.  
24. In the Realm of Local Society.  
25. Out-of-town Society Guide.  
26. Among the Stores and Shops.  
27. The Religious Rambler.  
28. Book Reviews: Literature Notes.  
29. Books and Zaps on Diplomacy.

30. Library: Classified Advertisements.  
31. Reality News: Fact and Comment.  
32. Sports and Automobiles.  
33. Juvenile and Fashion Short.  
34. ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.  
35. Separate and Complete—32 Pages.

SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind at 5 p.m.  
velocity, 9 miles. Thermom-  
eter, 64 deg.; lowest, 47 deg.  
Forecast: Threatening weather with  
moderate showers. For complete weather  
forecast see last page of Part I.

THE CITY. A San Diego arrived in  
town of his pretty wife and a negro  
he has held his woman captive.  
An engineer advanced a plan for  
defense to make our seaboard  
secure from attack at a cost of  
\$10,000,000.

A \$250,000 national home for aged  
soldiers and their wives was  
proposed at Ontario and arrangements  
were well launched.

Better structures to replace old  
shacks and culverts and work for three  
thousand of men were among the recent  
city's business.

The Orange County Supervisors an-  
nounced to secure another link between

THEY'RE READING. It is a mistake to  
think that the part of the most important  
work of the county is to be done by the  
people and that they get all the credit